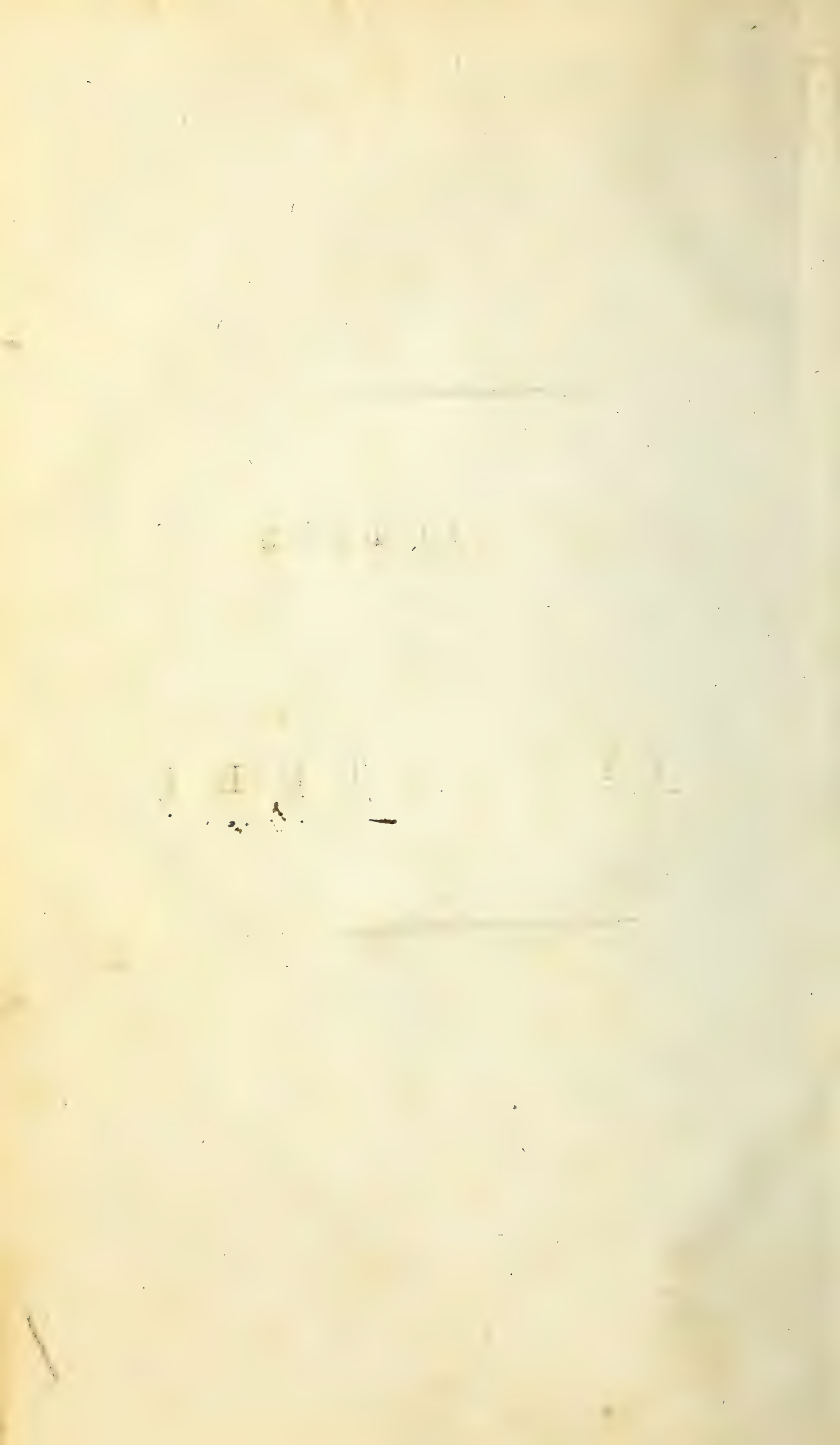




V A R I E T I E S

OF

L I T E R A T U R E.



(New York)

VARIETIES
OF
LITERATURE,

FROM
FOREIGN LITERARY JOURNALS
AND
ORIGINAL MSS. NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

I. D. Snatch

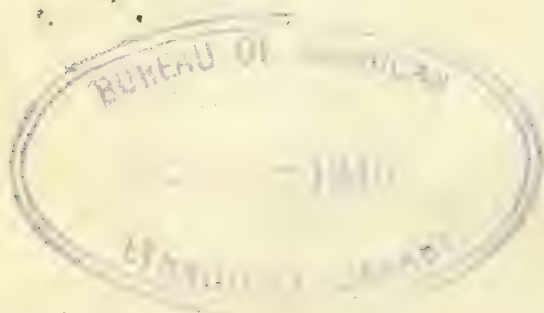
VOLUME THE FIRST.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE reader is sufficiently apprised, by the title-page, of the general nature of the present publication. The pieces of which it is made up are chiefly the production of celebrated pens abroad. It was undertaken in the idea that it would prove an acceptable method of putting the public in possession of the state and progress of literature on the continent; of which so much of late years has been said; and at the same time furnish our countrymen with an agreeable literary collection of a superior order.

The advantages accruing from this mode of disseminating knowledge, by rendering it more familiar and amusing, have been often displayed. All persons cannot afford sufficient leisure for perusing with profit elaborate treatises and scientific disquisitions. They require too great a stretch of attention for men of pleasure or business, and appear under too formal

mal an aspect for attracting universal regard; while the humble parlour-window book, which may be taken up at any vacant period, perused while that period lasts, and thrown aside to make way for dissipation or business, lies ready at hand, just to occupy the mind without fatiguing it: or rather to supply it with an elegant relaxation; and, under that inviting appearance, to insinuate information and improvement. With regard to this particular collection, it has been made, and will be carried on, at no small expence of labour and time. It consists not of pieces that have often already been served up to the public. The editor believes there is not one but will recommend itself to the reader as well by its novelty as by its more intrinsic merits. They are curiosities imported from all parts of the literary world to court his attention and to solicit his taste. If they meet the approbation of the public, the collector, in this office too humble for any hopes of fame, will think his time and his pains very well applied and amply rewarded.

He has no more to add, but that, so long as it shall be favoured with that approbation, he proposes to continue the collection occasionally.

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COLLECTIONS
IN
VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS
OF
LITERATURE.

ORIGIN OF THE FICTIONS
CONCERNING THE
LAND OF DORADO.

SOON after the discovery of America, a report was current in Spain, and thence got into circulation through all Europe, of a country which Nature seemed to have made the repository of her most splendid and sumptuous treasures. It was well known, though no man had been there, that, in this country, wherever it was, the sand was gold-dust, the flints were diamonds, and the rocks were gold and silver ore; that the beds of its rivers were composed of pearls and grains of massive gold; and that rubies, emeralds, amethysts,

VOL. I. B thyfts,

thyfts, and all the precious ftones, were fhovelled together in heaps, to be carried for fale, at a trifling price, to the fairs of this golden land, as play-things for children. The luft of gold fet all the faculties of the imagination at work for defcribing this miraculous region in terms proportionate to its dignity and worth; and it was thought not poffible to be liable to exaggerate in thefe defcriptions, as the diamond-pits in the Brazils, and the gold and filver mines of Mexico and Peru, apparently juftified the higheft expectations.

A number of adventurers fitted themfelves out to go upon a vifit to this glorious land. Indeed, they did not exactly know where to find it; but this was the leaft of their difficulties. Some went in queft of it on the coaft of Carthagená or St. Martha; and, not finding it there, they proceeded to Bogotá, the ancient capital of New Granada. But neither was it here. However, in the luxuriant vale of Samagosa, which lay at no great diftance, as they had been told, they would be fure to find it. Hither they came; and indeed here they found gold, but in far too little quantities for a Dorado to produce.

Unwearied in their refearches, they went on to feek it in Quito, in Venezuela, in the regions of the Guaviari, on the Rio Negro, or the fea of Parima. It was long thought to lie behind the lofty mountains which border the city of St. Fede to the eaft and fouth: but, wherever they went to look for it, it feemed to fly before them.

Amongft other adventurers, Quesada fet out to feek it, in the year 1543, attended by two hundred foldiers. After having traversed, with inexpressible labour, the
above-

abovementioned monstrous hills, he arrived in a spacious plain; but neither found Dorado, nor yet inhabitants. Here, however, he built a city; which, though a place of no great consequence, is still in being, under the name of St. Iago de las Atalayas. Thence he bent his course through Airiko, or the great forest; and, without having drawn the least utility from his travels, and with the loss of the greatest part of his people, amidst unspeakable hardships he reached Timana. Thus terminated one of the most celebrated expeditions in search of Dorado.

About the same time, a similar attempt was made, in the hope of out-doing Quesada, by another Spaniard, of the name of Philip Utre. He took his departure from Corro, a town in the province of Venezuela, with a company of a hundred and twenty men, and thought himself already at the spot where an immensity of treasure awaited his grasp, when he heard, from a cacique, of the fate of Quesada, his envied brother projector. He thence pursued his way along the Guaviari, but he had scarcely reached the first village of the Omaguis, when he was set upon by the savages to the number of 15,000, who were, however, put to flight by one of his companions, named Pedro Limpion, at the head of no more than thirty men. But Utre himself, being dangerously wounded in the attack, was obliged to return to Corro, where he died.

So many unsuccessful attempts were yet unable to extinguish the hope of detecting a Dorado in the breasts of the covetous Spaniards. About the year 1596, according to the relation of Torrubia, a multitude of persons embarked in the same design, from

one of the ports of Spain. Not doubting of their success in the enterprize, they took on-board with them, not only implements for working the soil, but even their wives and children. Their number in the whole amounted to 400 families, among whom were fourteen Franciscans, who, in all probability, were to inherit the property of these victims to avarice.

Thus equipped, they sailed directly for the Oroonoko. Here they fell in with the Caribs, who made a dreadful slaughter among their wives and children. Notwithstanding which, instigated by the intreaties and representations of the Franciscans, they continued their course. Amidst fatigues and toils beyond the power of words to paint, they reached Guiana, where they tarried some days among the Spanish settlers, and then pursued their way across the thick Caribbean wilds. But the same adverse fates that had attended their expedition by sea, now persecuted them on their journey by land. The envenomed darts of the Caribs, in conjunction with the diseases that arose among them from the novelty of the climate, in a short space so harrassed them, that they found it impossible to prosecute their discoveries any farther.

From that period no Spaniard has ever adopted the project of discovering Dorado. But an Englishman, the famous Sir Walter Raleigh, once more resumed the attempt, which ended like all the former, and only served to place the non-existence of this golden region beyond all possible doubt.

We come now to the probable origin of this figment, which we think we have found in a letter of Oviedo to Cardinal Bembo. In this letter he gives a de-

description of the discovery of the Maragnon by the renowned Orellana, and then proceeds as follows:

“ Not so much for the sake of discovering the cinnamon-plant, did Gonzalo Pizarro undertake this journey, as to find out a great prince, who bears the name of Golden [Dorado], and whose fame extends over all those regions. It is related of him, that he is constantly clad in beaten gold, from a conceit that this was the sovereign and most gorgeous ornament for a prince. To cloath himself in wrought gold, appeared wretched and low to him, as every other might do the like. But to powder himself over and over with gold dust, which was washed off every evening, that the ensuing morning he might be strewed with fresh, was to be fine beyond example. Such a dress was likewise of all others the most commodious, as it was no confinement to him in any of his motions, and concealed no part of the beautiful structure of his body.—To which end, this prince every morning bathes himself in a water of fragrant gums, and is then strewed over with gold-dust, which, adhering to the body, gives him, in the sight of all men, the appearance of a statue finely carved in gold. Hence it is manifest, that the country which he inhabits must be extremely abundant in mines of that metal; and accordingly Gonzalo Pizarro was resolved to trace it out.”

Thus far the letter of Oviedo.

Here we see the real foundation of the whole story. It is entirely built on hearsay, and has never been confirmed by the experience of any traveller. In the letter itself it is not noticed of what nation this cacique

was: however, for the sake of making him a considerable prince, in modern times some have given him the nation of the Onaguas for his subjects. This fable was universally believed, and in Rome particularly there is a chart of New-Granada, on which, to the south of the Caribbean territories, there stands the following in Spanish: *El Dorado, gente del Inga Enaguas.*

So much pains have been taken to demonstrate the actual existence of this country. In the mean time, except Candide, no man has hitherto been so happy as to see it: and even he could not profit by the treasures he acquired therein; since his little creator intends to demonstrate throughout the whole of his history, in defiance of the great Creator, that nothing in this world can, or should, be prosperous.

THE TWIN-BROTHERS OF MEZZORANIA.

A MEZZORANIAN TALE.

AMIDST the extensive wilds of Africa lies a territory, the inhabitants whereof are as numerous and even as civilized as the Chinese. They are called the Mezzoranians.

Two twin-brothers of this country, which is still so little known to our geographers, were both enamoured
of

of a young lady, who equally favoured them both. The two lovers and the fair-one chanced to meet together at the festival instituted in honour of the sun. This festival was solemnized twice in the year, because, as the kingdom lay between the two tropics, yet somewhat more on this side the line, it had two springs and two summers. At the commencement of every spring season this adoration was paid to the great luminary throughout all the nomes or districts of the land. It was celebrated in the open air, to denote that the sun was the immediate cause of all the productions of nature. They made an offering to it of five small pyramids of frankincense in golden dishes. Five youths and an equal number of virgins are named by the magistrate to place them on the altar, where they remain till the fire had consumed them. Each of these young persons is dressed in the colour of their nome, and wears a diadem on the head.

One of the two brothers, with the damsel of whom we are speaking, composed the first couple who were to place the incense on the altar. This done, they saluted one another. It was customary for them now to change their places, the youth going over to the side of the virgin, and she coming to his. When the five pair have done in this manner, then follow all the standers by in the same order, by which means they have an opportunity of seeing each other completely.

It is here that commonly such as have not hitherto made their choice, determine upon one; and as it depends solely on the determination of the damsel, the young man takes all imaginary pains to win the love of her whom he has selected from the rest. For avoiding

every species of misunderstanding and jealousy, the maiden, when the young man pleases her, takes from him a flower not yet fully blown, which he offers to her acceptance, and sticks it in her bosom. But, has she already entered into some engagement, she gives him to understand as much, by shewing him a flower; and, if this be only a bud, then it is a sign that he will make her the first proposal; if it be half-blown, it implies that her love has already made some progress; but if it be fully blown, the virgin thereby betokens that her choice is made, and that she cannot now retract it. So long, however, as she does not publicly wear this token, it is always free for her to do as she pleases.

If she be free, and the man that offers her the flower is not agreeable to her, she makes him a profound reverence, and shuts her eyes till he is retired. Indeed, at times, it happens here as well as in other places, though but rarely, that she disguises herself to her lover. If a man be already contracted, he likewise bears a token. Such maidens as have yet met with no lover have it in their choice either to remain virgins, or to inscribe themselves among the widows, which if they do, they can only be married to a widower. But let us return to our twin-brothers.

The brother, who stood at the altar with the young damsel, felt as violent a passion for her as she did for him. They were so very intent upon the ceremony, that they forgot to give each other the accustomed signs. On her leaving the altar, the other brother saw her, became enamoured of her, and found opportunity, when the ceremony was over, for presenting her
with

with a flower. She accepted it at his hands, as being fully persuaded that it was the person who had just before been with her at the altar. But, as she took herself away in some haste with her companions, she imperceptibly dropped the token she had received. The elder brother accosted her once more, and offered her a flower. Ah, said she to herself, in an amiable confusion, it is the very same! and took it likewise. The young man, who heard this, imagined for certain that it meant him: but as the law allowed them to remain no longer together, they departed their several ways.

He that had first presented the flower found an opportunity, some days afterwards, of seeing his charmer by night at a lattice. This sort of conversations, though strictly prohibited by the laws, was yet connived at. The damsel appeared so kind, that he ventured to offer her the token of a half-blown flower. This she accepted, and in return presented him with a scarf embroidered with hearts interwoven with thorns, giving him to understand thereby, that there were still some obstacles to be surmounted: she allowed him at the same time to declare himself her lover, without, however, giving him her name, and without even acquainting him with the reason of her silence on that head.

Not long afterwards the elder brother met her at the very same window; but the night was so dark, that he could not distinguish the second flower which she wore in her bosom. The extreme satisfaction she discovered at his coming seemed to him indeed somewhat extraordinary; but he ascribed it to a sympathy which between lovers banishes all restraint. He began to excuse himself for not having seen her so long, and assured

fured her, that if he could have his will, no night should pass but he would come to assure her of the ardour of his inclination. She admired the vehemence of his passion. The lover received such clear indications of her favourable dispositions towards him, that he thought he might easily wave the ceremony of the second token, and accordingly gave her the third, a nearly full-blown flower. She accepted it of him, telling him, however, that she would not immediately wear it; that he must first go through certain forms, and that she must still see some more proofs of the fidelity of his attachment. At the same time, to assure him of the sincerity of her love, she gave him her hand through the lattice, which he kissed in the greatest transports. Upon this she made him a present of a fillet, on which were wrought two hearts in her own hair, over which was a wreath of pomegranates, seemingly almost ripe; a joyful token, which gave him to understand that the time of gathering was at hand.

Thus all three were happy in their error. On all public occasions the two brothers appeared with the signs of their inclinations, and felicitated each other on their success: but, as mystery was not destitute of charms for them*, they cautiously avoided every opportunity of explaining themselves to each other. The return of the grand festival was now at no great distance, when the youngest brother thought it the proper occasion for venturing to give his beloved the third token of his affection. He told her, that he

* The scene is in Africa.

hoped she would now willingly wear the full-blown flower as a testimony of her consent; at the same time presenting her with an artificial carnation, interspersed with little flames and hearts. She stuck the carnation in her bosom, unable to conceal her joy as she received it; at which her lover was so transported, that he determined to demand her of her parents.

His elder brother, who had given her the full-blown flower at the same time, thought that nothing more was wanting to his happiness than the approbation and consent of her relations. Chance brought them both on the very same day to the parents of their beloved. But how great was their astonishment on their meeting each other! As soon as the father appeared, each addressed him for his daughter. He assured them that he had but one child, of whose virtue he was fully convinced, that she never, in opposition to the laws of the land, could favour two lovers at once. He, however, concluded, from the perfect likeness that subsisted between the two brothers, that some mistake had happened, and sent for his daughter to clear up the matter. She immediately appeared, decorated with the four flowers she had received, in the complete conviction, that the two full-blown had been presented her by one and the same hand.

Venus herself, attended by the graces, could not have shone more lovely than Berilla — for thus was the damsel called. Her form was noble and majestic; and her complexion surpassed the blooming rose. No sooner did she perceive the great resemblance between her lovers, and the tokens they wore of her inclination, than she exclaimed: “I am deceived! Thou
“ knowest

“knowest my innocence, o almighty Sun!” — She was unable to utter more, but fell motionless on the earth. Her beautiful cheeks were covered with the veil of death. The father, frantic with agony, held her in his arms, and pressed her to his heart. My dear, my only daughter, live, or I must die with thee; I know that thou art innocent. — Her mother and the servants were fetched to her relief, and with much difficulty restored her to herself.

She lifted up her eyes, raised a deep sigh, closed them again, and said: “Unhappy Berilla, thou art now dishonoured! Thou wert the comfort of thy parents, who loved thee in their hearts; and, as the reward of their tenderness, thou art become the cause of their distress!” On uttering these words, she burst into a flood of tears. Her father, himself oppressed with sorrow, strove to calm her tortured mind by every endearing expression, and by giving her repeated assurances that he was convinced of her innocence. “O my father, said she, am I still worthy of thee?” — “That thou art, he replied, thy sorrow indicates, which at once is thy justification, and the triumph of thy sensibility. Compose thy spirit, added he with sighs, — I know thy innocence.” The two brothers stood speechless at this mournful scene; they alternately cast on each other looks of distrust, of anger, and then of compassion.

In the mean time, the amiable maiden completely revived; at least so far as to be able to reply to some questions that were made her. She declared, that the first, who led her to the altar, was the person that made impression on her heart; that she, presently after,

as she believed, accepted from him the first token of his inclination, and at length consented to become his; that thereupon she wore the full-blown flower: but she was totally ignorant which of the two brothers it was by whom it was given her. She concluded by saying, that she was ready to abide by the judgement of the elders, and to submit to any punishment they should think fit to inflict.

As the marriage-engagement is among the weightiest concerns of the empire, and as there was no law already provided in regard to so peculiar a case, it was necessarily left to the decision of the pophar, or prince of the country. The cause was propounded in presence of him and the elders. The likeness of the two brothers was in reality so great, that they were scarcely to be distinguished asunder. The prince asked, which of the two it was that led her to the altar? The eldest replied, that it was he. Berilla confessed, that indeed he pleased her at first; but the impression he made on her was but slight. Upon this it was asked, who gave the first flower? and it proved to be the youngest. Berilla said she lost that; but, shortly after, her lover returned it to her, though at this moment he appeared less amiable to her than before; however, she constantly thought it had been the same. The point which most perplexed the judge, was, that the maiden had received the full-blown flower from both the lovers. They looked stedfastly on each other, without daring to utter a word. The pophar interrogated the young lady, whether, at the time she gave her consent, she did not believe she was giving it to him who had led her to the altar? She affirmed, that she did; but likewise

wife declared, that her greatest inclination had fallen on him from whom she received the first flower. Both the brothers were now set before her, and the question was put to her, which of the two she would chuse if the election were now freely left to herself? She blushed; and, after a few moments of consideration, replied: "The youngest seems to have the greatest inclination for me;" at the same time darting him a look, that betrayed the secret wishes of her soul.

All men now waited with impatience for the decree of the prince, and eagerly strove to read in his eyes the judgement he was going to pronounce: but particularly the two lovers, who seemed expecting the sentence of life and death. At length the prince addressed himself to Berilla with a stern and gloomy countenance: "Thy misfortune, or rather thy imprudence, prevents thee for ever from possessing either of the brothers. Thou hast given to each of them an incontestible right to thy person. One hope alone remains for thee; and that is, if one of them will forego his pretensions. And now, my sons, continued he, what have you to say? Which of you is disposed to sacrifice his own satisfaction to the happiness of his brother?" They both made answer, that they would sooner lose their lives. The prince turned again to the damsel, who seemed on the point of sinking to the earth, and said: "Thy case excites my compassion; but, as neither of the two will yield, I am obliged to condemn thee to a single state, till one of thy lovers shall change his opinion or die."

The lot was cruel; for in Mezzorania the state of celibacy was a heavy disgrace. The whole assembly

was about to separate, when the younger brother threw himself on his knees before the judge: “ I implore
 “ your patience for a moment, said he, I will rather
 “ sacrifice my right, than see Berilla so severely
 “ doomed. Take her, o my brother: and may ye live
 “ long and happily together! And thou, the delight
 “ of my life, forgive the trouble my innocent love has
 “ caused thee! This is the sole request I have to make
 “ thee.” The assembly rose up, and the magnanimous lover was about to depart, when the prince commanded him to stay. “ Son, remain where thou art,
 “ said he, thy magnanimity deserves to be rewarded.
 “ The damsel is thine; for, by this sacrifice, thou
 “ hast merited her love. Give her thy hand, and live
 “ happily with her!”

They were married shortly after, and the prince acquired great renown by this decree.

THE MODERN AMAZONS.

EVER since the time of the romantic historian, Quintus Curtius, who relates the history of the Amazons, and has found means to unite the accounts of more antient poets and historians into one narration; since that time, copious and not unimportant controversies have been periodically raised on the existence and non-existence of these masculine women. Wonderful and fabulous as the various accounts concerning them

them may sound, yet we cannot directly pronounce them to be absolutely false or absurd. For he that will refuse to attribute firmness, bravery, or even severity and cruelty, to the female character among savage nations, must be little versed in the history of the rude and uncultivated people of antient and modern times: and he that will maintain, that an entire nation of women without men, and of men without women, cannot subsist, has the incontrovertible testimony of a Pallas against him, who has made us intimately acquainted with the Saporagian Kofacs, who swarm in thousands about the deserts of Asia without women, and increase their numbers by kidnapping boys.

Still more probability in favour of the pretended existence of a feminine nation is hence obtained, that those who have mentioned it, place it in a region of the world where the women are slaves to the men, and where they might easily be supposed to escape from the scourge of their despots, and that they only summoned up patience to remain among them for so long a time as was necessary for the propagation of their sex.

That they made away with children that were begotten of them, was in them a matter of political necessity, not more unnatural and cruel, than that which in our times urges sovereigns to drive thousands of their subjects to stand against the discharge of fire-arms, and to cause them to be massacred by others to whom they have never given any personal offence.

They murdered their male children, because they held them for their natural enemies: as the child-murderers among us polished moderns make away with
the

the fruit of their wombs, from the dread of them as the living witnesses of their shame.

In nature such barbarous exceptions appear, and therefore in experience the matter is without contradiction; but an historical certainty is absolutely wanting. Their whole history is founded on traditions, which the poet has moulded to his fancy, and the historian has adapted to his credulity. What Curtius so precisely and confidently relates of them may be always as easily verified as many of the historical assertions of Voltaire in his *Universal History*, and the rest of his historical romances.

It is possible, therefore, that the antient Amazons might have existed; the modern Amazons may still exist, but their existence is as little established by history.

Shortly after the discovery of the New World, the account was received in Europe, that in the southern parts of America a nation had been discovered entirely composed of women, which, with proper allowances, bore a great resemblance with the Amazons of antiquity. Oviedo, the historiographer of the conquest of Mexico and Peru, mentions them first in a letter to cardinal Bembo, wherein he describes to him the enterprizes of Orellana. His words are as follow:

“ In a certain region Orellana and his companions
 “ had a bloody rencontre. The leaders of the enemy
 “ were martial women. They appeared to be the
 “ chiefs in command, and were therefore by the Spaniards termed Amazons. Indeed in many respects
 “ they were very like the antient Amazons: like them
 “ they lived without men, ruled over several provinces

“ and nations, and only permitted that sex to come
 “ near them at certain seasons of the year, for the sake
 “ of a connexion with them, but when that was over
 “ they sent them off without delay. Their male chil-
 “ dren they either killed or sent to their fathers,
 “ but the daughters they educated for keeping up the
 “ complement of their state. All these women are the
 “ subjects of an opulent queen, who maintains a very
 “ splendid court, consisting entirely of ladies.”

Accurate and circumstantial as this account may be,
 yet we cannot directly accept it for true, because
 Oviedo himself did not see these female men, but what
 he relates he had from hearsay alone. And the case is
 exactly the same with pere la Condamine, who like-
 wise gives us an account of them:

“ We informed ourselves carefully, says he, of all
 “ the Indians of various nations, whether it were true,
 “ that they [the Amazons] lived in a state of separa-
 “ tion from men, and only allowed them to make their
 “ approaches once a year. They uniformly replied,
 “ that they had received this account from their fore
 “ fathers, and added several particulars, which all
 “ have a tendency to confirm, that such a republic of
 “ women does really exist in these parts, and that
 “ they had retired deeper into the country, from the
 “ more western districts, either on the Rio Negro, or
 “ on one of the other rivers which on that side fall
 “ into the Maragnon.

“ An Indian, of the Omaguis, told us, that we
 “ might probably meet with an old man at Koari,
 “ whose father had seen the Amazons. At Koari,
 “ however, we learnt that this Indian was dead; but
 “ we

“ we were assured by his son, a sensible man, that
 “ what we had heard was by no means a falsehood :
 “ that his grandfather had actually seen those Amazons
 “ at the mouth of the Cuchivara, and that they had
 “ come thither from the river Camaia, which flows
 “ into the Maragnon. He had spoken with four of
 “ them, whose names he repeated to us. One of them
 “ had an infant at her breast. — All the Indians below
 “ Koari confirmed to us these relations, with the ad-
 “ dition of many other circumstances, which all agreed
 “ in the main.

“ Among the nation of the Topayos we saw certain
 “ green stones, of which they told us, that they in-
 “ herited them of their forefathers, who received them
 “ from the Coungnantainsecuima, i. e. women without
 “ men.” — “ A certain Indian, continues la Conda-
 “ mine, who dwelt in my mission, begged of me to
 “ let him shew me a river, by which one might pro-
 “ ceed to the vicinity of the present abode of the
 “ Amazons. But where the river is unnavigable on
 “ account of the cataracts, if we would reach their
 “ country, we must travel for several days through
 “ the wilds that lie to the west, across a very moun-
 “ tainous district. This river is called the Iritzo, and,
 “ in consequence of this information, I afterwards
 “ traced it up to its mouth.

“ I farther got intelligence from an old foldier of
 “ the garrison at Cayenne, who had been sent with a
 “ detachment into the interior of the country in the
 “ year 1726, for the purpose of making discoveries :
 “ that they penetrated so far till they came to a long-
 “ eared nation, called Amicuari, and inhabit the far-

“ ther side of the source of the Ojapoe. Here he saw
“ the beforementioned green pebbles about the necks
“ of the women and children, and learnt by question-
“ ing them, that they obtained them from the women
“ without men, whose dwellings were from seven to
“ eight days journey farther on to the west.

“ In all these several testimonies there prevailed a
“ perfect harmony in regard to material points. For,
“ if some placed the abode of the Amazons to the east,
“ others to the north, and others again to the west,
“ yet all these various directions converge to the same
“ point, namely, to the hills which lie in the midst
“ of Guiana, in a region, whither as yet neither the
“ Portuguese of Peru, nor the French of Cayenne,
“ have ever adventured. I must, notwithstanding,
“ confess, continues la Condamine, that I doubt
“ whether the Amazons still actually dwell in these
“ regions, so long as we receive no determinate ac-
“ count of them through the Indians who reside in the
“ neighbourhood of the European colonies of Guiana.
“ It is possible, indeed, that they afterwards altered
“ the place of their abode: yet it is more probable,
“ that, if they really did exist yonder, they have since
“ been subjugated by some other nation: or, weary of
“ their solitary condition, they abandoned the mode
“ of life pursued by their mothers, and again asso-
“ ciated with the other sex. Should we then meet
“ with no more traces at present of this female repub-
“ lic, yet that will by no means demonstrate that it
“ never has existed.”——

Thus far la Condamine. The latest accounts on
this subject are given us by the abbé Gili, in his his-

tory of the nations on the Oroonoko. His terms are as follow :

“ I once asked the Ouaguis, a nation inhabiting on
 “ the Cuccivero, very particularly concerning the
 “ other nations that dwell on the banks and in the
 “ proximity of this not inconsiderable river. They
 “ named me several; and, amongst others, the Ai-
 “ cheam-benano. As I understand the language, I
 “ immediately knew that term implied a nation com-
 “ posed entirely of women. However, I put on a
 “ look of surprise, and said, A nation merely of wo-
 “ men ! how is that possible ? The Indian upon this
 “ assured me, that it actually was so ; and added that
 “ they were extremely warlike, and, instead of spin-
 “ ning cotton, like other women, they exercised
 “ themselves with hand-guns and other weapons. Once
 “ in the year they admit the visits of men ; and these
 “ are of the nation of the Vocheari, who dwell in
 “ their neighbourhood. So soon as they find them-
 “ selves pregnant, they make the men presents of
 “ arms, and send them away. On their delivery, they
 “ slay the male children, and bring up the daughters
 “ for propagating their race.”

This narrative M. Gilii had from several Indians, and all agreed in this, that the residence of the Amazons was in the very same region, where the savages, whose accounts la Condamine delivers, uniformly placed them.

Accordingly, we see that also the history of the modern Amazons rests upon report. In the mean time, the testimonies of such a number of nations, who, for

the greatest part, are in no connection with each other, and yet agree together in the main particulars, are not to be utterly rejected; and the whole affair must remain undecided, till some traveller shall visit himself the place where the Amazons are said to reside.

POPULAR POETRY OF THE ESTHONIANS.

[IN A LETTER FROM A FRIEND.]

UNDER this article you are not to expect an Iliad of a Homer, or the Songs of an Ossian. How can such poetry be thought of among the poor Slavonian races? What I intend to give, are effusions of a tender, and often an aching heart, simple natural poetry; a small contribution to the collections of the popular ballads of the European nations, from a people inhabiting the upper regions of the Gulf of Finland, whom no man would suspect of possessing a poetic vein.

More than once have I been in doubt, at one and the other ballad, whether I should commit it to paper or not. But, if we place ourselves in the sphere of ideas of such a simple people; and consider that to them with whom a plated button, a piece of linen, an old dollar, descends from the great great grandfather as an inhe-

inheritance to the latest posterity, a gaudy filken ribbon is wealth: in like manner, though to such as are accustomed to gems and jewels and all the tinsel of the earth, these artless lays may appear contemptible; yet, to those who can enter into the feelings and views of a particular person, or of a particular nation, they may be welcome, if not actually pleasing.

I was present at one of their marriage ceremonies. But many of the particulars are entirely gone out of my mind; and scraps and fragments are hardly worth relating. Presents were distributed among the guests, who in return gave some small piece of money. On the entrance of the bridegroom, a song was struck up, which, with an English translation, I subjoin in the esthonian tongue, to enable the reader to judge for himself of the sound of the language; particularly as an Englishman will pronounce it better than his neighbours the Germans, who always give it too hard an accent, though with as much softness as his organs will allow. The Esthonians, both men and women, have an extremely soft, delicate, and tender articulation, which is unattainable by the untractable mouth of a German.

We perceive in these ballads a refrain, or, as we call it, a burden. As this custom prevailed in Greece, Italy, France, among the Orientals, and even in Britain, as well as with these more northern nations, it is highly presumable that it must be naturally congenial to the unperverted feelings of the human species. Who is not moved by the "*Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit*," of Catullus, and the, "*Begin, Sicilian Muse, begin a plaintive strain*," of Moschus?

If we do but efface from our remembrance for a moment the sublime and delicate numbers to which we may be habituated, the poetical flowrets that grow on the shores of the Gulf of Finland will certainly not displease us.

*Peiokenne poisekenne,
Kust sa tundsid meile tulla?
Oskasid elle orrode,
Merkasid elle maggede,
Seie surege killasse,
Seie penike perresse,
Wanna taalri talluge?*

*Peiokenne poisekenne,
Sest sa tundsid seie tulla,
Oskasid elle orrode,
Merkasid elle meggede,
Seie surege kellasse,
Seie penike perresse,
Waana taalri talluge.*

*Hebbe nup olli aveffane,
Kaks olli kaia affane,
Wuis olli werrava peal,
Meie oved lavandiffed,
Kattukfed kannu munnega,
Restad sea libhaga,
Kinnispakkud voiga voitud.*

*Sest sa tundsid seie tulla,
Oskasid elle orrode,
Merkasid elle meggede,*

Seie

Seie sure kullasse

Seie penike perresse

Wanna taalri talluge.

Youthful bridegroom,
How didst thou know how to come to us?
Knewest thou the way through the vallies,
Over the hills,
In this great village,
To this little cottage yard,
Among these vassals who have got old dollars?

Youthful bridegroom,
Therefore didst thou think of coming hither?
Knewest the way through the vallies,
Over the hills,
In this great village,
To this little cottage yard,
Among the vassals who have got old dollars.

A silvered button was on the sill,
Two were in the garden,
Five upon the door;
Our yard was full of linen,
Our roof of hen-roofs,
Under the thatch hung bacon,
The dressers were smeared with butter.

Therefore thou thoughtest of coming hither,
Knewest the way through the vallies,
Over the hills,
In this great village,

To this little cottage yard,
Among these vassals who have got old dollars.

Simple, plain, and natural! The young man wants a rich bride. He scours over the heaths and the valleys. Casts an eye over all the country. He sees a peasant's cottage-yard, with pieces of linen hanging to dry. The door is ornamented with old plated buttons and other flat pieces of metal nailed to it. A good store of flesh hanging under the eaves—"This must be a wealthy family," says he. In he goes; finds an amiable young woman, generally of a fallow complexion, of which his imagination makes lilies and roses, with long blond hair flowing down her neck and bosom, which is the common description of the natives; he renews his visits, the father gives her to him, and unites them for ever in the bands of love.

II. Again, an epithalamium. It was doubtless composed so long ago as the roman catholic times, as we see by the mention of the mother of our Saviour, according to the notion of the then prevailing superstition.

The hunting-line therein mentioned is the leathern thong held in the hand for guiding the horse. "The halts kept hanging on the beams of the sun" is truly poetical: an agreeable image. Even the sun is endeavouring to supplant the young bridegroom, by laying hindrances in the way of his rapid progress to his bride. It is not a stranger, a cold wedding-guest, a lazy, old acquaintance, who already, for half a century, has felt the breezes and the blights of love, that unties the hunting-line from the thicket: the restless and eager

ger youth, to whom every minute is as long as ten years, which keeps him from the embraces of his bride, springs out of his cabitka, shakes the entangled hunting-lines afunder, mounts his horse without delay, and hastens forward on the wings of love.

There seem to be two alternate choruses in this ballad. The chorus before the house, begins. The arriving chorus, answers. The questions proposed by the former, are such as might proceed from the participating heart of the mother, of the inquisitive bride, to whom every trifling circumstance of the journey of her bridegroom is of great importance. "The hunting-
" lines kept hanging: therefore we stayed so long." Certainly the bridegroom (think the chorus, as entering into the thoughts of the bride) snatched them hastily from the bushes. He therefore asks, "Who
" took them from the apple-tree?"—This the young bridegroom did (replies the other chorus), drawn by the centre of all attraction to youth, the kindling spark of company. But to the song itself:

*Terre, terre, saiokenne !
Terre teelta tallemasta !
Kes teid teile tervestelles ?
Kes andis, arrola kätte ?
Jumal teid meid tervestelles,
Maria and arrola kätte.
Mis teid tele vivistalles ?
Ohja lækfid aunapusse,
Peitsed pæva næludelle.
Kes vot objad aunapusta ?
Peitsed pæva næludest ?*

Sepse

*Sepse peio poiskenne,
Se vor objad aunapasta,
Peitsed pava näludest.*

Welcome, welcome, wedding-company!
Welcome, after the journey!
Who kept you well upon the journey?
Who shewed to you the track?
“God kept us well upon the journey;
“Maria shewed to us the track.”
What kept you on the way so long?
“The hunting-line was hung upon the apple-tree,
“The halters on the beams of the sun.”
Who took the hunting-line from the apple-tree,
The halters from the beams?
“That the youthful bridegroom did,
“He took the hunting-line from the apple-tree,
“The halters from the beams of the sun.”

III. But the damsel, his beloved, the desire and the life of his soul, for whose sake he undertook this wearisome journey, and despised every difficulty, is fled. The virgin has concealed herself, from female modesty. “Where is my promised, my betrothed?” — The parents and relations of the bride, who have hid her, make answer:

*Hæsti, hæsti, peiokenne!
Kes kaskis saiaga tulla?
Eks voinud sallaga tulla?
Neido helis pilli beale.
Neido lentis leppikulle,*

Neido

*Neido kargas kasikulle ;
 Virtus vimaks naktud neido,
 Harjus anded jaggarud,
 Peides pea suggenud,
 Viljandes on vibbellud.*

Very well, very well, thou bridegroom!
 Who bid thee come with company?
 Couldst thou not have come in private?
 The bride heard the bagpipes blow*.
 She fled into the alder bushes,
 She sprang into the poplar woods,
 In Vierland we saw her last,
 In Harrien she gives her gifts†,
 With white beads her head was dressed,
 Delicately was she attired.

How naïve! — “Who bid thee come with company?
 “Couldst thou not have come in private?”—Now thou
 mayst go and seek her, traverse the whole country.
 Run over all Vierland, speed through all Harrien (two
 circles of Esthonia). In Harrien her nuptial presents
 are already distributed: she has already another bride-
 groom. And how was she dressed?—As gaily as the
 people of the city; with white beads her head-dress
 was adorned. In city-manners did she appear, per-
 fumed with liquid odours.—Every thing is combined
 that could render his ardent passion still more ardent.

* The bridegroom approaches with music.

† The nuptial presents given by the bride.

He runs about the fields, and then searches every corner of the house, till at last he finds his jewel.—He that does not perceive nature here perceives her nowhere. It is the language of insulting jocularities, the sportive taunts of such as find pleasure in teasing a lover. The treasure, however, is only kept from him for a time, to make it of more value to him afterwards.

Is the bride fitted out by her parents? then they give her something towards house-keeping, linen, wearing-apparel, and a cow or a sheep, &c. But, if she be an orphan, this cannot be expected. How trifling and scanty must the presents appear in comparison of those usually given about among the guests on such occasions!—The following ballad is sung by an orphan at the time of distributing the presents:

IV. I am alone, like the sparrow-hawk;
 And yet the sparrow-hawk has five besides herself.
 I am alone, like the duck;
 And yet the duck always goes in pairs.
 I am alone, like the crane;
 And yet the crane has six besides herself.
 I am alone, like the pelican;
 Yet she has two children.
 I am quite alone,
 Have no father,
 No mother,
 To whom shall I lament my woes?
 To whom shall I unbosom my distress?
 On whom shall I lean when people scold me?
 Shall I complain to the crow-toe flowers?

The

The flowers will fade :

Shall I complain to the flowers of parsley ?

They will decay :

Shall I complain to the meadow-grafs ?

The meadow-grafs will wither.

And yet it hears my lamentation,

The song of the wretched orphan.

Rise up, my loving mother !

Rise up, my loving father !

Rise up, and shut my box ;

Make fast the trunk that holds my bridal presents * !

“ I cannot rise up, my daughter !

“ I cannot rise up, I am not awake !

“ The green grafs is grown over my head ;

“ The blades of grafs grow thick on my grave,

“ The blue mist of the forest is before my eyes,

“ And on my feet the weeds and the bushes are
“ grown.”

An elegy, which, for truth of expression, may be ranked with those of Ovid. Who does not here participate in the bitter reflections of an orphan ! She is going to enter on a new condition ; and she has no one on whom she can lean. And yet she must make presents ?—She calls to her parents in the grave, in doleful mockery, “ Dear father, help me to shut the great
“ chest which contains my dowry. It is so full that I
“ cannot of myself shut down the cover. Give me,

* Irony—it is too full of presents. She cannot shut the lid alone, it is so heaped with precious things.

“mother, the bridal presents, which the guests are
“expecting!” But their situation is their sufficient
excuse.

If this ballad fails to please on the first perusal, it will certainly meet with better success on the second or third. It is the expressive language of nature. The families of the duck and the pelican (or rather the spoon-bill) are probably shocking in our more refined nations, where we are frequently hearing of ostriches, phoenixes, cameleons, and creatures of which nothing is known, in general, except the name. But, if we consider, that a poor country girl is here speaking, who can only take her similes from the objects she is daily conversant with, we shall easily pardon her for using them. After frequently reading the foregoing, we enter into the genius of the poetically-complaining maid; we think with her spirit, sympathize with her feelings, and are pleased with her language, as the language of nature.

V. A song of the reapers. At the corn-harvest the females have no other cloathing than a shift, tied about the waist with a string, or a stripe of list. No coat or gown have they, no neckcloth or handkerchief: their whole apparel consists in a shift, a ribband about the head to tie up the hair, and a few beads that hang about their neck.—The men wear a pair of linen trousers besides the shirt—all go barefoot.—How cutting to the german landlords ought the last line but one of the following sonnet to be! As its proper effect, it should teach them a little humanity; for never were
human

human creatures treated with less than the esthonian and livonian peasants. The 3d, 4th, and 5th, are certainly ingenious and significant. They are a tissue of delicate sentiment, sarcasm, and simplicity.

Shine, shine, thou sun!
 Bright and chearful be the day!
 Shine, that we may be warm without cloth,
 Drive with thy heat the linen asunder,
 And make us to sweat without any cloaths.
 Shine, sun, upon the perg*,
 And upon the silver beads:
 The heat does not spoil the perg,
 Nor fair weather the gaudy beads!
 Shine not on the Germans at all,
 But shine on us for ever!

VI. The summer is short in Esthonia. So early as the middle of August, heavy rains and bleak winds frequently interrupt the hay-making. They are therefore obliged to toil with redoubled force at this employment on the sun-shining days. If the boor were free, and might call what he mowed his own, there would be no need of having recourse to coercion to increase the velocity of his arm. But a large plot of ground is prescribed him as a task; "This must be mown to day, or there is no rest for thee." The overseer stands by him with the stick in his hand, which he lays plentifully on the backs of those, who,

* Perg is the head-dress of an unmarried woman, consisting of a circle of pasteboard, decorated with pieces of silk tied about with artificial tresses, and keeping the hair together.

in his judgement, do not move their arms quick enough.—The bailiff receives an order, at the hay season, to turn out all the people of the estate, i. e. not to suffer even the little children, who have scarcely more strength than to enable them to go alone, to remain at home, but all to be taken to work in the fields. Some of my readers may perhaps be inclined to think, to hope at least, that I exaggerate. But, let people visit them as I have done. As that probably may not be convenient, let them hear the language of these poor human creatures in the songs of their own composing, the representations which they make of it, their feelings, which they are forced at the time to confine within their hearts—and then, if they affirm the contrary, I will willingly submit to the reproach of not having adhered to the truth.

So long the hay-making lasts,
Till the grass is all mown down.
So long must we ted the swathes
Till the weeds are all away,
Till the fabines are raked off,
While the stack is not yet made.—
Ah! 'tis better to live in the bottomless pit,
More happy to be unhappy in hell,
Than to belong to our farm;
Before sun-rise we are already at work,
By moon-light the hay must be cocked,
After sun-set we must still be working.
The oxen feed while under the yoke,
The poor geldings are always in the team,
The labourer stands on pointed sticks,

His little help-mates on the sharp thorns.—
 Our lord walks upon a white floor !
 Our lady wears a golden crown !
 Our young masters wear silver rings !
 They sit down in easy chairs,
 Or walk up and down the hall.
 Let them but look on us poor boors,
 How we are tormented and plagued—
 How the little-ones are tortured
 If they run but a finger's length from their work ;
 And we must all be kept dispersed.

A great broad piece of meadow is set them as a task
 —they must divide it in breadth, and thus are kept
 mowing at a distance from each other. Accordingly,
 the comforts of society and converse are denied them
 at this season ; and to this it is that the last line alludes.

VII. A counterpart to the former. In the spring
 season there is frequently such a dearth, that the pea-
 sants are obliged to fodder their cattle with the half-
 rotten straw of their thatched roofs. This it is neces-
 sary for me to premise, for rendering intelligible the
 second line.

For the elucidation of the fourth line it must be re-
 marked, that the boor has no chimney in his thatch,
 but the smoke, after curling round his room, at length
 finds its way out at the door. Only the german
 houses have the luxury of chimnies. “ Ever since the
 “ chimnies came into the village ;” is the same as to
 say, Ever since the Germans settled themselves in the
 country.

The lord may take as many people as he pleases, and what people from the farm, to be domestics in his house—and this explains the last line.

I must not leave it unnoticed, that the tributes paid to the lord are called righteousnesses. This makes the meaning of the seventh line clear.

This is the cause that the country is ruined,
 And the straw of the thatch is eaten away,
 The gentry are come to live in the land.—
 Chimnies between the village
 And the proprietor upon the white floor !
 The sheep brings forth a lamb with a white forehead,
 This is paid to the lord for a righteousness sheep :
 The sow farrows pigs,
 They go to the spit of the lord :
 The hen lays eggs,
 They go into the lord's frying-pan :
 The cow drops a male calf,
 That goes into the lord's herd as a bull :
 The mare foals a horse foal,
 That must be for my lord's nag :
 The boor's wife has sons,
 They must go to look after my lord's poultry.

Can one desire a more just and lively display of the wretched situation of these poor people in regard to their lords, than this ballad, the result of their feelings and their woeful experience ?

VIII. To whomever has been present with a woman in labour, has been witness to her agonies, has heard her
 groans

groans in bringing forth, how just will the following images appear! The sympathizing feelings of the assistants are even excruciating. But how great is the joy, when the hour of pain is over, and the family is increased by a son or a daughter!

A crooked piece of wood, in the form of a half-circle, or rather a large horse-shoe, connects the two poles or shafts of the cart, over the horse's head. The fabricating of these crooked and elastic pieces, which requires a great deal of pains, particularly as every piece of wood will not answer the purpose, is the business of the men. Krummholtzmacher, Krummholtzhohler, or crooked-wood-maker, is therefore, in the following specimen, as much as to say, a man.

To ply the reel, is the same as, to wind off yarn, the employment of the women, and is here used to denote that sex.

SONG AT A LYING-IN.

The lovely young lying-in-woman
 Went ten times the way to the kitchen,
 A hundred times the way to the bagnio*,
 A thousand times about the rooms of the house,
 She is looking for a beam to hang herself upon,
 Or a piece of timber to knock out her brains.—
 The boors weep under the bench,
 The children cry under the table,
 The husband in the room.—

* The hot-bath is a necessary of life here as well as in Russia; it is used weekly, and sometimes much oftener, by people of all conditions.

P A U S E.

Jefus asked through the door,
Maria looked in at the window.

P A U S E.

“ What has the Creator fent you ?
“ Has he fent you a Krummholtzhohler ?
“ Or a fecretary for the landlord ?
“ Or one that plies the reel ?
God has made a Krummholtzhohler * !
The boors laugh under the bench,
The children under the table,
The husband in the room.

IX. A ballad fung while fwinging. The fwing is a dear paftime with the Efthonians. By this vibrating motion the foul finks into a kind of flumber, and for a time forgets its mifery. What the “ gate ” was among the Orientals, [“ He fhall be praifed in the gate.” “ Haman “ faw him in the gate.” “ They are crufted in the “ gate.” “ They that fit in the gate fpeak againft “ me.” “ Shall not be afhamed when they fpeak with “ their enemies in the gate.” “ Lay a fnare for him “ that reproveth in the gate.” “ Hate him that re- “ buketh in the gate.” “ Eftablifh judgement in the “ gate,” &c.] that fame is the fwing with this nation. Here the young and old affemble together; the father enjoys himfelf with his fons, the mother with her

* My worthy correspondent is an ingenious commentator, though fomewhat prolix. However, inftead of his explanation on the foregoing page, I fhould rather think that krummholtzhohler is merely wood-fetcher. Krummholtz is a fpecies of pine; the pinus montana; and hohlen fignifies, to fetch; krumm likewise means crooked.

daugh-

daughters. Here they talk over all the news of the place, discuss characters, and, perhaps, quarrels. Every one brings some provision with him, because, on a holiday, they pass the greater part of the afternoon here, and the whole of the evening. He that has gives to him that has not.

The Kubijas is a person placed over the boors, who, with his family, is exempt from all work as a serf; he therefore has the means of managing his own acres, and looking after their produce, as he and his people have nothing else to do; accordingly, he is much richer than the other boors. One or other of his fellow-vassals is ever bringing him some present, by way of bribe, either to remit him a day's work, unknown to the lord, or otherwise to spare him. It is therefore, with great naïveté, said in the last line: "Of the Kubija's daughter I found a golden coil." How different from the poor fatherless and motherless orphan! "Of the orphan I saw only the false tresses." — All these findings were things which the girls had dropped in running away as fast as they could. The two upright posts to which the swing is suspended, sometimes by the velocity of the motion, become loose, and the persons in it are tumbled together on the ground. — Of Lisa, [Elizabeth,] she found handsome garters; because, doubtless, she was taken as a maid-servant to the great house. The poetess picked up all these fine articles, comes joyfully tripping along with them to the village, where the swing stands, and calls the other women and girls to the swing.

Village-women, come to the swing!

Bring your chickens, and bring your eggs,

Bring breeding geese,
 Bring ducks by couples,
 Bring the feet of swimming fowl,
 Come to the swing, and let us swing.
 Shove the children into the cradle,
 The father will nurse the children.
 I went to the swing to swing,
 And there I found many black-stockings,
 Of Anna two striped ribbands,
 Of Lisa handsome garters,
 Of the Kubija's daughter golden tresses,
 Of the poor orphan only false tresses.

By way of conclusion, I will present you with a few more nuptial sonnets. The first of which must incontestably have been written somewhere in the period between the beginning of the year 1580 and the close of the year 1583, when the Swedes, Poles, and Russians, were all in the country at once. The Turks therein-mentioned must be synonymous with Tartars, a mistake that may easily be pardoned in a nation so very deficient in the science of geography.

X. A Wedding-song. The good luck of a girl brought up in the mansion-house of the estate, with the nobleman's family, who is probably to be married to one of the upper servants, is here celebrated.
 "Thou knowst thy station, where thou safely sleepest:
 "but we, thy parents,—(it was doubtless in war
 "time,)—we know not where we shall sleep. Per-
 "haps the morass or the field will be our death-bed."

Wor-

Worsted-sockings are, it seems, quite a luxury. The female boors wear narrow aprons. Broad aprons therefore, contrariwise, denote "riches."

Hark, my maid, my little bride!
 Thou grewest up in the nobleman's room,
 In a room where people go in worsted stockings,
 Amongst worsted-socking company—
 Where there are large windows*,
 On the floors of the folks with broad aprons,
 In a great stone house.—
 The Riga flints do not spoil thy feet,
 Nor the Russian bloody swords wound thee,
 Nor the Turkish fiery darts.
 The lord of the manor was thy father,
 The lady thy mother,
 The lord's daughters thy sisters,
 His sons thy half-brothers.
 There thou knewest where thou didst grow up,
 Knewest the life thou leddest,
 Knewest the place where thou shouldst sleep.
 The goose knows not the place,
 The duck knows not the little place
 Where it shall fall down to die.
 I perhaps shall die in the bog,
 Left to perish upon the earth,
 Or breathe out my life upon the hay-mow†.

* Large windows. The habitations of the boors are without any, or very small ones, consisting only of one pane of green glass, about a span square.

† This song rather appears to me to be sung in the person of a poor village-maiden, than in the person of the parents of the bride.

XI. Bridal sonnet. A man in boots comes up to a German. The boor goes in a kind of flipper made of rush-matting, tied fast to his feet by packthread.

Yerven is held to be the most fertile province of Esthonia. The condition of the peasants here is, in general, better than in the other circles. Hence the luxury of a cocked-hat. — The maiden flatters herself with the hopes of marrying a German, consequently to one above her rank, but at length gets nothing better than a boor from Yerven. Now to the song itself.

Hark, my maid, my little bride !
 As thou grewest up in the house,
 Thou wentest like a swan in the snow,
 Like a grey goose in the hedge,
 Thou washedst thy hair in the water of the lake,
 And thine eyes with the suds of white soap ;
 Thou thoughtest to conquer a man with boots,
 And to get thee one with a handsome hat.
 Thou scornedst the eager youths
 As the vilest slaves of Vierland,
 For one cocked-hat from Yerven —
 And this is the man whose locks thou didst comb
 And use every art to win *.

XII. Nuptial song.

Young maid, young woman !
 When thou grewst up in the house,
 Thou wert precious as gold at home,

* Literally, Such is the man whose feet thou didst tickle.

As silver in the father's hoard,
As copper in thy brother's treasure.
But now, my Marichen, thou goest to a stranger's
abode,
There thou wilt come like a fish to a different shore,
Like a duck to a different place.
I know not whether to praise or to blame thee,
Whether thou there wilt be valued so much as the
earth
Over which the geese so rapidly run,
Or as much ground as a sparrow can stand on.

XIII. Another; shewing the best way of pleasing
the new parents, and of gaining their favour. But
again, how sarcastic is it throughout!—

Young maiden, young woman!
Get up betimes in the morning,
Be stirring before the sun!
Go then and milk the cow,
And stroke her between the horns.
Findest thou that the cow has a calf—
Then make it known to the mother-in-law first,
Findest thou a lamb with a white forehead,
Shew it kindly to the brother-in-law.—
So will the mother-in-law give thee praise,
So will the father-in-law give thee praise,
The sisters-in-law will smile upon thee,
The brother-in-law will tell it in the village.
Then thou'lt be called a clever girl,
The daughter of a clever woman,
An excellent woman brought thee forth,

An

An excellent woman rocked thy cradle,
And happy he that has married thee.

I have given what I collected, while I was among these people, without pretending, as I said at first, to equal them with the songs of the deathless bards. Nevertheless, the unprejudiced reader will discover several artless beauties in one or other of them, and the investigator of mankind will get an insight into the genius of the nation.

For such as can discern no traces of delicate sentiment in them, for such as have observed no poignant strokes of sarcasm in these specimens of national poetry; for such as do not conclude from them, that, with better usage, greater culture, and a little allowance of liberty, we might expect this nation to produce beautiful pieces in the various departments of poetry; and that then the delightful and melodious language of this people, by a greater cultivation and a freer scope, would be rendered more and more melodious and delightful—for them I did not write down these specimens, either in their original or in a translation. The seeming harshness of several vowels striking on one another in this language, entirely vanishes when heard with all its nuances from the mouth of an Esthonian.

S.

OF

OF MIRACLES.

CONVINCED that the essentials of religion in no wise rest on miracles, that truth must have her own peculiar characteristics independent on human testimonies; and, that miracles, which are related to us as having happened in former times, were not properly wrought for us, I presume to offer my reflections on that subject.

Philosophers, and even theologians, seem at present to have relaxed much from that severity, on which they no long time ago insisted in regard to the established idea of miracles: it is a consequence of this axiom, that they cannot have been wrought by any finite things*.

It has been seen that this idea could not possibly be realized: that, if every effect that appears to our senses, must necessarily be somewhat finite, we can only conclude from them of a cause proportionate to them—therefore, finite; that, consequently, no event that can ever be the object of our observation, can be strictly regarded as a miracle.

Jean Jaques Rousseau has already entered the lists against miracles, in this sense, as things not fully de-

* Or, a consequence, that, in the powers of [finite] nature, it is not sufficiently founded.

monstrable ; and has even combated them with no small degree of success.

Here, too, may be applied the xxviiith axiom in the first part of the ethics of Spinoza ; which Spinoza, if I mistake not, has very justly demonstrated.

In consequence of this theorem, thoroughly determinate things of a finite nature — therefore also finite occurrences — cannot be without a cause which is likewise finite and determinate ; and this cause requires — as that is again finite — in like manner a cause proportionate to it, therefore, finite ; so that there necessarily is in the world, à regressus in infinitum.

Accordingly, we see, that the nearest cause of a finite, is always another finite ; and as now every occurrence which may be the object of our observation, is something finite, so none can justly be regarded as immediate effect of omnipotence.

Otherwise that law of nature must be violated : that whatever happens must have a cause, and that the action of this cause, must have its cause in the succession of phænomena, by which it is determined throughout, without exception.

Therefore, when we speak of the effective cause of any particular occurrence, it is an act of folly that militates against the spirit of genuine philosophy, to transcend the sensible world — the field of possible — leap beyond the intelligible universe, and there call to help an invisible power*.

* Whether the question be concerning Mohammed's journey on horseback into heaven, or the metamorphosis of the Milesian peasants into frogs.

Hence

Hence another attempt has been made towards the solution of miracles. They are now to be a consequence, existing by a cause, the natural power whereof it *seems* to exceed *.

Here no more than two cases are conceivable. Either the effect related actually, and not merely in appearance, exceeds the measure of the power of its cause; or it barely *seems* to exceed the power of the cause which we see acting by it.

In the former case, we must directly reject the relation of such fact as fabulous; because the matter related is absolutely impossible. For it is a law of nature, admitting of no exception, that the cause must ever be proportionate to its effect. The want of proportion between the cause and its effect, is therefore a thing physically impossible. Whereas, on the other hand, it is very physical that a narrator may lie, or be mistaken.

In the other case; if, namely, the perceived effect, only seems to exceed the power of its cause, but does not actually exceed it, then there is no reason at all for terming the occurrence a miracle. For the effect is perfectly adequate to the power—therefore to the nature—of the acting subject, and in so far as it appears to us, or is a part of the sensible world, we need not, in consequence of the above-mentioned law of nature, go to seek its cause beyond the confines of possible experience, in the intelligible world.

* *Miraculum est eventus causæ alicujus nutu & auctoritate existens, cujus naturales vires excedere omnino videri debeat.*
Feder, Instit. metaph.

Besides, the demonstrable testimony in behalf of pretended miracles, seems a case by no means possible. We cannot, at any rate, afford our credit to one single witness, when he relates a miracle*.

But the existence even of a thousand liars or mistaken persons, is always infinitely more probable, infinitely sooner to be admitted, than the existence of one miracle; so long as we do not know, from experience, that there are miracles, and, on the other side, cannot doubt that men in all times have lied and been mistaken.

From hence it seems as if we could not, without supposing an infallibility in the relator of miracles, give any belief to what he relates; because, if the possibility that he may mistake be allowed, then immediately the surmise must enter that he actually is mistaken when he recounts to us facts that are destitute of all probability.

This infallibility, however, of a relator, would itself be a miracle, and indeed as resting on inspiration, would be an invisible miracle, which, since it never could be an object of the outward senses, could only be testified by one single person: namely, by him who should pretend to be thus inspired.

Then Hissmann's case, as cited in the last note, would again recur†.

The

* Si unicum solum testis, licet fide dignissimus, de miraculo quodam perhibeat testimonium, tum fide in hoc casu omni, ad alia nimirum sufficiente, destituitur. Hissmann.

† Add to this, the remarkable circumstance, that he who testifies of an immediate inworking of a supernatural being in his soul,

The result of this investigation is, that, in apologizing for the thaumaturges, we must of necessity run round and round in one and the same circle.

The related miracle we cannot believe on account of the infallibility of the relator — (but his infallibility as a quality contradictory to the universal nature of man) — only on account of the visible miracles by which he has in all cases authenticated himself. But these miracles, for becoming credible to us, again require confirmation by the affirmation of an infallible historian; and here the distress would begin anew.

REMARKS ON SOME OF THE MOST FALLACIOUS
COPIES OF THE ENGRAVINGS OF ALBERT DURER.

AMIDST the various praises, and almost deifications, usually bestowed on a celebrated artist after his death, we are not to forget that both skilful and unskilful masters take the liberty of presenting the

soul, does not properly deliver a testimony of an experience had, but only pronounces a judgement on the cause, whereby, according to his opinion, a certain idea is produced in his soul. But this judgement cannot be of any validity as an evidence, because evidences can only establish the reality of objects of possible experience; and an extramundane being — consequently likewise the immediate inworking of it — can be no object of possible experience.

public with spurious pieces under his mark. Every one knows the beautiful copies made by Wierix of the performances of Albert Durer. However, they are not in the least degree fraudulent; as the young man has always added to his mark the year of his age. He has likewise not strictly confined himself to his manner, has frequently attempted new etchings, and seems in general not to have minded the kind of keeping which prevails in the works of this great artist. Neither are we imposed upon by several other copies, which are not worth pointing out, and which in later times have been attempted by every kind of bunglers, who frequently have not given themselves the trouble to sketch the prints again, so that the impression of the copy appears on the wrong side. I do not here intend to speak of these, and it would be wrong to afford them a place in any tolerable collection. But there are some which are executed by unknown, though in the mechanical branch of the business, very able artists; and which often induce us to flatter ourselves, that we are in possession of the original, for want of an opportunity for comparing them both together. The plates of these latter are probably still in being; and, if I mistake not, a celebrated dealer in Paris is the owner of them, who is generally ready to supply admirers with such of the prints as they may happen to want. I will run them over according to Higsen's catalogue.

Most collectors, and particularly limners, are so ignorant in judging of such works of art, that they are not capable of entering into the slightest detail, and of giving reasons why this particular or the other is an infallible

fallible token of its being a copy; so that nothing is left for them to do, but to pronounce by reports, or from the deficiency of the name at bottom.

The virgin Mary, with the wallet, of 1514. No. 39. Of this plate there is an impression current in all collections, which, if it be not a copy, is at least so artificially retouched by a modern, but very skilful artist, that, when held up with the first impressions, it is hardly to be known again. In nothing is the difference more discernible than in the head of the infant Jesus. The antient original impressions keep the head of the child nearly in a perfect light. The left side of the cheek is not separated from the nose by the smallest etching. On the contrary, in the modern impression the lower eyelid to the left is quite shaded, and the eye-muscle and the brow-muscle are so strongly marked, that the child seems actually to be making grimaces, or to have got the gripes. In the old impression the countenance is open and serene. The right arm likewise in the modern impression seems to be turned more like a bologna-sausage than an arm, and in all the bendings of the contour much too hard. In the antient impressions in the head of the mother the nose is kept in a broad light, and the right cheek, as well as the right eye-lid, are but little shaded; whereas the latter, in the modern impressions, or probably in the copy, are quite shaded. In the old ones there is scarcely any shade on the left cheek, where the drapery covers the ear. In the modern impressions a powerful shade is continued down. The folds of the drapery on the left breast are in the old impressions kept extremely weak, in the modern they resemble wet paper.

On the arm which holds the child there is, in the old impressions, a pretty broad light, but in the modern it is all over shaded. In the rest of the drapery, as well as in the various compartments of the landscape, all is, in the modern impressions, overloaded and covered with etching, whereby many tender lights are entirely lost. On the whole, the antient and original Mary of Durer is a well-bred, good-natured, plump Nuremburg citizen's wife, like all his other Maries: whereas this is a subtle, lank, scraggy italian opera girl.

Of this antient print we have a cross copy on the same side.

Mary with the monkey, No. 42. Of this copy Hulke knew no more than of the former. It is on the same side with the original, and without the mark of Wierix, but extremely well executed. In the original the head of the monkey is so black that not any white appears in it, except the eye-lids, the hair under the nose, and the lower lip, with the hair of the cheeks. In the original the head of the virgin is so drawn, that the mouth has not that twist upwards in the corner as it has in the copy, but makes a slight turn towards the right side. The sides of the nose are much larger in the copy. The folds of the drapery in the copy are too stiff, and look like bronze. The shades are nearly without reflex, and too flat. All the strokes in the landscape are too hard, and are quite destitute of keeping, as well as the clouds. The tail of the monkey in the original is as it were broke off, and bends outwards at the end. In the copy it appears entire, and

and turns downwards near the tip. The grass and sedge in the back-ground is also too hard in the copy.

The faint Christopher, looking above him.

The child in the copy has his eyes quite shut. The fingers of it are particularized. The drapery of the child is too stiff. The beard of old Christopher falls too much below the chin. The teeth are not so plainly discernible as in the original. The whole drapery is in all its parts too stiff. The tree is too hard, and quite augsbургified.

Mary, with the crown of stars, of the year 1516. The copy is on the opposite side; and, instead of 1516, it has 1578.

The little Albertus. *Sic oculos sic ille genas sic ora ferebat.* The upper eye-lid is cut off in the copy. In the original the eye-brow is higher than in the copy; and the latter is more strongly shaded behind, whereas in the original it is quite weak, as it should be. In the hair a too strong light prevails throughout. The under lip in the original is very much broader and stronger than the upper, here in the copy this distinction is not easily perceptible. In the copy the slit of the mouth is much too sharp, as well as the upper lip. The muscles of the cheeks look as though they were excoriated, and the hair is much too abruptly curtailed. The under garment is too stiff, especially about the neck, where it opens.

The great crucifixion, No. 26. This copy is exceedingly well executed, only it is reversed; and, upon considering it attentively, we find that the care of the copyists to preserve the expression, has occa-

sioned them to fall under the necessity of making all the countenances too elevated.

The holy handkerchief, as it is called; No. 22. Of this handkerchief a very deceitful copy is in circulation, without Wierix's name to it. In the head of Christ the left eye is particularized. The upper eyelid not properly provided with reflex. The under eyelid too bright. The principal thorn-point in the crown in the original goes upwards to the left, in the copy it strikes downwards. The angels in the copy are miserably executed. Drapery and every thing belonging to them is insignificant. The trains are destroyed in the shading. The angel that lifts its extended hand to the left in the original, in the copy raises it to the right side.

Melancholy. The copy of which I speak is beautiful, and imposing to the highest degree. Without contrasting it with the original, it is difficult to pass a judgment upon it. However, the whole drapery is without keeping, and it has not the suitable reflex as in the original. The shadings of it are partly too narrow, and destitute of intelligence. The wards of the keys are not properly executed. In the copy the middle ward is much too large. In the original it appears like an inverted J. The lower ward is likewise too strong and too deep in the copy.

The head of the dog is as if it was skinned: the right eye is too small, and more shut than in the original. The light of the upper lid is directed to the ground. The ear is too stiff, as well as the muscles of the neck, and the light of the whole body is too callow. The iron of the hammer is kept too bright in the

the copy. All the delicate shades of the stone are lost in the cube. The enlightened side is much too uniformly bright. The principal light in the water is given too scanty, and has no connection with the enlightened shore. The child on the mill-stone, is far too bright in regard to the whole, and the light is too diffusive in the scales of the balance. The prominent leaves in the wreath of the principal figure are too stiff, and the spread of the feathers of the wings too copiously displayed. All the breaks of the drapery are more like wet paper than in the original, and the shadows are too hard. The M in Melancolia is more an inverted M in the original, whereas in the copy it is a modern M. The rays of the sun are without transparency, and much too stiff. The teeth of the saw are not regularly disposed, and the shades of the blade not brought small enough.

The coat of arms with the cock. This copy is the most deceitful of all. It is only by the greatest pains that this can be distinguished even when contrasted with the original. On the whole, however, the difference is seen in this, that there is more keeping particularly in the cock, and in the label of the arms, that the strokes are drawn far bolder, and the principal shades are much more powerful, plus nourries. The head of the cock appears more stretched out in the original, and the bird itself more screaming, and all in the feathers more strutting and proportionably more animated.

The little satyr. No. 80. The oblique stroke, and the line that tends downwards to the left, in the mark of Alb. Durer, are much stronger and blacker in the original.

original. The light is too bright on the haunch, or too broad. The superior muscle of the ham does not force itself upwards enough, as in the original. The calf of the leg is not sufficiently separated from the lower part of the shank, and is also too strong in the copy. The inferior muscles of the shank are not prominent enough, the foot is in general particularized, especially in the toes. The cheek bones do not fall down enough; the hair is not properly shaded. The breast is too large and pendulous. The whole ear is horridly drawn, brought too forward, and not sufficiently foreshortened. Of the satyr and the trees I say nothing; they are quite shocking. Though by some they may be thought tolerable so long as they are not compared with the original; and it is even very conceivable, how Knorr could say, that it is a fine copy.

This will suffice for warning admirers against imposition, and for exciting their attention. It is not always a fraud in dealers when they sell copies for originals, it frequently happens from ignorance. Those that we have now spoken of may easily lead into mistake the eye not thoroughly practised in experimental science.

APHORISMS, FROM THE LATIN OF AN AUTHOR,
WELL-KNOWN, BUT LITTLE READ, OF THE
LAST CENTURY.

IT is manifest, from innumerable examples, that mankind are most addicted to superstition, when under
the

the pressure of some violent fear; that the objects on which they have placed their reliance, from a misconception of religion, have been mostly the self-created images of terror by a mind possessed with fear and sorrow; and that soothsayers, (seers, augurs, and dealers in mysteries,) have chiefly exercised in times of general calamity, their unbounded authority over the people, which has often been so tremendous even to princes.

Hence it is apparent, that all men, more or less, are by nature liable to fall into superstition; whatever may be objected to the contrary by some persons, who seek the disposition to this disorder of mind in certain obscure and gloomy representations of the deity which they pretend to be inherent in all mankind.

Another consequence, no less certain than the preceding, is, that superstition, as well as every other illusion of the imagination, and the attacks of irascible passions, must be very versatile and incoherent. — Easily therefore as men may be captivated with any species of superstition; yet it is not less difficult for them permanently to adhere to one certain class and determinate form of it. Nay, as the populace, under every remedy they can find for their mistaken devotion, are always equally wretched; so none can satisfy them long together; but the newest must always please them best; they ever place the greatest confidence in that which has not yet deceived their expectations — in other words, that which they have not yet tried.

This natural versatility of superstition has very frequently been the principal co-operating cause of insurrections and bloody wars. For, as the multitude, according

according to the opinion of Curtius, is governed by nothing so authoritatively as superstition; so, by the great pliancy of this means, it was easily brought about, that mankind, from one and the same motive of plausible religion, should at one time adore their kings as beings of a superior order, and at another detest them as the common enemies of the human race.

To guard against this evil, governments have made it a matter of chief concern, to give the national religion, without regard to the truth or falshood of it, either in its inward or outward form, a sovereign and permanent authority, and to secure to it the most universal veneration. A matter, which seems to have better succeeded with no nation whatever than with the Turks, who even hold every theological controversy of the schools to be a sin, and who have contrived to fill the heads of their believers with such a number of prejudices, that sound reason, not excepting the least degree of doubt can find no room in any of their actions.

But, if it be one of the most important concerns, and one of the prime mysteries of state in a despotical government, to keep men in perpetual illusion, and to varnish the images of fear with which they fill their minds with the beautiful colours of religion; that they may fight in defence of their slavery as if it were for their proper advantage, and to account it no disgrace, but rather an honour to be lavish of their blood and lives for the avarice and arrogance of only one of their equals:—so, on the other hand, a republican government (or rather that which has the highest possible welfare of the common weal for its object) cannot fall upon a more unfortunate conceit, than to endeavour

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to

to shackle the freedom of thought in free citizens by prescribed prejudices, or to confine it constantly to any one kind of them whatever.

As far as relates to the public disturbances, which sometimes arise on account of innovations in doctrine: they undoubtedly proceed only from hence, that objects of mere speculation and reflection are adopted amongst the objects of legislation, and opinions placed in the same class with crimes;—opinions, the sticklers for which are never sacrificed to the general good, but always alone to the hatred and persecuting spirits of their pious opponents.

If the sovereign authority would content itself with taking cognizance of actions, and leave tenets undisturbed; then would these specious occasions of sedition fall away of themselves, and no learned controversy would degenerate into mutiny and intestine war.

I have often been surpris'd, that men who are repeating to us on every occasion, that they believe and profess christianity; that is, a religion of love, of heartfelt joy, of inward serenity and peace, of moderation and sincerity towards all men,—I say, that these very men should be always quarelling, in their quarrels display the most rancorous and malicious dispositions, and reciprocally treat each other with a hatred which we are rather tempted to take for the token of their own religion, than for a property of christianity. Matters have long proceeded to such lengths among us, that we can distinguish a christian from a jew, a turk, or a heathen, by no other characteristic, than by the particular dress in which he publicly appears, the temple he frequents, the opinion he openly holds,

holds, and the name of the master in whose words he has sworn.

After maturely reflecting on the causes of this mischief, I think I have discovered the primary ones in the circumstance, that religion has been turned into a business, the offices of the church into posts of honour and its officers into dignitaries. Ever since this abuse got up in christendom, church offices have been bestowed on him that has most interest, and most avidity to seize them, however undeserving; the most infamous rapacity and the most licentious ambition have usurped the place of pure zeal for religion, and the temple of the Most High has been a theatre, where ostentatious orators display their talents in the garb of teachers of religion; few or none are concerned about instructing and edifying the congregation, but only to procure adherents and admirers, to revile such as think differently from them, and to deliver to the people astonishing and incomprehensible doctrines.

No wonder then if nothing remain of the old religion but outward observances, whereby the vulgar seem rather to flatter than adore the deity; and if what passes among us under the name of faith consist only in credulity and prejudice;—

And indeed of prejudices which degrade mankind from the rank of rational beings into a common herd; by misleading them from the free use of their mental powers, and are apparently invented in the express design of entirely extinguishing the natural light of reason.

Piety and religion are at length turned into absurdity and mystery; and people who decry reason, and
abhor

abhor the understanding as something by nature corrupt, are cried up as the only possessors of divine illumination.

Indeed they are perpetually talking of their boundless admiration of the mysteries they pretend to have found in the sacred writings. But, on investigating their doctrines, I find them to be no more than the dregs of the depraved schools of Aristotle and Plato; which, lest they should be called the copiers of the heathens, they forcibly adapt to some text from the bible.

Now, the more they are astonished at these mysteries, so much the more do they evince, that the faith they pretend to repose in the scriptures, is far more feigned than felt. And this is still farther confirmed from hence, that the generality of them adopt the perfect infallibility and divinity of the sacred books of the Hebrews for the main ground of their way of exposition; and of course directly take for granted without any evidence, what can only be proved by a severe examination and a thorough knowledge of those books themselves.

These and similar considerations induced me to resolve to examine the bible afresh, and with a free and unbiassed mind, and to adopt no doctrine as emanating from it, which I should find with a luminous certainty not to be contained in it.

In this design, I began to investigate what sort of a tendency the prophecies had, and how the seers (the teachers of religion among the Hebrews) could have acquired the particular favour of God: whether by the exalted ideas they had of God and nature,

ture, or by their piety alone. Having once satisfied myself on this particular, I found my conviction easily follow, that the respect for the prophets could only be valid so far as they inculcated wisdom of life and real virtue; and that, on every thing else, their private opinions might be very indifferent to us.

This point being once decided; I asked myself farther: Why the Hebrews were denominated the chosen people of God? And, on finding this could only be because God had assigned them a certain district for their abode: it presented itself to me likewise, that the ritual which God revealed to Moses was nothing else but a code of positive regimen and political constitution for the Hebrews; and that consequently it could not be binding on any other nation in the world, nor even on the Hebrews themselves subsequent to the demolition of their form of government.

I thereupon proceeded to examine, whether it was deducible from the bible, that the human understanding was naturally corrupt. I conceived nothing more was necessary to this purpose, than to convince myself, whether general religion, or the divine law, as revealed by the prophets and apostles to the whole human race, was distinct from that which is discoverable by the natural light of reason?

But, since among all the matters expressly taught us by the scriptures, I absolutely found nothing that was not in perfect agreement with reason, much less that was in direct opposition to it; since, even in the prophets themselves, I could discover no more than a simple doctrine, which all men in their times might easily comprehend, and which moreover was always cloathed
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in a style, and built upon arguments, manifestly calculated for the capacities of the multitude of their contemporaries: I was thoroughly convinced, that the scriptures left reason in perfect freedom.

Because, however, these capacities of mind are so extremely diverse, and one man will always find greater comfort in one mode of representation, and another in another; so indeed that one and the same matter will fill one person with a sacred awe, and excite only laughter in another: I at last came to this conclusion: that every man should be allowed the liberty of judging according to his own ideas, and to believe according to his own perceptions. Thus would all men hearken to the deity with a free and chearful spirit, and righteousness and love acquire that universal esteem they so highly deserve.

AN EXCURSION TO THE REALMS BELOW.

I CANNOT persuade myself, that in the present golden age of human nature, when, in less than ten years, so many new and miraculous powers have been traced out in our nature, it will appear strange to any person who may happen to read this paper (unless he be afflicted with an incurable stoppage and induration in his organs of belief*) if I deliver it, as a simple fact,
that

* The most modern adepts speak more intelligibly of what they

that I—or, if it be thought better to say, that something = x, which, to express myself in plain prose, I usually call my soul, possesses, among other natural gifts, if I may speak it without boasting, by means of a very simple operation, the faculty of taking his, her, or its flight out of my body, and of transporting itself into whatever portion of time and space,—in other words, into that part of the universe, and in that combination of the past, the present, and the future, into which a living creature of my species, according to its nature and kind, may pass or be admitted.

I add these limitations not merely out of modesty, but because, like the generous and veracious Eucrates in Lucian's *Philopseudes*, I would wish to tell my friends no more than what is true. And I must therefore honestly confess, that the circle, which it is not permitted me to exceed is a considerably smaller one than that famous hermetical circle,

The centre whereof is every where,

The circumference whereof is no where.

Moreover, all elements, at least for the present, are not indifferent to me; and I will not deny, that, for

they term to *believe*, in such expressions, (if withal there be a sort of meaning in their words,) as oblige us to think, that they admit of I know not what kind of an inward organ of belief, or natural instrument, in certain particularly favoured men, by means whereof a man *believes*, in just the same manner as he *sees* by means of his eyes; only with this difference, that we, other human beings, only see *visible* things with our eyes: whereas those virtuosi in *belief*, by means of their nameless organs, believe even *incredible* things; which undoubtedly gives them a great advantage over us.

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want of a certain volatile oil, extracted from a concentration of sun-beams, compounded with many other miraculous energies, has the virtue to render any body incombustible that is saturated with it, — I have not yet been able to perfect my art so far as to hold out longer than three or four seconds in the element of salamanders; and therefore, to my great sorrow, have not been in a capacity for making so many observations in that remarkable region of the world of spirits, as I could wish, since my old friend Gabalis (whom I beg may not be confounded with the celebrated Gabbitane) has related to me the most extraordinary things in the world of the beauty and the intellectual charms of the salamandresses with whom he is very intimately acquainted.

It will perhaps be objected to me: “Three or four
“seconds for a soul to be absent from the body is a
“long time; and Mohammed rode on the ass Elbo-
“rak, so famous throughout the universe, a progress
“over all the nine heavens in less than three seconds;
“and withal had no fewer than sixty thousand conver-
“sations with the man in the moon*.”——

I will not be so uncivil as to call the historical veracity of this mussulmannical relation into doubt; or, as many would rashly do, boldly deny a fact so simple in itself, and corroborated by very respectable persons.

* The Mohammedans say, *with God*: but it is manifest that it can have been none other than the man in the moon. In general we may rely upon this, that of all which has been said and written at the charges of the good God, for these twenty or thirty thousand years past, not the hundredth part is true.

It is perfectly certain that time is as infinitely divisible as space; there may be beings to whom what we call a moment may be a century, and others again to whom a hundred years with us may be no more than so many moments: but I do not blush to confess, that I am not one of those beings—though (to mention it by the way) it is not unknown to me, that a certain degree in the hermetical order of adepts, at which the renowned Misphragmutofiris was arrived at the time of the invincible superior, (if I am not mistaken, it is the 777th degree,) puts a man in possession of the secret, of regulating the clock-work of his soul, so as to make it go as slow or as fast as he will; a secret, by means of which it only depends on him, at any time to visit all the stars in the celestial archipelago, which common mortals call the Milky-way, and to see every thing worthy of observation in them, and to note it down in his journal, in a still shorter time than Mohammed employed in performing his heavenly journey.

If, however, I were to speak my opinion honestly of these and the like matters, I should say, that I firmly believe a time will come, when not a son of Adam, will stand in need of any more expence of time and pains, to form himself a little world out of a lump of original matter, *materia prima*, and furnished with all possible accommodations, than is requisite to a boy for erecting a house of cards; and when the meanest of us will make the journey round the whole universe, in just as many minutes, as, in our present reptile-state, (as it is termed by the great Haller,) is necessary for a captain Cook to sail round the little world we creep on, in his nutshell; nay, I am willing to allow, that

this time is not so remote by far as the unbelievers and the epicureans may imagine: in the mean time, I would give them this piece of well-meant advice, not to stretch the chords too high at once. All in due gradation, and in its proper time! I think we may repose a little on our laurels at present, and be contented with having already brought matters to such a pass in so short a time! To sail about in the air; to walk upon the water; to smell a spring thirty feet underground; to look into the stomach of a sick person, with one's eyes shut; and there to see what ails him and how he is to be relieved; to make gold out of salt of urine, and even children out of I know not what salt, without the help of women, to smell with the ears, to hear with the eyes, to behold infinitude at the tip of one's nose. — All these things are, by Hercules! no trifles. And all these things have been discovered within these few years; are the portion of a number of elect sons of earth; who, as all good people are free of communication, are ready to initiate their brethren and sisters into these glorious mysteries, at the small expence of a few louis d'ors or guineas. From such a beginning, we have all the reason in the world to indulge the most luxuriant expectations; and, in fact, I see no cause why we should not be able, even before the close of this eighteenth century, (which some famous authors, for what reason, I know not, chuse to call the seventeenth,) to assume any form at pleasure: to ride aloft through the air, on broomsticks or on winged rams, like Phryxus and Helle; to live in the water and in the fire among ondines and salamanders, in one word, to realize all the mythological miracles,

of the monkish legends, of the arabian nights, and the fairy tales, which have hitherto been held, by short-sighted, faint-hearted, or evil-minded persons, for mere childish and empty dreams.

It may however be necessary, for the general welfare, not to effect too suddenly, or all at once, this great contraversion and transformation of all things. All sudden alterations are dangerous; as we are taught by daily example. And here I would particularly recommend it to the proprietors of the philosopher's stone, and the water that restores to youth, to proceed with somewhat more caution and reserve in the communication of their arcana, than the adepts in animal magnetism, and somnambulism do with theirs: for it is more than probable, that a whole iliad of confusion and mischief would ensue, if gold should once become as common as the dirt of the streets, or if the water of immortality at Hamburg, Frankfort, and Leipzig were as easily to be had, and at as cheap a rate as the patent panaceas, the solar tinctures, specific drops, miraculous essences, &c. which, with all their certified, attested and renowned magical powers, have not hitherto prevented people from dying of their diseases, any more than if there had been no universal remedies in the world.

But I perceive that I have been led farther out of my way than I intended. To return then to my own insignificance, and the above mentioned talent: I find it necessary to mention, that this natural gift, or whatever we may chuse to call it, is by no means a peculiar privilege which I have exclusively to boast of; but is a matter which several mortals have possessed from the
ear-

earliest periods of time. Probably the young dervise of Fadlalla, king of Mouffoul in the Persian tales, and the Beneficent in the illustrious fairies of the countess d'Aulnoy, are unknown to but few of my readers. I content myself with adducing these two examples, as they are drawn from authorities, the credibility whereof I suppose no one will doubt. However, I cannot omit to observe, that there is a difference, though of no moment whatever, between the manner of proceeding of these two adepts and that followed by me. In the first place, they, as it appears, could no otherwise dismiss their soul from their body, than by lodging it in some other animated human or animal body; and then they brought about this metempsychosis by the help of certain magical words, and indeed the Beneficent by only pronouncing the word Quiribirini. Whereas, I frankly confess, that the pretended efficacy of these and all other magical terms and forms, by means whereof it is asserted we can fly in the air, live in fire or under water, see spectres, and find treasures, are so much the more suspicious to me, as it is notorious, that all these miraculous achievements are effected by our modern adepts, not through forcery, but by means purely natural, and in the simplest manner in the world. However it be, my method at least is entirely different from their's. I transport myself out of my own body, without entering into another; and the whole secret of the affair is, that my soul, on having quitted her own body, thinks she still has it about her, or rather imagines she is in a fantastical body exactly similar to it. Something of this kind the great Swedenborg has already observed in the newly

deceased, and explained this extraordinary phænomenon very philosophically from the power of inveterate habit to become a second nature. The difference consists merely in this, that the assumed fantastical body, on account of its extraordinary lightness, cannot impede my soul, from being able, by a simple act of the will, and in an exceedingly short time, to make journeys, which, encumbered by its real body, it could either not perform, or only in a very long time, with much danger and difficulty, and at a great expence. Moreover, for this purpose, I make no use of either the necromantic word Quiribirini, or any other means whereby I might run the risk of an unpleasant connection with the workers of the famous witches' hammers; but it comes on at least as naturally as in the disorganization of a maiden of twenty years of age; only the manipulation necessary is infinitely more simple, and, to say the truth, infinitely more chaste; and, as it is well-known, none but persons of weak nerves have the proper susceptibility of being translated, under the hands of one in league with the magnetiser, into the exalted state of magnetical somnambulism: so, on the contrary, it demands pretty strong nerves for the operation I am now speaking of, and which, for very good reasons, I do not intend to decorate with any latin or greek appellative.

Thus much I deemed it needful to premise, for gratifying the curiosity of my gentle reader, as I design to entertain him hereafter with my peregrinations into the world of spirits; and politeness seemed to require, that I should make no secret to him of the way and manner in which these flights of my soul are carried on.

He

He has now a fresh instance of the truth of the grand maxim wherein the sublime founder of the newest philosophy, Hamlet, prince of Denmark, has comprised the whole of his system :

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

A truth that deserves to be written in golden letters a fathom long on every wall in the world ; as it not only augments the treasure of human knowledge, in the easiest manner, to infinity ; but also, by the just esteem that every discoverer of new natural energies, of new senses and new manipulations naturally bears for the discoveries, senses, and manipulations of his brethren, which is infinitely more productive of mutual toleration and general philanthropy than all the sayings of the seven wise men of Greece put together.

I intreat forgiveness, if this prologue should have excited the impatience of any reader, who had rather, in the homerian manner, have been plunged as soon as possible into the stream of the narration ; and, as a token of his pardon, let him but indulge me in a few words more, and I shall immediately proceed to of business.

The way and manner in which my soul proceeds upon her little excursions ; or, to speak more properly, the condition in which she finds herself, has so great a similitude with what we call dreaming, that at first I even thought myself imposed upon, and was very much inclined to take what happened to me in this singular state for nothing but a dream. However, I soon observed, that in this case it always depended on my

choice, into what place I would be transported, and that there was a coherency and an arrangement in my ideas which never occur in what are called dreams. Allowance being made for this twofold very essential difference, every thing, in both cases, is very nearly alike. In these expeditions without the body, my soul, exactly as in a dream, has need of but one moment for making a way of several hundred or thousand miles; nothing can exceed the levity of the quasi-body, with which she commonly imagines she is cloathed; all her senses are unusually acute; she is immediately acquainted with the strangest objects; she is surprised at nothing; thinks she comprehends all things more quickly and more easily than in her ordinary state, is immediately on the footing of an old friend with every person that appears, and converses with them as if they had only been separated for a length of time, &c. For fear of entangling myself in a fresh digression, I leave it to my candid reader, to think what he will, or what he can, upon the whole of this subject, according to his greater or less proportion of psychological wisdom; since, in these observations, I would merely prevent the mistake, which the obvious similarity between the wanderings of the soul and dreams, might else have occasioned.

Lucian's dialogues of the dead, in the translation of which I am diligently employed, naturally excited in me a passionate desire of investigating as far as possible with my own eyes, what is going forwards in the regions below. Improbable as the accomplishment of so extraordinary a desire may appear to the unbelievers and the Epicureans, yet I was convinced by the above cited maxim of Hamlet, that it might not be impossible.

ble. It is not impossible, said I boldly to myself, especially since the grand discovery has been made, that there may be beings, in some other planet or comet, with whom twice two, is three or five. I thought over the matter, but always found in my way that scurvy axiom, that at least in our sublunary world, nothing can be brought to pass without means, and that ordinarily, there must subsist a more or less comprehensible relation between the means and that which is to be effected by it. By good luck I revolved this pretended reflection till at last it awakened my memory, and I recollected that a long while ago I had read, in an old bouquin, without either title page or conclusion, of a certain manipulation, by means whereof the soul is enabled to wing its way from the body, and transport itself into any place it pleases. I had formerly, from a prejudice against the marvellous, which our wonder-workers, with so much reason, regard as the greatest of all impediments to the highest exaltation of our nature, placed this piece of art in the same class with the Quiribirini of the fairy tales, and vouchsafed it not the smallest attention. But now, that I was indulging the wish that it might succeed, I held it at least worthy of trial. The manipulation, as I before observed, is, beyond comparison, more simple than the somnambulatorical, and scarcely takes up a quarter of an hour. I tried it; and, behold, it was attended with success. I found myself at once, and as quickly as a man can transport himself in thought, to Rome, to Peking, or into the moon, in a region which I knew at first sight to be the elysian fields, of which Virgil, already in my earliest youth, had imprinted the most delightful images

images on my soul. Those favourites of nature alone who are born with the tenderest feelings, and can recollect how, in the days of their first love, they have fondly walked arm in arm with some beloved soul (for, in that blissful period of life, we roam about in a purely spiritual world, and love nought but souls) secluded from the world, on a cool, refreshing evening, to a verdant bower, enlightened only by the moon; they alone can get an idea of these charming vales of rest, they must supply to their imagination those descriptions which I should in vain attempt: and, as for all others, the liveliest description would be but a dead letter to them.

I saw these charming fields thronged by an innumerable host of human forms, who, in larger or smaller companies, were sitting familiarly together, under the spreading boughs of lofty trees, or by the brink of some shady fountain, or walking in pairs among the winding thickets, holding sweet socratic converse, or lonely pursuing their own meditations in silent groves and grotts. I too glided along, with the fleetness of a shade, or bounded over the flowers and herbs that every where covered the face of the ground, and sprung up without the help of culture; and the gentlest gales I ever breathed, replete with a genial balm, seemed to keep whatever flourished here, in an eternal youth.

Uncertain whither I should first turn my curiosity amid such a multitude of objects equally striving to attract it, my sight at length attached itself to a gentle ascent; which, surrounded by a rich inclosure of laurels and ever-verdant myrtles, represented a magni-
cent

cent theatre, where I could perceive a numerous concourse of majestic shades engaged in deep and earnest consultation. Notwithstanding the space that kept me at a distance from them, and which was of a considerable extent, I beheld them, by means of the extraordinary acuteness of the senses, which is a prerogative of this state of absence from the body, as if they were no more than the distance of three paces before me. The physiognomy of the greatest part of them seemed perfectly familiar to me, and yet I could neither imagine nor judge who they were nor what they were about.

While I was now looking around, to see if there was any one who could help me out of this surprise, I perceived a shade coming up to me, whom, by his form and attire, I should at first have taken for a capuchin monk, if it were possible to suppose of such creatures in elysium. But immediately, on looking again, I knew him, by his bald-pate, by his merry countenance, and a certain satirical leer, to be the Menippus of Lucian, who, on account both of his likeness and unlikeness to the wisest of the Greeks, was styled in two words, the laughing as his master Diogenes was called the raving Socrates. This Menippus here played the part, as I afterwards learnt, of a philosophical harlequin; tolerated, as I suppose, on the same footing as Momus among the gods. A buffoon, who always finding subjects for his jeers in one or other even of the inhabitants of Elysium, appeared almost indispensable to the keeping up of a certain genial conviviality in their society; and the salt of his wit was found to give greater attractions and variety to the conversation,

which,

which at times, would have grown dull and tiresome between such a number of equally tempered spirits.

Who are those lofty and venerable forms, said I to him in the familiar tone of an old acquaintance, who sit together on yonder mount surrounded by laurels, as if they were the amphyctions of all Elysium, and seem to be consulting on some matter of common concernment?

That is, replied Menippus, the worthy abode of assembled kings; who, I know not how, are come to the prudent resolution of chusing one from amongst them, as formerly the grecian princes made choice of Agamemnon, to be acknowledged as their common sovereign. Probably they are even now deliberating on the mode of election.

I. I thought that here in the realms below, all the inhabitants were in the full enjoyment of equal rights.

Menippus. So they are; each of us who have been kings or princes in the former life, has here no greater command and enjoys no other prerogatives than such as are voluntarily allowed to his personal virtues and merits. But sovereigns, it seems, are so accustomed to preside, that, for want of other subjects, they had rather become so themselves, that they may procure at least for one of their number the pleasure of ruling.

I. Thou art disposed to be merry. It is impossible for such great souls, so purged from every earthly passion, to be infected with so paltry a vanity. Or, say, has there been only one among them who has not merited the happiness of being a denizen of Elysium by having been a good king?

Me-

Menipp. May one venture to ask what thou meanest by a good king?

I. By a good king!

Menipp. Yes; because probably thou meanest something by the combination of these two words, which, if I do not mistake, have no particular inherent connection. Nothing in nature is good or bad in itself; and what in a certain relation is good may in another be bad. By the term, a good king, wouldst thou imply, a king that is a good man, or a man that is a good king?

I. Though I might be a little surprised at the question; yet I perceive to what it tends. A good king is frequently necessitated to be a bad man —

Menipp. (*interrupting.*) Or is oftener a bad man without being necessitated thereto.

I. How so?

Menipp. Because nothing in the world is good, but when it is that for which it is made by nature: now nature makes no kings, but men: ergo —

I. By your leave, nature made kings as well as porters, husbandmen, artists, poets, or philosophers. To what any one is naturally best suited, for that he is made by nature. He therefore who is best adapted by nature to rule over several millions of men, is made by nature to be their king.

Menipp. I have much to offer to the contrary, but will wave the introduction of it now. Yet suppose I grant, that nature sometimes makes a king: I hope thou wilt be so honourable as to allow in return, that just this king will not be one of the best men among the millions over whom he reigns.

I. And

I. And why?

Menipp. I thought that was sufficiently apparent. For being a good man it must be natural to him to consider all other men as his equals; he must not assume too much from his superiority, must respect the natural rights of each, must never forget that poverty, pain, contempt, coercion, oppression, slavery, is as sensibly felt and detested by the meanest among them as by himself, and he must uniformly conduct himself by these principles. — Where was there ever a king who did so, who has constantly acted in this manner, who could and might at all times do so? In short, I can allow no man to pass for a good man, who carries on a profession, whereby he is ready at every instant, and must be ready, to render thousands and hundreds of thousands of his species wretched.

I. I might answer, that his profession is not much to the purpose: but if this profession be once become indispensable, and he be born to this profession; then, whether he will or not, he must do all the harm that is indispensably necessary to the prevention of an incomparably greater evil, or to the preservation of a good far overbalancing this evil.

Menipp. It costs me a victory over myself not to interrupt thee — but proceed in thy speech — I see that thou mightest say much more.

I. I shall soon have done. All I have to say, is, that a king who would perform his part well, cannot possibly always act like a good man; and contrariwise, that the king who has made it a law to himself always to act like a good man, will precisely therefore, do far more harm than the other.

Menipp.

Menipp. This very circumstance then must incapacitate him !

I. It cannot be otherwise, because he allows himself to be led by his heart, instead of being guided by his judgement. The former does not concern himself about what particular persons may suffer by the rule he has laid down for the good of the whole : the latter, on every occasion, sacrifices the greater advantage of the whole to the removal of those particular evils that come to his knowledge, and to the doing of that particular good which is requested of him. The former is satisfied with being feared within and without his kingdom ; the latter would see himself beloved by all around him. The most infallible means of acquiring love is affability ; a monarch who complies with every thing that is prayed for of him, would see none but chearful countenances about him, and, like Titus, holds the day for lost, in which he has not made at least one person happy, will be stiled by his courtlings the joy and delight of the human species ; all that already have obtained what they wanted of him, or still hope to obtain it, will give him this glorious title ; verse-makers and prose-makers will extoll his good-nature to the skies : and yet nothing has so great a tendency as this goodnature, to reduce the mightiest empire, in the space of one generation of men, to nothing. Good Titus's greatest advantage was, that his reign was but two years long. Had he attained to the same period with Augustus, he would either have seen himself forced to adopt other maxims, or the roman empire would have fallen a sacrifice to his good-nature.

Menipp.

Menipp. Tiberius then was in thine eyes a better king than Titus?

I. A better, or if thou wilt, a greater king, most certainly; although a much worse man.

Menipp. I see then there is but one way of deliverance for poor human beings, but one way to prevent their being made wretched by great kings through their greatness, and by good kings through their goodness.

I. And this way is? —

Menipp. By having no kings at all.

I. A very radical remedy!

Menipp. If thou make any long stay here, thou wilt see that we, inhabitants of the realms below, find ourselves in that respect very much at our ease.

I. But how would the men in the upper world find themselves in that case?

Menipp. It would be their own fault if they were not to the full as well off.

I. And would the evil be the less because it was occasioned by their own fault? I think, directly the reverse.

Menipp. I meant no more, than that it would suit them very well. However weak mankind may be, they are not at least so stupid as not to know in which situation they lie the easiest.

I. And therefore have they always, as we are informed both by history and experience, wherever they have dwelt on the face of the whole earth, laid themselves down at the feet of kings.

Menipp. That they must needs do! Might overcomes right.

I. Might!

I. Might! The first king, even though he were king of but two hundred, or even only of twenty men, could not have made himself king by might.

Menipp. And accordingly I allow that the first king was a very good king.

I. I am of the same opinion. Therefore I said before, that nature herself made certain men kings. The first king of any one nation in the world, was certainly one whom nature had made for that office. He was the strongest, the boldest, the most enterprising and resolute of all the rest; he set himself up as their leader because he felt himself qualified for it; and the others followed him, because they felt themselves in want of such a leader.

Menipp. He did not set himself up, but they elected him.

I. What need of election? Wherever thou seest a parcel of wild boys together, thou wilt always perceive one who is followed by all the others; not because they have elected him to the supreme command, but because he will and can obtain it. The strongest, the cleverest, the most daring, is ever at the top of all their undertakings. They follow him, because they acknowledge him to be so, and they acknowledge him to be so because they have found him so by experience. Amongst beings of the same stamp there is no chief till some occasion for him is present; is that arrived? then there is no time for chusing; he that has the courage to set himself up as leader is immediately acknowledged for such.

Menipp. That may be; but at least that he may continue so, demands a formal, express consent from the rest; and this is surely election.

I. All men, and especially uncivilized men, who every where, and in all times, compose the greatest number, will be led by custom. He that has so often been pressed by necessity to be their leader, will be tacitly acknowledged as the chief on all occasions. However, as we do not dispute about words, call it election if thou wilt; what wilt thou gain by it?

Menipp. Very much. Men who subject themselves to one, of their own equally free accord, can and will do so no otherwise than on account of their own benefit, and therefore under certain conditions: both parties, the new leader, or king (as we will now call him), and his subjects, make themselves bound alike to the fulfilment of these conditions: and this is called a compact. The main concernment in the compact between the first king and his subjects was, that the latter should find themselves better under the government of his majesty, than without it. Which concernment continues to be the ground of the compact with all succeeding kings and people. But now do men find themselves, as we have seen it to happen, in the superior world, not well with their kings: the compact is then at an end, and the contracting parties are free whenever they please.

I. I have long seen thee coming to this point. But I deny the whole of it, the major, the minor, and the consequence. Mankind have never voluntarily, but always from necessity, put themselves in subjection; never to one of their equals, but always to one whom nature had formed for something more than them; never by means of a previous compact, which here is
not

not even to be imagined, because it puts the subjects as judges in their own cause, and would make it to depend on their own feelings, their humours, excesses, and partial judgements, or on the designs and intrigues of the foremost, who would wish to be independent on their new leader, whether they should comply or not comply with the terms of this pretended contract. All thy preliminaries are things taken for granted without the least foundation, and which fly in the face of experience, of universal history, and even of human nature.

Menipp. Human nature forsooth ! Mankind then, according to thy opinion, are placed in the world for the sake of kings ?

I. Mankind are in the world, because — they cannot be out of the world ; and kings, because mankind cannot be without kings.

Menipp. Ridiculous ! For how many centuries were the Greeks, the Carthaginians, the Romans, without kings ?

I. We do not contend about words, Menippus. An aristocracy has as many petty kings as ruling burghers ; in a democracy the subjects themselves are kings : and, as this does not answer, thou seest that all little states which are cursed with this unhappy constitution, are perpetually fluctuating and impelled between the government of one single demagogue or of several, till they change into monarchies, or, in a political sense, come to nothing. Governed mankind must always be, under some form or other ; and that the government by kings is the most natural, we

have the testimony of father Homer*, and of—the whole world besides.

A many-headed government I hate,
One chief, one king, be there in every state.

Menipp. Men come then into the world, as subjects, at their birth? This is pleasant to hear.

I. Pleasant, or not pleasant; it is the order of nature. Children come into the world as subjects to their parents; and every great society of grown-up children, must, whether they will or no, allow themselves to be governed by him who has the power over them.

Menipp. Better and better! Then power is the source of right?

I. My dear Menippus, explain thyself more clearly, that we may not again dispute about words.

Menipp. A highwayman, who gradually finds the means of raising an army, with which he conquers the kingdom of Persia, has therefore a right to be king of Persia?

I. If he have the means to conquer Persia, he has also the means for making himself acknowledged for king; and he will be acknowledged; and no man who has not the means of pulling him down from the throne, will bring his right into question.

Menipp. And thou seeest not, that thou art confounding matter of fact with matter of right?

* Οὐκ αἰγαθὸν πολυκοιρανίη· εἷς κοίρανος ἔστω
Εἷς βασιλεὺς, ᾧ ἔδωκε Κρόνου παῖς ἀγκυλομήτεω
Σκῆπτρον τ' ἠδὲ δέμισσας, ἵνα σφίσιν ἐμβασιλεύῃ.

I. Not I, but mankind have long since done it. Alexander, the son of Philip, had no other right to Persia. All, or certainly the greatest number of monarchies, which at present are acknowledged to be lawful, were founded by conquerors, who, if fortune had not declared in their favour, would have died in a dungeon or at the gallows; and even to this very day, kings dispose of provinces and islands as if they were their own property, they treat about them, barter them, or cede them at the making of a peace, without its ever entering their minds to ask the subjects whether they have any inclination to be sold, or exchanged, or ceded.

Menipp. And thou holdest such an arbitrary and violent proceeding to be right?

I. That is not the question. Neither do kings give themselves any more concern, whether thou or I, and a hundred thousand individuals like us, account their actions to be right or wrong. The case would be altered if we were such personages as could tell them our opinion at the head of a numerous army; and even then, he would keep his right who had kept the field.

Menipp. (*Brandishing his staff.*) Thou seest the superiority which this cudgel and my broad shoulders give me over thee! I may therefore make thee my slave as soon as I think proper?

I. Without doubt.

Menipp. And my cudgel gives me that right?

I. The right! — Let us deal fairly with each other. I feel myself not disposed to be a slave, and should therefore scarcely ever find it right, if thou, by virtue of thy cudgel, wouldst make me thy most obedient and

faithful humble servant. But, if thy cudgel were a talisman, wherewith thou madest several millions of as stout and valiant men as I, thy slaves: then would thy right in us be confessed by the whole earth; and we, poor wights, whenever we presumed to demur, should be handsomely cudgelled till we were beaten into a becoming respect for the right of the strongest. The cudgels of kings are such talismans, and from them they have always right against the weak.

Menipp. Ha, ha, ha! I begin to perceive that thou art making game of me. Truly then we have been both all this while of the same opinion?

I. Not altogether. And to convince thee of this, I will be so civil as to admit (though in opposition to the plain testimony both of history and experience), that all monarchy, and in general all sovereignty, originally arose from a formal contract. Now let us see for once what thou hast gained by this concession. A contract between a whole nation, consisting of some hundred thousand heads, and double that number of arms and fists, on the one part; and one single man, as king, on the other part, is a contract between very unequal parties; and the king, in the first place must content himself with a very limited authority.

Menipp. So much the better. They will naturally agree on certain fundamental laws, which will be binding as well on the king as on the people.

I. And for giving these laws their due efficacy, and for preventing or punishing the transgression of them, an authority is necessary.

Menipp. A lawful authority, by all means.

I. Ei-

I. Either thou must admit, that the rude nations who concluded thy original compact with their kings, were most amazing masters in political dynamics and statics, and had hit upon the true expedient for the proper distribution and modification of the powers of administration in an infinitely curious constitution; or this lawful authority will in a pretty short time make bad work for us. For, is this authority in the hands of the king; then mayst thou be assured, that he will soon enough find means to break through the limitations of the compact, and to govern as arbitrarily as to him and his ministers, courtlings, favourites, wives, and mistresses, shall seem fit. But, is it in the hands of the people? who shall compel the subjects to fulfil their terms of the contract, whenever such cases should happen as to give them cause to find no pleasure in so doing? What a lamentable part would the king then have to play; and what could we expect from him and his successors, but that they would never rest from trying the possible and the impossible till they had put themselves in possession of the sovereign power? The more mutinous the subjects should appear on these occasions, the worse it would be for them: for one example where the issue of the contest has been in favour of the people, there are ten where it has terminated to the advantage of the prince. Has he now once got the power in his hands? then the compact entered into by him or his ancestors with the people, even though it were written in golden letters on tables of marble, would signify just as little as if it never existed at all. Then, woe to the people who should pretend to elevate their confirmed rights against the arbitrary claims

and usurpations of their monarch! Every resistance would be regarded as rebellion, and be revenged with swords and gibbets on the leaders, and with complete oppression on the people. Of what import then is thy original compact, which, for want of a superior authority to compel the two contracting parties to the fulfilment of the conditions, will be no longer valid than the one or the other party will allow it to be so?

Menipp. It can no more lose its binding quality by unlawful infringements, than any duty, by being frequently neglected, can cease to be a duty.

I. A glorious consolation for the oppressed! In how many instances would the condition of persons be bettered by the reflection that they suffered unjustly? But they have deprived themselves of even this wretched comfort, by the reproach of stupidity they must ever be casting on themselves, for building their rights and liberties on so weak a foundation as words or writings. How could they expect, that a contract, setting paper bounds to an ambitious and arbitrary monarch, would place their rights in safety against his power? Nothing but the iron hand of necessity can fix boundaries which even the most potent tyrant is obliged to respect. This is the first and greatest natural law, and the only one that never has been transgressed, because it is impossible it should be transgressed. The first king was the leader of a people, who submitted themselves to him, because they acknowledged a natural prerogative in him, and were in want of a leader. Men feel themselves free, so soon as they are determined in their dealings and actions by no outward coercion, but the conviction that their own
good

good renders it necessary to have a certain mode of acting. So far then a man may say, that the first nations voluntarily gave themselves their first leaders. A formal compact with these leaders, they could the less be inclined to conclude, as they had nothing to fear from a potentate, who pledged his own life to them for his good behaviour. The first king was undoubtedly good, and arrogated to himself no more authority than his subjects allowed him: but the first decisive victory he obtained over a hostile nation, procured him subjects who were not voluntary ones, and laid the foundation of the future oppression of the voluntary. The conqueror became gradually, by a swifter or slower progression, a mightier monarch, who, at the head of a mercenary soldiery, had nothing to fear from the greater, the peaceable part of his subjects, and from this moment forwards, held all things lawful for him. His right was the right of the strongest, i. e. a preponderancy, which was tacitly and patiently acknowledged by the weaker for lawful, so long as it continued to be tolerable, or as the thought of resistance could as little strike them, as the thought of running headforemost through the wall of a castle. In states that have already long been civilized—where the pressure of sovereign power is so eased by the multiplicity of the wheels in the machine by which it acts, that it is but slightly felt by the majority,—where custom has at length rendered this sensation so mechanical, that the great herd bear the burdens laid upon them as thoughtlessly as other beasts of burden theirs—where, to all the physical causes of passive obedience, so many moral are added, and especially religion

religion, acting with all its energy, in favour of the monarch; and the priests, so long as he shews no eager desire to touch their well or ill derived immunities and rights, are his formidable body guard,—in such states, the fierceness of tyranny on one side, and slavish submission on the other, will frequently be carried to an inconceivable length. However, it sometimes likewise happens here, that the bow, too tightly drawn, snaps all at once, and a people, driven into the furiousness of desperation, begin to feel their long-forgotten strength; and, as favourable circumstances arise which add weight to their scale, the right of the strongest is at length authentic on their part against their oppressor.—

Menipp. Just as a tiger that has broke from his chain, or a full-fed ox that has got loose from the rope by which he was led to the slaughter-house?

I. The history of monarchs and nations, so far as I know it, gives me no other result than this: The stronger rules, and the weaker obeys till he becomes the stronger.

Menipp. I confess that I cannot persuade myself into a theory wherein mankind are placed in a rank with oxen and asses.

I. Is it my fault?—But I see a stately, handsome man approaching towards us from yonder copse, with an open countenance and an engaging mien. Thou art perhaps acquainted with him. Shall we call him to be the umpire of our dispute?

Menipp. It is Xenophon, the favourite disciple of the wise Socrates. I shall be glad if he will consent to take upon him the office of a judge between us.

ON THE DIFFICULTY OF ASSIGNING THE REAL
CHARACTER TO ANTIQUE FEMALE STATUES.

EASY as it may be to an italian cicerone, to provide the foreigner whom he has taken under his tuition, with names for the gods and goddeſſes, and to muſter up a whole Olympus in a moment: it is no leſs difficult for the man of real information to give his opinion of them directly, from the fallible characteristics of attributes and adjuncts. He that has ſeen the bone-house of antique ruins and remains piled up by a Cavaceppi, and has obſerved the careleſſneſs with which the maimed ſtatues are ſupplied with arms, heads, and feet, and how the moſt indiſpenſibly-ſiſible muſcles are often chiſſeled away to make them fit, will feel a great want of confidence in this creative talent of the moderns, whereby they raiſe heroes and gods again to life according to their pleaſure. No one of the moſt celebrated ſtatues was found in a ſtate of perfect conſervation, but was defective either in the legs, the head, an arm, or a hand. It lay entirely with the artiſt, who firſt completed it for ſale, or with the poſſeſſor who had it reſtored by the artiſt according to his own directions, what deity ſhould be formed out of it, and with what attributes this main idea ſhould be ſupported.

I ſuppoſe the caſe, that a ſtatue were found unmu-
tilated in all its parts, or that theſe parts, though diſ-
perſed, were yet eaſily brought together: it is never-
theleſs

theless sometimes difficult to pronounce at once, whether the image be that of a god or a hero, or, even if this be unquestionable, which of the gods or heroes it properly is. For, the representations on antique monuments, as on coins, on cameos and intaglias, or on the bas-reliefs of sarcophaguses and urns, which are less liable to demolition or decay, very frequently occasion the same perplexity to the most expert connoisseurs. We have indeed general characteristics, but the application of them admits always of various exceptions. Thus, it is thought, that a quite naked figure, without all other attributes, is rather a gladiator than a god; because the ancients but seldom represented their divinities without giving them a drapery thrown over their shoulders. Sitting and recumbent figures are rarely met with. The generality are standing. It is therefore believed, that the reclining figures rather belong to Olympus than others, as this posture is given them for expressing the sweet repose of the gods. This is said likewise to be particularly represented by the arm of the Apollo and the Hercules thrown over their heads: Lucian mentions a Mercury in the same attitude. But the frequent figures in recumbent postures on sarcophaguses, are manifestly somewhat other than gods, and only denote the person at rest within. It was formerly thought, that every figure which held a patera in its hand represented a priest or a priestess; but since gods and goddesses have been found with the patera in their hand, this characteristic is become more doubtful.

Consider farther, that it was a very usual custom with the ancients, to have themselves portrayed under
the

the habit and attributes of some selected god or goddess, and that, in particular, the little bronzes, which are reputed to be penates and lares, afford convincing demonstration of it. So that even with the attributes the most clearly expressed, a question still will always arise, whether the representation be the figure of a deity in general, or be designed as a preservation of the likeness of some beloved person.

The well-trained eye of an artist, or of a connoisseur become sagacious by his own labours and intercourse with artists, will easily be able to judge, from the character of the flesh, the expression of the muscles, and the individualities of the visage, whether the statue may belong to a Hercules, a gladiator, a Mercury, or an Apollo. But the many shades of strength, youth and age, mellow or strongly wrought muscles, which in male bodies are a guide to the eye, on the other hand refuse their office in female figures. They are, for the most part, either half or entirely cloathed, always young, and are very much alike in the gentle sweep of the contour. As here the head is as seldom seen to stand on its antient trunk, as with the males, but is generally either wholly borrowed from another figure, or is restored in its prominent parts; for example, the nose and the lips; or even entirely invented for the purpose by a modern artist, the physiognomy in this case will not decide a great deal. In like manner, the other extremities which denote the attributes, as they are nearly all supplemental and modern, in most cases are highly fallacious. Among the whole troop of Diana, Ceres, Pomona, Fortuna, Abundantia, of Atlanta, of Bacchants and Amazons, of nymphs and
muses,

muses, there are but few which deserve to be celebrated as statues of the antients, under these adscriptitious properties.

Yet among them there are some which must be held remarkable above others, as well on account of the intrinsic superiority of the workmanship as the authenticity of their attributes, to all lovers of the remains of the antient artists. For example, there is a Diana Venatrix, with beautiful drapery, at Florence; but the most beautiful is at Rome in the villa Pamfili. She appears in a short vestment in the galeria Giustiniana; again with flowing robes at Rome in the Campidoglio. But the so very famous Diana at Versailles, deserves no notice here, on account of its numerous and various restorations. The same must be said, alas, of the beautiful Diana Lucifera which is admired in the collection of the Campidoglio. She has a veil on her head, blown out behind by the wind. It is much to be lamented that we do not know of what antiquity it is. The torch at least is modern. The Ceres has usually a beautiful face, somewhat long. Her attributes are ears of corn, poppy-heads, and horns of plenty. But, as these attributes on the head, and in the hands, are generally found to be partly modern, not much is to be concluded from them. Her cloathing, attitude, and attributes on coins render her not easily distinguishable from the Spes, Abundantia, and Fortuna. It was, moreover, a character under which the empresses were very fond of appearing (of Livia we know it for certain), accordingly it is impossible to determine whether we see before us a portrait of some illustrious lady, or the ideal of a divinity.

Under

Under the notion of Amazons, the antients drew young damsels, of a fierce and daring aspect, in grecian habits. This seems to have been a favourite idea of the artists, but more in bas-reliefs than in statues. That which has been the longest famous is in the *orti Martelli* with the quiver under her arm. The most beautiful figure of this kind is said to have been brought from Italy, and is to be seen in the earl of Pembroke's collection. She is represented lying under a horse, and defending herself against the rider. It is affirmed to be the workmanship of Cleomenes, whose chissel produced the famous medicean Venus. In the palace Cesi stands a fine figure in long drapery, under this name. She is celebrated on account of this drapery, and remains unrestored. Episcopus has given us a drawing of her in his 37th plate. However, this is no Amazon, but rather a *Juno Regina*.

The *Juno Regina* too belongs to the class of those statues which are often confounded with others. She is betokened by the diadem on her head, and the majesty of her person. Under this name there is, in the giustinian palace, a female statue, long renowned, of a drapery extraordinarily fine. But the too striking individuality in the character of the head, which altogether deviates from the ideal of this goddess, gives us room to suppose it to be the portrait of some imperial lady. The figure that appears under this name, larger than life, in Perrier, is probably rather a muse in a rapture. The *Juno Regina* is often like the *Venus Cœlestis*, and it has frequently happened that the restorer has made either the one or the other, according to his fancy, out of some antient trunk.

Juno Lanuvina, as she was worshiped at Lanuvium, with linen drawn over her head, is now standing in the Campidoglio. She has bare arms, with a patera in her hand, and is cloathed with wonderful beauty.

Atalanta, with Hippomenes, appears perhaps but once incontestably in all antiquity, and this is the group in the barberini palace. She is still running, with the garment fluttering about the waist. Hippomenes, quite naked, has just reached her. In Perrier there is a figure under this name, from the palace della Valle, and is called Atalanta for no other reason than because it can be neither a nymph nor a Diana. A similar one may be seen in Sandrart, taken from the palace Cesi.

The figures which at present are shewn under the name of Bacchantes, were probably designed by their first artists for different denominations. It is an object which the antients were uncommonly fond of, as it gave a large scope to their art in exhibiting a number of fine and various attitudes. A flowing garb, dishevelled hair, the thyrsus, grapes in the hand or in the lap, and a dancing attitude, are their usual insignia. They appear but rarely as statues; much more frequently in reliefs and gems. The representations on a sarcophagus or an altar are scarcely ever any thing else than the history of Bacchus. They are commonly slightly cloathed, the arms bare, and the whole contour of the body is faintly seen through the drapery; they sometimes hold up the garment with one hand, as may be seen in Perrier. These figures are seldom in long robes, like the bacchant in Capitolio, which is dressed in the bassara, or the training habit, from which

Bacchus had the name of Baffareus. The beautiful head, which Winkelman, misled by a passage in Euripides, gives to a Leucothea, would by other judges be rather regarded as the head of a bacchant.

What has been so often remarked holds good when applied to these objects, that the restoration of modern artists here likewise, by the added extremities and attributes, have frequently converted a nymph, a dancer, or some other figure, into a bacchant.

We pass the same judgement on the articles Fortuna, Abundantia, Pomona, as it is impossible to distinguish them from a Ceres. As well on coins as in statues and small bronzes, it is often plainly discernible, that the head is made to represent the portrait of some particular person, and it may generally be decyphered by the known characters in a cabinet of medals.

The Muses appear all together as statues but once in the remains of antiquity. They usually are only distinguished by the attributes; and who can be ignorant how uncertain this character is? They are always discernible by the long drapery, by the sitting posture of several of them, and the enraptured, thoughtful countenance. Eight of them were in the collection of queen Christina. The ninth and the Apollo were adapted to them by a scholar of Bernini. From the possession of that sovereign they passed into the Museum Odeschalcum, and from thence to Ildefonso in Spain. In the tenth book of Maffei we see a good drawing of them. Apollo is sitting, and in the attitude of a maniac. Clio has the tuba and a roll in her hand. Euterpe, with the flute, has a cupid standing by her. Melpomene, with a roll and the tragic mask, and

near her a club. Terpsichore is playing on the cithera; Erato on the testudo, and has a cupid with her; at her feet lie a bow and quiver. Polyhymnia holds up her robe in her hand; the pen in the hand of Calliope is certainly the addition of a modern artist. Urania, in a pensive attitude, has a sphere in one hand, and her head is supported by the other. Thalia has the comic mask and the tibia. However, we can as little trust to these attributes and supplementary heads as to others. The little heads are unquestionably modern, sculptured with the true french delicateffe, and the attributes adjusted according to old restored bas-reliefs.

Of all the single figures the Calliope at Wilton-house is without doubt the most beautiful. But the so much famed Urania in the same collection, a fitting person with her head reclining on her hand, is no muse, but rather a *Provincia victa*.

Perfectly unrestored and genuine is the Terpsichore, with the lyre, among the Oxford monuments. A very fine Euterpe at Wilton-house is held to be the work of Cleomenes. For the sake of brevity, we here pass over the others which appear in Perrier, Episcopus, Maffei, de Rubeis, Cavaceppi, and the collection of statues at Venice.

The best designation of the Muses and their attributes is given in the painting found in Herculaneum in water-colours. They are to be seen in the eleventh volume of *Pittura Hercolane*, towards the beginning. Apollo is sitting in a leaning posture. Clio has a crown of laurels, a roll in her hand, and near her a vessel with other rolls. Thalia is standing, has the mask and the pedum. Melpomene is standing, with the club and the tragic

tragic mask. Terpsichore, standing, with the lyra, and enraptured. Erato, with the cithara. Polyhymnia has only the designation of the torch. Urania is sitting, with the globe, in a reclining position. Calliope has only the roll. Euterpe is wanting.

On a sepulchre in Villa Mattei they are all in relief in marble.

It would require a book if we would give but a cursory discussion of the numerous naked female statues which are pronounced to be the images of Venus, or of those which are dressed in the long stola, and have been bought for Minervas.

These few remarks will suffice to call the attention of admirers in some degree to the difficulties that may arise in pronouncing on the figures and statues of antiquity in regard to their being genuine or not. Whether the work itself in the whole be really antique or modern, is a matter that will not give any long embarrassment to a real artist; and never does this contrast appear more striking than when antique and modern are mingled in the same collection, as at Sans-Souci. But it will be more difficult to decide, where each restoration begins or ends; whether this particular head formerly sat on this trunk?—and especially in female figures, what was properly and originally intended by the first sculptor of the figure, and what may have been its peculiar determinate character? For it is not only bunglers that employed themselves in restoring, but frequently the greatest masters of modern times, as William della Porta in the Farnese Hercules, and others of merit sufficient to gain them a place beside artists of antiquity.

ROUSSEAU'S DOCTRINE CONCERNING MIRACLES.

METHINKS it is not Hume, as is commonly imagined, but John James Rousseau, who, with a firm attachment to the eternal maxims of reason, united a profound reverence for the gospel, and the person of its exalted founder, has written the most forcibly, of all that has appeared in our times, in refutation of miracles.

He has hitherto been confuted by no man, at least certainly not in a way at all satisfactory to persons accustomed to reflection.

A miracle, according to Rousseau's definition*, is an immediate effect of omnipotence, an obvious alteration of the order of nature, a real and visible exception from her laws.

He first examines the question: Can God work miracles? To which he answers, Who can deny it? A man must be a Hebrew for being able to ask, Can God prepare a table in the wilderness?

The second question is: Will God work miracles? For solving this question with certainty, we must be able, says Rousseau, to read in the eternal decrees. For by facts it is not to be decided. Neither have we, according to this writer's own confession, any more ground for the negative. It is pride alone that makes us disposed to believe that miracles have occasionally

* In the *Lettres écrites de la Montagne*; which compare with the letter to M. de Beaumont, archbishop of Paris.

happened

happened on our account. If, however, continues Rousseau, a mortal * should boldly assure us that he had seen a miracle, he cuts the grand question short. We must judge for ourselves whether he is to be believed on his word.

A thousand persons might come and testify it to me, here exclaims Jean Jacques, and yet I would not believe them.

According to Rousseau's philosophy, which in this point really appears to be the most natural, it is a gross sophism, to employ moral evidence for establishing facts that are naturally impossible. Why? Because the principle of credibility, which rests on the natural possibility, in that case forfakes us.

Rousseau, undoubtedly, would say; The reason whereon we can believe that which is related to us is mostly to be sought for in the natural possibility of the attested fact, that is, in its agreement with the known and stated laws of nature, or from the course of nature known by universal experience. If, however, the related fact be naturally impossible, i. e. in opposition to such laws of nature, in behalf of the uniformity and statedness whereof, and their foundation in the nature of things, the universal experience of all times and regions of the world bears witness: then we may always much sooner admit that the relator has lyed, or been mistaken, than that so improbable an event has happened.

* That is, of a being who may lye, may err, and be deceived by others.

Metaphysically possible miracles may nevertheless be. This the citizen of Geneva does not deny. He only contends against the demonstrability of them by human testimony; and here he seems actually to have the advantage.

For, it is not only metaphysically possible, but even physically possible, and perfectly compatible with the ordinary course of nature, that men should say what is not true, or that they should err.

Mankind are as easily deceived on matters of fact, as on opinions, says d'Alembert.

If, therefore, a lye or a deception of the senses be a natural fact, but the transmutation of the Milesian peasants into frogs be an extra natural fact; then the question is soon decided, which of the two facts is to be believed as infinitely the more probable? The natural, or the extra natural?

The man, says Rousseau, that declares this or that effect to be a miracle, implies thereby that all the laws of nature are known to him, and that he knows the said effect to be an exception to them.

But who knows all the laws of nature?—all the powers of finite natures?

However, let us suppose, that I myself believe I have seen a miracle.

In this case, returns Rousseau: au lieu de me rendre *crédule*, j'aurois grand peur, qu'il ne me rendit que *fou*.

This assertion has been taken much amiss of him. I think with injustice.

It seems to me as if Rousseau would only say: To suppose an unobserved illusion of my senses or of my imagination,

imagination, is in this case always more natural, consequently more rational, than to admit of an exception to the known and stated laws of nature*.

For, that our senses are liable to illusion, and that the imagination frequently sees what does not exist, is a matter that cannot be called in question.

Besides, do not certain marvelous facts of antiquity become probable by appealing to similar, visible, and incontestible matters of fact of our own times; though we will not quote, in defiance of sound reason, the miracles of the numerous saints of the Legend, with those of the abbé Paris, the mendicant Labre, &c. as undeniable evidences of the continuance of the display of miraculous powers in our times.

A certain cardinal chose rather to say: The modern miracles make me suspect the old ones.

* I do not take this to be the sense of the words applied from Rousseau. I translate them thus: If it should happen to me to see something, that I must hold to be a miracle, I should be much afraid, that, instead of making me believing, it would make me foolish, or, I should lose my understanding upon it. He probably means by it: one single case, where the testimony of his senses were in contradiction to what must happen according to the ordinary course of nature, would leave him nothing but the alternative, either of no more trusting to his own senses, or to his reason; and the violent and unnatural state in which he should thus be cast would be enough to ruin his intellect. I think that Rousseau has here uttered a very great truth. There are cases where only those do not lose their understanding who have none to lose; or, which very often amounts to the same, who have acquired the unhappy habit, on certain occasions, of making no use of their understanding.

Si l'on nie les *prestiges*, says Rousseau, on ne peut prouver les *miracles*; parceque les uns et les autres sont fondés sur la *même* autorité. Et si l'on admet les *prestiges* avec les *miracles*, on n'a point de règle *sûre, précise* et *claire* pour distinguer les uns des autres: ainsi les *miracles* ne prouvent rien. Rousseau well knew that we do not use merely to demonstrate the divine origin of a doctrine by miracles, but, on the contrary, to demonstrate likewise the divinity of miracles by the excellency and truth of the doctrine known by other means. But neither did the natural observation escape his perspicacity, that this is a very fallacious circle.

Allow the truth and the value of a doctrine to be known by other means, i. e. independently on miracles; then there is no need of the miracle, since all truth proceeds from God.

The doctrine may be true and salutary, and yet the miracle be false. For the truth of the doctrine depends on other arguments, and will be known by other arguments.

SOMEWHAT ON THE LAWS OF NATURE.

JOHN Bernouilli maintains the contingency of the laws of motion. Euler and d'Alembert teach, with greater reason, as it should seem, the necessity of them.

It seems to me as if d'Alembert had very properly determined the true point of view in which the question
is

is to be considered. He confines it to this, to know, whether the laws of equilibrium and of motion which are observable in nature, are different from those which matter left to itself will follow?

According to the judgement of that great geometer, it is of the highest evidence, that, if we merely suppose the existence of matter and motion, from this twofold existence, certain effects must necessarily result. A body, that is set in motion by some cause, must either stop after running some time, or must always continue to move. A body, which, while it moves, is endeavouring to follow the two sides of a parallelogram, must necessarily describe either the diagonal or some other line. If several bodies be in motion and strike against each other; then, in consequence of their reciprocal impenetrability, some alteration in the situation of all these bodies must necessarily ensue; or, at least, in the situation of some of them. Now, among the various possible effects, whether in the motion of an insulated body, or in the motion of several bodies acting on each other, there is necessarily one which must infallibly take place as a consequence of the bare existence of matter, without regard to any other principle.

According to d'Alembert's rule, the philosopher should strive to find out by reasoning, in which of the laws of statics and mechanics matter left to itself would be.

He must next discover, by observation, what laws are actually met with in the world. If those which his reasoning supplies him with be different from those
which

which experience gives him to know, then must he judge, that the latter are accidental, or that they depend on a particular will of the Sovereign Being.

If, however — and this is really the case — the laws of statics and mechanics declared by experience agree with those which reasoning *a priori* discovers to us, then the conclusion is natural, that the observed laws are necessary truths, therefore not dependent on the arbitration or choice of any being.

We then see, that these laws result of themselves from the existence of matter.

Now, it is demonstrated, that a body left to itself must remain for ever in a state of rest or of uniform motion — it is demonstrated, that, if such body in its motion strive at once to follow the two sides of a parallelogram, the diagonal is the direction which it must take of itself. It is demonstrated, that all laws of imparting motion between bodies are reducible to the laws of equilibrium, and that these latter are reducible again to the laws of equilibrium of two like bodies, which with like virtual velocities are tending in opposite directions.

In the latter case, the motions of the two bodies must manifestly mutually displace each other. By geometrical necessity then there will still be an equilibrium, if the masses are in a converse ratio of the velocities.

It still remains to be known, whether the case of equilibrium is single, i. e. whether, if the masses be not in converse ratio of velocities, the one body must necessarily set the other in motion?

It

It is easy to see, that, whenever a possible and necessary case of equilibrium is allowed, no other case can exist. Else, as d'Alembert very well observes, will the laws of the collision of bodies, which are necessarily reducible to equilibrium, be indeterminate. This, however, cannot be, because, if a body strike against another, one sole effect must necessarily be the result, which is the inevitable consequence of the existence and impenetrability of this body.

Besides, d'Alembert has as good as demonstrated the unity of the law of equilibrium, which involves necessity, by a mathematical deduction, in his masterly *Traité de Dynamique*.

From what has been said, it follows, that the laws of statics and mechanics known by experience are the very same with those which arise of themselves from the existence of matter and motion. For observation shews us these laws in the bodies which surround us. Therefore the laws of equilibrium and of motion are necessary truths.

Some philosophers have employed the principle of final causes in the demonstrations they have given of the laws of motion, by endeavouring to deduce those laws from the views the Author of nature may have proposed to himself in the fixation of those rules. Boscovich, d'Alembert, and Buffon, reject this way of reasoning, and, as it seems to me, on good grounds. To ask after the hardness of the attractive and repellent power, and the simple but indispensable rules by which that power operates, is doubtless just as absurd, as if a man were to ask for the ultimate aim of extension, of impenetrability, &c. The laws by which mat-
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ter acts must, if they exist at all, necessarily flow from their own nature.

“ The eternal laws by which the world is preserved
“ and governed, says a great mathematician *, are so
“ simple, that they appear to have established them-
“ selves.”

At mihi nec unquam placuit, nec placebit sane unquam in investigatione naturæ *causarum finalium* usus. Nam non perfectiones omnes innotescere nobis possunt, qui *intimas* rerum naturas nequaquam inspicimus, sed externas tantummodo proprietates quasdam agnoscimus, says pere Boscovich in his *Theoria philosophiæ naturalis*, printed at Venice.

Even this true geometrical genius rejects the optimism of Leibnitz, for this reason among others: Because in every class of possibilities, only one succession of finite things, though protracted to infinitude, can have place; and because here we can as little conceive of a maximum as of a minimum in perfection.

Quavis *finita* perfectione, utcunque magna vel parva, sit alia perfectio major vel minor, says Boscovich.

From whence he concludes, that God, whatever degree of perfection he had chosen for his world, must necessarily have passed by other and greater degrees. Optimum non selegit, ubi optimum est nullum, continues he.

Rehberg, of Hanover, too, whom I look upon as one of the keenest philosophers that has appeared, has, in his last performance, on the relation of metaphy-

* I think it was Condorcet.

sics to religion, utterly rejected optimism, because he can find no sufficient evidences in its favour, and because, moreover, it is exposed to insurmountable objections.

Its main evidence is, I think, built upon the doctrine of the moral attributes of God. These, however, are not susceptible of any demonstration, and are confessedly a mere human mode of representation.

OF THE ISLE OF CERIGO, ANTIENTLY CALLED
CYTHERA.

WHO has not heard of the isle of Cythera, so much celebrated by antient and modern poets, the darling abode of the goddess of beauty and pleasure? The abbé Spallanzani, professor of natural history at Pavia, paid a visit to this island a few years ago, and found nothing on it to induce a mortal, much less a goddess, to wish to be there. He discovered not so much as a trace of its boasted fertility, splendor, or beauty. He calls it an assemblage of barren and tremendous rocks, which the government of Venice have justly appointed to be the place of banishment for the dangerous syrens and sharks that infest the streets of that city. What chiefly attracted his notice was an undescribable variety of volcanic productions, which were partly mixed with petrified marine bodies, and are elsewhere only found in chalk stones. He held this for
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a new discovery, though it is not unfrequent in the mountain Ronca in the Veronese. The large ostracites which he found on this island among the dispersed lava, even appear to be much like those of Ronca. He does not believe that they have been floated hither from foreign seas, though he at the same time confesses that the Mediterranean at present contains no ostracites of this sort. The island must have produced them with itself from the profound abysses of the sea; and the climate of the foreign region, where they are now indigenous, must have reigned here once. Among the volcanics, which are the most numerous, there are also chalk-hills, which a subterranean fire has cleft and half calcined. That he met, however, with perfect caverns in the volcanic mountains, which were decorated with the most beautiful pendant crystals, is somewhat new, as these are only found in chalk-hills. He contradicts what is affirmed by the antients, that this island abounds in porphyry, and thinks they were deceived by the colour of the rocks, which are of a red hue like that of iron ochre. On the way from the sea-shore to the caverns which are so rich in stalactites, he found three volcanic cratera, but does not give us their dimensions, contenting himself with only pointing out such characteristics as place the existence of them beyond all doubt.

The most surprising object which he met with on this island, is an entire mountain composed of petrified human bones and bones of other land animals, to which the inhabitants give the name of Bone-hill. It stands on the southern side of the island, not quite an Italian mile from the chief city. It is an Italian mile
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in circumference, rises with a steep ascent, and its surface as well as its interior, as far as it has yet been perforated, is composed of bones, which are not calcined, but are completely petrified. They are as heavy and as hard as stone, and the hollows of them are filled with hardened earth, which is frequently seen changed into a spat-cryстал of curious and elegant forms.

In fine, the observations of the abbé Spallanzani which are published in the third volume of the *Memorie di matematica e fisica della Societa Italiana*, at Verona, supply us with a fresh demonstration, that the great revolutions that are perceptible in and upon the earth have been effected alternately by fire and water.

OF THE MORAL CHARACTER OF THE LAST
GENERAL OF THE JESUITS.

THE plan of the republic of the jesuits was so contrived, that it arose to the supreme degree of power, and was incapable of being destroyed but by itself. They had actually brought it to such a pitch, that the mightiest monarchs were obedient to their nod. All, from the menial servant to the prime minister, were their creatures, and acted by their impulse. They drew the out-lines of the greatest projects, and the execution or the defeat of them was always in their hands. Wars and peace among the nations depended on their will. In the church, their towering head ascended to

the stars. Popes, cardinals, and bishops, did obedience to their authority, and the rest of the orders lay under their feet. Even the election of popes and their administration were the work of their hands. They declined the sovereign dignity; because it is always greater to play with it at pleasure, and a secret power is ever more formidable than an ostensible authority. Their arms extended over all the four quarters of the globe. Their colleges in the east and west Indies were uniformly governed on the same principles. They were ever animated by one soul, and actuated by one spirit. Rome was the centre of their dominion, and the seat of the despots whom all men implicitly obeyed.

Their grandeur was built on the abuse of religion, which they metamorphosed according to the demands of the times, to the taste of all ranks and persons, and in every case to the promotion of their own advantage. Their system was founded on the natural weakness of mankind, who, one way or other, resolve to be deceived. They employed the same means with those who make use of their stronger intellect, to gain the command over feeble souls. Stupidity, simplicity, and ignorance, in the great as well as in the small, was the sure foundation whereon they built. In the country and in towns, in the courts of princes and the families of private persons, they insinuated themselves with the pliancy of a serpent, charmed their benefactors and friends with their enchanting breath, and bound them like another Laocoon, hand and foot, within their folds. The greatest and most righteous monarchs of the world were not exempted from their sway. They trembled

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before

before them, and thought themselves not strong enough to force through their webs.

All the wheels of this dangerous machine acquired their movement by the single spring of a blind obedience towards the Pere General. For conducting themselves conformably to their destination, it was necessary that this elevated person should perfectly possess all the qualities proper for a regent of such a species: he should be quick-sighted and crafty, without passions and prejudice, vigilant, active and indefatigable, indulgent and complying towards the mighty, intriguing, circumspect, resolute and firm.

The last general, Lorenzo Ricci, besides the spirit of intrigue, by which he forced himself into that arduous post, possessed none of the forementioned qualities. In the most important affairs, the rector of any other college would have conducted himself better than he. He acted by no fixed principles, but after certain models which his imagination had framed of the matter in hand; and even these he frequently followed but badly. He never adhered to the order of time, but to the sequence of his own ideas, which seldom agreed with the present stage of the business. In his opinions he constantly proceeded forwards, without ever deigning to look behind; whereby his enemies were always enabled to lay snares in his way as knowing for certain where they should have him. In his errors and failings he was capable of no reformation. He rather endured the pernicious effects of his mistakes, than retract them in the sight of others, or confess that he had unwittingly struck into a devious path.

Of the knowledge of mankind, whereon the whole system of his republic rested, he was deficient in every particular. He made confidants of traitors, and disgusted the well-meaning by a diffidence of their fidelity. As little was he acquainted with the interests and characters of the reigning sovereigns. He was firmly persuaded, that the whole of their power was founded on the welfare and greatness of his order, and that they would not destroy the work of their hands.

From pride and arrogance, he was totally ignorant both of himself and his vocation; and his deportment towards the great was like that of the emperor of China. Did the Swifts come into his chamber, and say: Reverendissimo! the cardinal York waits below at the gate, and is desirous of speaking with you: he answers: To-day I give audience to no one. To-day is the general post-day to all the four quarters of the world. Five or six of my viceroys in the east and west Indies are expecting my orders. — The Swifts: The cardinal protector of the Spanish crown has received dispatches from his court, which he requests permission to communicate to you. General: Send him away, and appoint him to-morrow. — Swifts: Half a dozen bishops in partibus, and as many monsignori in naturalibus, will take no denial. General: The generation of vipers! I am not at home. — Swifts: The pretender of England desires admission. General: Let his pretending majesty be pleased to wait, till I have finished this letter to his actual majesty the king of Spain. — Swifts: A little hump-back eminence has stooped below before the college, to announce to you, that his holiness, the sovereign pontif, would be happy to converse with

with you for half an hour. General: His holiness may have patience till I have finished the post.

This was the very language of the haughty chief; in whom all the weaknesses of a little soul and of a vulgar man prevailed. He was arrogant and assuming when he should have been gentle and modest; he was mean and cringing when he ought to have shewn a generous pride. He was often submissive and fawning to them whom on other occasions he had affronted by his arrogance.

He was so prepossessed with his order, that he imagined the romish church must fall to the ground if deprived of its support. On this was founded his almost incredible obstinacy, in not permitting or tolerating the slightest alteration in its primitive constitution.

In the latter years of the reign of Benedict XIV, when heavy complaints were brought from all parts of the world, particularly from Portugal, against the society, this enlightened and peaceable pontif represented to him, in the liveliest colours, the dangers which threatened his order, if he did not in time set forward a proper reform. “The most potent monarchs, said he, are now concerting the measures for exterminating your fraternity, unless you amend the defects and vices with which you are charged. The temporal arm has already pronounced your sentence. You have powerful enemies in the bosom of the church. The superior clergy hate you. The cardinal protectors of crowns may not be your friends with the several monarchs they serve. All the orders of monks are your deadly foes. They will at length raise one of their body to the chair of St. Peter, for bringing
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“ your order to ruin. Your maxims, and the spirit
 “ which animates you in all your designs and actions
 “ are too universally known. All the opposition you
 “ may make will only serve the more to exasperate
 “ your foes, already too potent, till at last you bring
 “ on your demolition with redoubled violence, by
 “ making them hasten their plot, after deepening their
 “ contrivances. No pope will be able to save you. I
 “ myself, should ere this have been the instrument of
 “ your extirpation, if the mightiest monarchs had not
 “ loved me too much to force me to embitter the few
 “ days I have yet to live with this odious undertaking.
 “ I myself, with uplifted hands, implore you to resolve
 “ on a signal reformation. You will still be conspicu-
 “ ous beyond the rest of the orders. But, when once
 “ the ax which is now laid to the root, shall have
 “ given the final stroke, you will be reduced to no-
 “ thing; and so many estimable persons, who at pre-
 “ sent do honour to your society, will wander about
 “ like dispersed sheep, and sigh out their days in lan-
 “ guor and disgust.”

To this fatherly admonition, Ricci was as blind and deaf as a hardened Pharaoh. It nothing availed towards opening the eyes of his mind, that the good pontif saw himself compelled, almost in his last moments, on the earnest sollicitations of the court of Portugal, to send off a brief to the cardinal Saldanha to effect a reform of the jesuits in that kingdom, at the same time commanding him to forbid them to preach, and to hear confession. Then was the last time they had it in their power voluntarily to submit to a general reform. He would thus have deprived his enemies of the means
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of persecution, and might have eluded, if not in Portugal (where the downfall of his order seems already to have been determined) yet, at least in other kingdoms and states, the heavy calamities that burst upon them. But he flattered himself with having always friends enough to make head against the enemies profest of the society of Jesus. And yet he might have learnt from the example of cardinal Saldanha, who was a terciarius of his order, how little he could rely upon the attachment of the great. Their patronage was only suspended on the uncertainty of the fate of the order. No sooner was that decided, but they altered their course, and turned their sails to the wind.

Had Benedict XIV. been succeeded by a pope of the same dispositions, the reform so much insisted on by the portugueze court and the house of Bourbon, would have doubtless been brought to effect. But, as pope Rezzonico, and his state-secretary Torrigiani, made common cause with the pere general, to withstand the equitable demands of those confederate powers, they dallied no longer about a reform, but attacked the society with all the forces they could raise, and pursued it to its utter destruction. The successful opposition of this headstrong but feeble triumvirate, induced them to drive the jesuits out of all their dominions. Though by this the society of Jesus was deprived of its arms and legs, and its corpulent body was bleeding at every vein; the haughty spirit of Ricci provoked the angry courts to redouble their mortal blows, by papal rescripts and insulting libels. He persuaded the pope to issue the pompous apostolical bull, which confirmed his order in all its privileges in defiance of all

the monarchs upon earth, justified it in every particular, and extolled it to the skies in lofty panegyrics. Strongly enveloped in his pontifical holiness, and replete with the blind conceit, that the cause of his order was the cause of the church of Rome, he gave himself up to the most scandalous excesses. He evinced that his pertinacious resistance was not founded on the love of his order, but solely on self-interested motives and views of ambition.

To the helpless brethren of his order, who, on being expelled from Portugal and Spain, from the east and west Indies, were brought to Italy in the deepest indigence, he not only refused to open the treasures of his society, but never once admitted even the most antient and infirm into the colleges of Rome and the other italian cities. A jesuit of Cologne, who was become grey-headed in the american missions, a venerable and virtuous man, whose name I cannot now recollect, met with no very brotherly reception at Rome. The only riches he had amassed during a stay of twenty-four years in America, were his manuscript collections on the language and manners of the Peruvians. These, together with a grammatical work he had composed of that language, which he had concealed under his habit, were all wrested from him at Rome. I had the pleasure to shew him what was worthy of notice at Florence, and to render the short time he staid at that place as agreeable to him as I could. A man of such liberality of sentiment, such honesty of disposition, and such modest deportment, I have never met with among the jesuits. Happy man be his dole! may peace and satisfaction attend him, if he be yet alive!

alive! His puerile simplicity was the admiration of all men, a simplicity perfectly unaffected, and which was become habitual to him from his long sojourn among the savages. He had translated all the church hymns into the peruvian tongue, and had even composed new spiritual songs of his own, which he had introduced into the assemblies of the savages that were baptized. While we were at table in the house of the general-auditor of Meurs, who was a countryman of his, he sang some of them to us, with an animation and enthusiasm, which made us partake of his own pious emotions. Poor and destitute as he was, he yet shewed an uncommon briskness of spirits, and rejoiced in the prospect of the day when he was to make the fourth profession of the vows of his order. So worthy, so deserving a man, who had travelled so many thousand miles by sea and land, and now had to take a long journey from Rome to Cologne, did the hard-hearted Ricci not only dismiss with empty pockets, but even with tattered cloaths that would scarcely cover his nakedness.

It was easy to be foreseen, that, after the death of pope Rezzonico, the monarchs concerned would employ all their faculties to elevate one who was disposed to forward their views as the successor in the apostolical throne. There was not one of the whole sacred college, who, in the affair of the jesuits, had declared himself so much in favour of the foreign courts, as Ganganelli. His vote in the congregations that had been held on that subject had ever been for complying with their urgent demands. They were now so accustomed to this uniform conduct, that his opinion was no longer asked.

“ I am excluded from their consultations, said he once
 “ to cardinal Cavalchini ; but I know all that passes.
 “ The business can come to no good issue. If the
 “ court of Rome will preserve its dignity, it must ab-
 “ solutely keep upon terms with the princes of Bour-
 “ bon, and favour their wishes. Their arms extend
 “ over the Pyrennees and the Alps.” He has been
 more than once heard to say : A spiritual order, which
 the catholic powers are no longer inclined to tolerate,
 must be abolished. It was well-known, that, while yet
 a Minorite, he never burnt incense to the society of
 Jesus, and while lecturer of theology in his order, in
 the public disputations he had several times combated
 their theological tenets.

Hence it appears to have been an unpardonable neg-
 ligence in the general Ricci, who had so much the
 ascendant with pope Rezzonico that he could gain any
 point for the benefit of his order, in not circumventing
 him in his promotion to the cardinal's hat. Since,
 upon the demise of Rezzonico, cardinal Chigi, an
 egregious bigot to his order, had already so many
 voices in the conclave, he should have unlocked all his
 treasures, and set every spring in motion, either to in-
 sure himself the favour of cardinal de Bernis, who sided
 with the house of Bourbon, or to have weakened his
 party. Was it likely, that a man, who, from the
 humble station of a poor abbé, had arrived at the high
 office of minister of state and cardinal, by female in-
 trigue, and only lived at Rome, because it was resol-
 ved to forbid him the court of France, that such a man
 was not to be seduced to either side ? But Ricci, from
 the extravagant favour he had enjoyed during the for-
 mer

mer pontificate, and from the fond imagination he had perpetually cherished, that the chair of St. Peter could not subsist without the support of his brotherhood, was so much intoxicated with his own fancied sufficiency, that he thought he had no need of using any extraordinary means for maintaining his order entire. He was fully persuaded that the interests of the court of Rome were so intimately blended with its prosperity, that no pontif, of what order soever he were, could once seriously intend its destruction.

Cardinal de Bernis found means to detach cardinal Rezzonico, nephew to the great protector of the jesuits, from Chigi's party. This grand advantage cost him no more than a dose of that honied eloquence which so strongly marks his discourses. Lorenzo Ganganelli was raised to the pontificate.

There went about a report at that time, and many affirm it still, that Ganganelli was chosen, on condition that he should extirpate the society of Jesus. However, nothing is more true, than that the settled confidence, that he would fulfill this desire, was the motive for chusing him with most of the electors. But, that it was stated as an express condition of his being elevated to the papal throne, can as little be credited, as that the Bourbon courts would themselves lay an obstacle in the way of their hopes. An election so managed, and a condition from a pope so elected, whereby so powerful a society was to be dissolved, would have been contested on all sides, and finally annulled. Ganganelli's known way of thinking was a far greater security, than a formal promise; for even Sixtus V. had promised it, but fell off from his word.

Ganganelli

Ganganelli evinced, in the sequel, that he effected the dissolution of the society, not with the hasty authority of an articulated magistrate, but in consequence of a mature and impartial investigation of the merits of the cause. “ Give me time to examine into this important affair, on which I am to pronounce a decisive decree;” was his answer to the earnest solicitations of the house of Bourbon. “ I am the common father of all the orthodox, particularly the religious, and cannot annihilate a famous order, without such motives as will be my justification in the sight of God and of the world.” That he might make no false step in this arduous business, he convoked a peculiar deputation of five impartial cardinals and two or three learned prelates, appointed experienced advocates to plead in behalf of the jesuits, and instituted a formal process, that terminated in a sentence, which, after a long investigation, he confirmed, as sovereign judge.

Before, however, he took this definitive measure, he required of pere general Ricci, that he would at once proceed to a thorough reform of his order. But he still adhered to his old device: *Sint ut sunt, aut non sint*. Such pertinacity, as it exceeds all bounds, almost surpasses belief. It is something similar to the inflexible stubbornness of a Simon at the siege of Jerusalem. The benevolent Titus offered him peace; the city and temple being now in his hands; if he would but submit, with the remaining inhabitants, to the obedience of the roman people. But no; he would rather the city were reduced to a heap of ruins, and the whole nation of the jews exterminated, than profit by the emperor's grace.

Had

Had Ricci had the benefit of the society at heart, he would surely have averted its total overthrow, by submitting it to any reform, even though it might probably be attended with considerable loss: like a prudent mariner, who, without hesitation, casts the costliest treasures into the surges of the sea, as the price of redemption for his ship and his life. The church herself has no need to decline a reform, if she has started aside from the path of discipline. There are numerous examples of respectable orders who have submitted to undergo a reform. Under this pretext the society would have renovated its vigour, and always have pursued its former course. Was the fraternity of Jesus accused with justice of certain faults? it was but reasonable, that, at least in the eyes of the world, it should seem disposed to correct them. Was it innocent of the charge? then the ready adoption of a reform would have tended to confirm their good principles and establish their innocence. An order that refuses to submit to the conduct of the sovereign head of the church, and forwardly persists in its old ways, under the guidance of its own superior, immediately assumes the form of a sect, which has nothing less in view than the welfare of the church.

Notwithstanding whatever could be alledged, the pere general delivered it as his final determination, that he would listen to no reform. Nay, he exerted all possible means to induce the pope to dissolve the society. While the deputation of cardinals was employed in sifting the various complaints that were brought against it, and its fate was nearly decided, he caused the most daring and scurrilous libels to be dispersed against the pope.

pope. He was abused as a spurious pontif elected by means of simony; as a tyrant who persecuted the children of St. Ignatius with such unrelenting cruelty for no other reason than that he might get their goods into his possession, and gratify the monarchs whose minds he had poisoned against them. The like infamous scurrilities were propagated by the jesuits even in the convents of nuns; so that no class of persons was left unprejudiced against the worthy Ganganelli. To intimidate him from pronouncing the definitive sentence, they sent him a letter in an unknown hand, which contained nothing more than the four letters of the alphabet P. S. S. V. [Presto fara sede vacante, the papal throne will shortly be vacant.] the signification whereof was apparent on the first inspection.

From these hostile manœuvres the pope saw himself obliged, on publishing the bull by which the society was abolished, to have recourse to the same precautions which are used in times of the most alarming seditions. The colleges were surrounded by soldiers, and the streets were beset with pursuivants and halbardiers, to prevent insurrection and tumult. This mark of disgrace, by which such a number of worthy persons, as doubtless that order contained, were treated as dangerous insurgents, must have pierced their very souls with affliction. For this cutting calamity they had no one to thank but their impolitic general. He himself was arrested as a malefactor, and shut up in the castle of St. Angelo, where he was sometimes more severely and sometimes more gently treated, according to his change of behaviour.

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When the bull of abrogation was read to him, he turned pale, like a man on whom some unexpected calamity suddenly falls; at the same time saying, that indeed he had looked for a reform, but that he never could imagine that the total demolition of the order was seriously intended. There was however much reason to doubt of the truth of this declaration. How could he have looked for a reform, which he had so inflexibly resisted? And is it indeed to be supposed, that an order so widely extended, and possessed of so much power, whose influence pervaded all the classes and ranks of mankind, whose maxims were indelibly impressed on the hearts of its members, wherein each individual stood bound for all, and all for each individual, was capable of a reform, unless it were voluntary struck out by the superior of it, to whom every member had sworn implicit obedience, and which reform was required to be effectual and sincere? The deadly pallor which seized the general, on receiving the warrant of his fate, seems rather an indication of inward agony and despair at the sudden demolition of his boundless and haughty dominion. He saw himself hurled in one moment from the pinnacle of a despotical sway which was felt in every part of the world, and plunged into the depths of abasement. He, who set the proudest monarchs at defiance, and gave law to so many thousands of pietists and bigots, severed from that powerful body, and in the hands of the civil authority, which till now stood in awe both of him and his order! For bearing such a reverse without feeling his whole soul in convulsion, he was by much too feeble.

Compelled, as he was, to renounce his dignity, and cut off from all hope of rising again, he still might have gained some semblance of fame, had he set about distinguishing himself, in his misfortunes, by assuming the virtues of an ordinary pastor. Mankind would have been readily disposed to attribute his past failings to an incapacity for government, or to consider them as a necessary consequence of the maxims of his order. But, even as a private ecclesiastic, he exhibited no laudable character.

The regular clergy are no more than stewards of the temporal goods committed to their care by pious souls, for their own support, or for what is held to be the service of God. The lawful magistrate can not only call them to account, but even, when necessary for the general welfare, or when the aims of their pious founders are no longer attained, may deprive them at once both of administration and possession. Accordingly, the pope had an unquestionable right to bring the peregrine general to account for the treasures which were not without grounds supposed to be in his college, and for all the temporal possessions, dues, and demands of it; especially, as he was obliged to maintain the ex-jesuits of his dominions, and provide for the proper execution of the duties enjoined by the pious institutors, for example, the publick worship, and the instruction of youth. Yet in his examination, he behaved just as a man does when set upon by robbers, parting with nothing but what is extorted from him by holding the dagger to his breast. He was, therefore, even as a private person, a dangerous member of civil society; and pope Ganganelli had a right to reply, as he did,
to

to the patrons of the brotherhood, who implored him for his release: this dangerous head must by all means be prevented from any communication with his former members; adding, that he had secret reasons for dealing so severely with him, and that it was known to God, his judge, that neither malice nor prejudice led him to this measure.

Pius VI. on ascending the apostolical throne, was disposed to set the pere general and his fellow-prisoners at liberty, and actually alleviated their captivity. But they so much abused the indulgence of the pontif, by private epistles and ensnaring speeches, that he found himself obliged to treat them with the former severity. Ricci died in the year 1775, in the castle of St. Angelo, lamented by none but the blindest bigots.

LETTERS FROM A TRAVELLER AT BERLIN.

LETTER I.

Berlin, *December* — 1785.

ALREADY have I been here a whole week, and have not yet written to you. One reason was, because I thought you would hardly expect to hear from me so soon upon my last, having arrived here in a much shorter space than I myself could have imagined. Another reason I have to offer is, that always towards evening

evening I have been so fatigued with tramping about on this wretched pavement, in truth the wretchedest I have ever trod, that it was impossible for me to think of writing. You know my custom is, on coming to some great city, to begin by taking a view of the houses, palaces, streets, avenues, and public squares; here however I made it my particular business to make my survey with the utmost accuracy; as, whenever one hears of the remarkable objects in capital cities, the elegant style and exterior magnificence of Berlin is sure to be cited. I therefore took extraordinary pains on this subject, and often stood looking at a street from three or four different places; so that, if it had been at Paris, I should certainly have been favoured with the name of un homme de cocagne. And now the result of my observations is, according to my usual fate, to find the matter otherwise than books and travellers had described it to me, — totally different from the general judgement.

There is no want of itinerary descriptions of Germany in general, or of particular circles of it; but then these are mostly written by natives. The German, who has never been out of his country, and yet will pretend to pass a judgement on its towns and cities, can naturally only take for his standard the things he has met with in it, and will hold what he here has thought the most perfect of its kind, to be also the most perfect that can any where be produced. The Swiss think with great liberality on this point. No country has ever been so frequently travelled over throughout, by all classes and conditions of its inhabitants, as Helvetia; but every company that form themselves for such a party,

party, endeavour whenever they can, to attach at least one foreigner to them, and sometimes more, whom accident has brought thither, and who are always to be found there in the summer season; and no where does a foreigner find it easier to meet with a conductor in his excursions in the interior of a country, than there. The native is useful to the foreigner by his knowledge of the topography, the language, the manners of the country: the latter enhances the pleasures of the former, inasmuch as by considering every thing in a quite new and peculiar point of view, he gives rise to remarks, which would never have struck the minds of the natives. Hamburg is certainly obliged to this circumstance alone, for the extraordinary fame it has acquired on account of its situation, and the beauty of the country around it, of which its inhabitants are so proud. It is true, for a flat country, it possesses considerable variety. The villages about Hamburg, which all partake of the opulence of that city, every where shew traces of it; they are clean and well-built, and manifest a comfortable condition rarely to be found in the villages of Germany. The site of the city itself, on the broad majestic Elbe, into which the Alster flows, where they form a handsome basin, doubtless contributes not a little to this reputation. At the same time, it is not to be denied, that Hamburg owes something of it to the admiration of the multitudes of Germans, who go thither from parts not very highly favoured by nature, and probably have never before beheld a large river in all their lives. No man will ever persuade me, that the banks of the Elbe at Hamburg are more delightful than they are at Dresden; and what is the

whole country when brought in comparison with what are called beautiful spots in Switzerland, in Italy, France, and the southern counties of England?

As to the repute in which Berlin is held for beauty, with some allowances, I should very willingly permit it to pass; but when it is affirmed to be the most beautiful city in the world, I cannot help thinking the account of it is much exaggerated, and that it stands in the same predicament with the former. Throughout Germany, Berlin is indeed the only city of its kind. Of all the cities in that extensive region, which are spoken of as being well-built, Mannheim is too diminutive and too regular, Cassel has, in a manner, but one handsome quarter, and Dresden, besides the fine prospect a city affords in which all the houses are constructed of hewn stone, and, though large and spacious, are not built in a truly grand taste, has but little to boast of. A German therefore, who has never passed the Alps, and perhaps never crossed the Rhine, must necessarily be astonished at the quantity of modern and lofty buildings, adorned with columns and pilasters, with festoons and statues, he meets with at Berlin. But this is the sole cause of his astonishment; and if it were excited in ever such a multitude of persons, Berlin would still not be the most beautiful city in the world.

We need only consider it with a little attention, for presently perceiving three several tastes in its buildings. King Frederic William the first was fond of uniformity in the highest degree, and accordingly we find it in all that he designed. Frederic II. at the beginning of his reign declared himself an admirer of the light, frivolous taste at that time predominant in France, though

though he afterwards adopted the purer but still more pompous Italian. Hence arose a mixture, that disagreeably strikes the beholder. If the same taste prevailed throughout, one might be induced to pronounce the city at least handsome, though we should not then declare it to be exactly the elect city. However, as several others are very striking to the eye, and yet we can only esteem one of them to be the finest; let us declare for which we will, it must be to the disparagement of the rest. This in general displeased me, that from no part can one see any thing like a continued whole. This defect is felt so much, that a man, on his first arrival at Berlin, is at a loss to know where the city properly begins. At least I found myself for a time in some perplexity on that account.

You know what an inveterate aversion I have to searchers, and how lamentably I have complained of them during my journey, in my letters to you. Of Berlin I had often been told that they were always very strict. Judge then what horrible representations I had made to myself, and how much and how anxiously my imagination dwelt on the detested custom of making a poor traveller, who goes from one place to another for the sake of no profit but that of information, deliver up all his papers and bundles, and detaining him till they have all been rummaged and ransacked over and over again, and the officers think fit to be convinced that they do not contain one atom of whatever the sovereign has been pleased to declare contraband. Accordingly, as quite contrary to my expectation, they treated me with great civility on my coming up to the outermost barrier, not so much as once opening my carriage, but

contenting themselves with the ticket I had got at Lentzen and a small gratuity of a piece of eight grosches, I could not persuade myself that I should be quit for this, but kept constantly looking out for a fresh gate, where it would go somewhat harder with me. In this doleful expectation I proceeded a considerable way; for notwithstanding all that I saw around me, I could not convince myself that I had already really entered the city; till I reached the pleasure-garden, saw the royal palace and the cathedral, and at this sight my fears forsook me.

Excepting the Friederichstadt and Dorotheenstadt, one every where sees a mixture of handsome modern houses with old ones, straight and crooked streets; which altogether have an appearance not properly beautiful. The king's determination is, not to embellish one part beyond the rest, but is resolved to have something elegant in each part of the city. Accordingly, he gives orders to build here and there, without caring whether the intervening edifices efface the good impression the new ones have left, or not. He has taken up the design of demolishing all houses that consist of only one story, but to let all of two stories stand; by which practice the prospect is frequently interrupted in a very unpleasing manner: and even in the finest street of all Berlin, under the Lindens, so called from its being planted with linden trees, are some houses of a perfectly mean appearance left standing as a disgrace to a multitude of new ones. The public squares, if we omit the Wilhelmplatz, are quite deficient in any regular form; many large public structures stand in them entirely without all connection or plan; the ground is no where
even;

even; in one part raised and in another low: in short, it is in vain to look for that entire correspondence, which alone can gratify the eye of taste. The pavement, as I have already observed, is as bad as can well be imagined; and after a shower of rain, it is so entirely useless, unless by splashing the traveller up to the neck, that a man can scarcely tell whether he is in a city or passing the road through a miserable village. At every step he either strikes his foot against a stone that has got its head up in the world, or stumbles into a hole that has been forsaken by another. In short, he must have studied the pavement, as he would a chapter in *Bürgerdicius*, if he would go out of an evening on foot, as the lamps to the houses, from the width of the streets, only put one in mind of a commentator on the Bible, generally rendering obscurity still more obscure. For my own part, I never walked abroad of an evening in so much terror as here; for at every moment I run the hazard of getting a fall or bruising my toes. To enter a house is attended with great difficulty, as they stand higher than the street, and consequently are made with steep ascents; which, besides being inconvenient, contribute greatly to spoil the look of the street. Another nuisance is occasioned by the broad gutters which run between the houses and the pavement, and in many places are badly covered, and in others not at all: so that a man must keep a constant eye to his feet, and beware of indulging himself in any pleasing meditation. In all the squares, and even on the very bridges, stand little booths, for the sale of trifling commodities and articles of frippery. These booths or shops for small dealers, are never taken down or removed, some being

even built of brick, so that all together they disfigure the place where they appear to an extraordinary degree. The elegant Dahnhof square, the square of the palace, the gens d'armes market, are all deformed by these mean objects. That the art of laying out a spot for this purpose so as to be really ornamental, is not here understood, plainly appears from the Wilhelmsplatz, which, in many respects pleases me much. It is planted with trees, and the four statues of the generals, which stand one at each corner, are so covered with the branches of these trees, that they seem perfectly smothered, and one must be at some pains to get a sight of them. In general, the scarcity of materials is a great hurt to these buildings: the houses are constructed of brick, to which is added a covering of plaster; and, as the whole is carried on with as much celerity and cheapness as possible, the builders take no uncommon pains about the execution; and the consequence is, that they are extremely slight. In a short time after the removal of the scaffolds, pieces of the plaster in various parts fall down, so that a whole street of new houses looks as if it had been run up in haste for some public rejoicing: for at the sight of such erections it is impossible to get an idea of firmness and duration. Another effect of this haste is bad workmanship. The antients signalized themselves not only by their masterly forms and relations, but also by the accurate finishing of every single part: this is what we are forced to admire in all the remains of their works. Here, on the contrary, all this is totally wanting, nothing is finished to a proper sharpness; and I particularly found the capitals of the columns throughout extremely bad.

Of

Of the taste in architecture, alas! I have not much good to say; it is not only not really grand, but it never in any one instance comes nearly up to that idea. What are properly called palaces are not in great numbers here; that of prince Henry is almost the only one to which the term can be applied. The houses in general, exclusive of those under the Lindens, are by far too mean, and are in no proportion to the extraordinary breadth of the streets. It was determined immediately to have a great city, and therefore the streets were made broader than they are in any other city except Petersburg, and far exceed in that respect what is sufficient for real ornament. In many of them this circumstance, and their being drawn in a straight line compose their only beauty, as we meet with not one remarkable house in them. Of this kind are the so-much-celebrated Frederic's street and William's street, the too longest in Berlin. The windows are every where too numerous, the walls too slender, insomuch that on considering the multitude of ornament, with which they abound, the reflection immediately arises, that the slender and thin walls are not able to sustain their burden. The king has a singular maxim for excusing this whimsical taste. I keep, says he, not only bricklayers and carpenters, but also carvers and artists in stucco; that these may be able to live, as well as the others, I must find them in work. — The opera-house is unquestionably the handsomest building in Berlin; the front towards the Lindens is in a grand style; the fluted columns of the portico are of an excellent composition; pity that baron Knobeldsdorf, who gave it, could think of putting that little stair in the façade, the ballustrade whereof runs

parallel with them: as by that means, this beautiful edifice is entered by a little door, not at all in correspondence with it. The palace of prince Henry, over against the opera-house, is likewise one of the finest buildings in Berlin, of a becoming amplitude, and without the abovementioned defects; but is perhaps too naked of ornament. The front of the roman catholic church is also beautiful, and well copied from the antique; its cupola is however too high, and not of a handsome form, and the inside of the church is not sufficiently ornamented. The library, from its miserable decorations, the bad disposition of it, and the intersected crooked line of its façade, must be classed among the most wretched of the public edifices of Berlin. The royal palace, old as it is, has no bad appearance: its court, however, is not to be entered: and it is very ill-judged to leave that side next the Spree to stand as it does, it not presenting an object considerable enough for the great open view of it from the water. The arsenal is spacious, and of a regular and suitable architecture; it clearly evinces that its designer was not deficient in taste and imagination. He has introduced a great diversification in the helmets placed over the outer windows. But he has shewn still greater in the larves over the windows in the inner court, all of them finely imagined, all indicate the extremes of pain, but always with a different expression: The sentiment that arises on seeing a place erected for a magazine of instruments for the destruction of the human race; and the recollection of the miseries occasioned by the passions of mankind, which frequently are the sole causes of wars, could not have been more justly conceived, nor
more

more happily expressed. — To the reformed and the lutheran churches, which stand in the market of the gens d'armes, the king has caused to be built two towers; that is, to each of them one, with three large portals, in a good taste and with much effect; the entrance by steps and columns, and the disposition over their frontons are really fine, though one cannot help wishing that the towers were not quite so massive. However, if we should be inclined, for the sake of the towers, to let these ugly churches pass, which seem rather to be built for them, and not them for these; yet they must be allowed to be again another instance of that tawdry architecture of which I have spoken before. A multitude of images are placed about them, those on one tower representing the heroes of the old testament, and those on the other the personages of the new, and in the roofs, which are painted green, gilt medallions are introduced. The art displayed in the images, does not certainly demand our admiration; the king has indeed from time to time had skilful people to work for him, but they must always do every thing in too great a hurry, for allowing them to take any pains. This is discernible at first sight in almost all the statues we find here and there in the public places: even two of the marble figures that stand in the Wilhelmsplatz, are by no means extraordinary. Schwerin has a mantle about him, of which persons that do not profess to be judges of sculpture, admire the folds that are indeed wrought with much labour, but they are all stiff and formal. Both his attitude and expression are bad, and the whole figure is too small and meagre. Nor is Winterfeld more entitled to any considerable praise. This side of Wilhelmsplatz

helmsplatz is therefore not well occupied ; but the other is only so much the more advantaged by that circumstance, where Seydlitz is seen, as carved by that great statuary Taffart. The general of the cavalry stands before us in complete armour, and thus harnessed he strikes us agreeably, though the stiffness of the costume is not favourable to the artist. Keith is to fill the fourth angle, and his statue is nearly completed ; in accuracy of design he will not be inferior to Seydlitz, and will confer on his sculptor, M. Taffart, real honour.

In all I have hitherto said, my intention has been no more than to justify, as it were, to you, the judgement I passed on first appearances, by shewing you, that it was neither formed without reason, nor dictated by prejudice. I have accordingly had regard to the whole in general, and to those buildings in particular of which we may reasonably expect something on account of the object of their destination. That here are, taken separately, a great number of truly elegant private houses, and several public structures, which if they are not distinguished by extraordinary magnificence, yet well comport with their destination, and make a tolerably good figure, as, for example, the house of cadets, the academy, the casernes, and some others, I will not deny, whatever charges of severity may be brought against my foregoing remarks, and which nevertheless, are as gentle as in my conscience I could make them. I must send you a pretty long list, if you require me to give an account of all that might be brought under this description. However, by way of conclusion, I must speak a word or two concerning a really fine edifice, and that is the cathedral. It is, except the catholic church,

church, from without, the most superb temple in all Berlin, a magnificent structure, where the purest proportions and combinations are preserved. If the same taste were proportionably observed every where in this city, I should take off my hat as often as I heard any one mention Berlin as the most beautiful city in Europe. It is only a great pity that its interior does not correspond with its outward splendour; which is universally the fault with all the churches of this place. The church of St. Peter is likewise modern, and appears superior to all the rest; but its internal plan is by no means adapted to meet with approbation. Immediately on entering the cathedral, it seems as if all the magnificence we had contemplated without, had vanished away at once; and one cannot comprehend how so spacious a structure can contain so little room within. In it are several royal tombs, but they are of such a simple appearance as is seldom met with in the residences of sovereigns. The garrison-church is an antient, but not a remarkable edifice; however, it is decorated with all the flags and banners that were taken by the king in his former wars.

LETTER II.

Berlin, *January* — 1786.

I HAVE frequently heard it observed, when the beauty of Berlin has been mentioned; that on this account it is much to be lamented that it should be so much the seat of dulness; but I must confess, that I did not find it so. — People usually form too great an idea of the circumference of Berlin. If one take a survey of the city from the top of the Marienthurm,

this

this idea will immediately be contracted within proper bounds, with such as have already visited other capitals. Berlin is certainly not to be reckoned among the foremost of them; but it would be very extraordinary if 160,000 inhabitants, including the garrison, did not form a tolerably decent population. All quarters of the town, indeed, are not alike; there are here, as elsewhere, parts that are much more frequented than the rest, and are constantly full of people, whereas in others you rarely meet a person; there are some again that are only inhabited by soldiers, and these have the appearance of a desert. And yet, with all this, Berlin is not to be called dull. We do not indeed here see the hurry and bustle of commerce as at London and Amsterdam; nor the multitude of nobility, of foreigners, and of loungers of every denomination, as at Paris; nor hear the yells and howlings of the Lazzaroni of Naples: but here is, nevertheless, a great concourse of people always passing to and fro, sometimes even a throng of active men, who pursue their affairs in peace and quietness, and render the streets always gay and lively. Were the nobility here as wealthy as at Vienna, the population would soon be doubled: but every one confines himself as much as possible to his means, and in this the court always sets a good example. Such as fill public offices, and are forced to live upon their pay, cannot give into great expences, as no monarch rewards the services done him more moderately than the king of Prussia; and the few families who have large revenues of their own, readily fall in with the manners of the rest, as it would be ridiculous for them to pretend to any great superiority or distinction. All these circumstances

circumstances in conjunction render the living and the intercourse at Berlin far more unrestrained and easy, than in other great cities, where people of good families, but of small incomes, as frequently is the case at Paris, must keep at a distance from the bettermost companies; because it requires an expence in dress, and other articles, which they are not able to defray: whereas here you frequent the public places, and visit the greatest companies in the plainest cloaths you chuse to wear; and the nobility give as few entertainments as possible, so that you are safe from the necessity of frequenting parties too expensive for your circumstances, merely for the sake of keeping up appearances. The same spirit of moderation prevails even among the opulent people of the middling class; the greatest houses seldom give dinners above once, or at most twice a week; and there are always a number of large companies who dine at taverns, of which they are members, and where they introduce such strangers as are recommended to them, without putting them to much expence. Accordingly, we see people here, of but slender incomes, moving in a considerable sphere, and playing parts of some distinction; as likewise young persons of condition, of three to four thousand dollars a year, who keep an equipage, three servants, a mistress, and enjoy a great variety of pleasures, as they are called, which a man could scarcely procure himself in France, with an income of from forty to fifty thousand livres.

At the same time what is spared in outward shew, is often spent especially by young persons in secret indulgences, and here lies a fresh source of limitation in

pomp and luxury. For, when these persons come to be somewhat farther advanced in age, have got possession of their whole revenues, and establish a house of their own; they find themselves encumbered with such a weight of debts, that, whether they will or no, they must perforce retrench, and live within the bounds of moderation. Indeed it would scarcely gain belief how far licentiousness is carried here. Without reckoning the multitudes of young women who voluntarily obtrude themselves on every passenger, who either live alone, or two or three together, there are a number of houses in which an indiscriminate number of persons assemble on evenings, and are even tolerated by the police. Those of the meanest sort are entirely on the same footing with the musicos, or the spuilhuys in Amsterdam; only that indeed no sailors are met with in these, and that things are here conducted a little more orderly, and with somewhat more delicacy. But are likewise some of a superior class; and in these extravagance is carried to a surprising pitch.

No capital, perhaps, in the world has so few dramatic representations as Berlin. Excepting the german theatre, where plays are acted every day in the year without exception, the italian opera is open only during the carnival, which however is upon a quite different establishment than it is in other places. The performances begin a fortnight before Christmas, and continue every Monday and Friday till the 21st of January. On the Tuesdays that fall within this period, redouts are given, and in them alone consist all the diversions of the carnival. Heretofore, while the king was young, the opera was very brilliant; he took great delight in these

these performances, procured the best people, and paid them great wages. He had his own komponists, who were Italians, but caused a few operas to be set by Graun, which, with those composed by Haffé, he esteemed beyond all others. The decorations were painted by the famous brothers Cagliari, and every thing was in a royal style. But these times are long since over; the decorations indeed still continue there, but they are become old and very black; the dresses of all the actors except those who play the principal personages, are not allowed to be replaced by new ones, but the old ones must be made to suffice; the king has never once been there for a considerable number of years, and I have been credibly assured, that the whole together, even including the pay of the singers, but not the orchestra, the opera does not stand him yearly, in above 20,000 dollars. Were it not for Concialini, who must still be reckoned a great singer, there would scarcely ever be an audience; but even he is grown old and negligent, and sings no longer with the same spirit, as while the Mara was the prima donna. The present is called Signora Carara, but is by far not equal to the former; the rest of the singers, male and female, merit no distinguished notice here. The orchestra is very good; this no man can deny: but it is highly defective in an exact accord with the singers, particularly in the choruses, and thereby almost the whole of the effect is lost. The ballets are entirely modelled on the Italian, and are given as interludes between the acts; it must be confessed, that we do not see here such men and women dancers, as render the parisian and italian theatres so famous. This is also a consequence of the parsimony

mony so conspicuous here; as, but for it, they would have people of eminence in this department. In short, the opera, as it is conducted here, is tiresome to the last degree.—The exterior of the house I have already mentioned with commendation in my former letter; the interior is in correspondence with it, and has a great similitude with the opera house at Turin. It is considerably spacious, and is ornamented in a good taste; but it really wants a little rubbing up. It has no proscenium, and it is certainly a defect that the boxes nearest to the stage incline backwards; by which the persons within can never have a good view of the performance. The boxes in general are too high, and their four benches are too few for the size and loftiness of the house. Were the boxes somewhat lower, they would conveniently contain five benches; they would thus be better filled, and much room would at the same time be gained. As this entertainment is given entirely at the king's expence, consequently nothing is paid at entering. However, a foreigner should not trust too far to this. For, if he should get in without providing himself with a billet of recommendation from some of his acquaintance, he will be no gainer by his cleverness: as the door-keeper, in that case, will make him pay handsomely for the place he has taken. The king does the garrison the favour of allowing them to frequent the opera; and the parterre is allotted solely to their use. That part of it which is even with the orchestra, and is called the parquetry, is only separated from it by two rows of benches. Here the king used always to sit, for the sake of being near the music; and beneath his seat a sort of stove was introduced

introduced for keeping his feet warm. He never went into a box; and the princes observed the same rule from motives of propriety and respect. However, since he has entirely left off coming, the persons of the court take up the middle boxes of the first rank, and the officers go into the parquet.

The opera begins at five o'clock, and is over at eight, or somewhat earlier. In general, it must be said, to the praise of Berlin, that the inhabitants do not turn night into day so much as is practised in other places; as all their diversions begin and end early. It is only the redout that continues till towards midnight. This unquestionably, of all species of pleasure, is the most wretched. The parterre, on this occasion, is screwed up to a level with the stage; which are only separated from each other by a wooden railing breast-high. None but persons of the court, or such as have been presented there, are permitted to dance on the parterre; and then, they must appear in red dominos: every other dress, as well as all masquerade characters, are forbidden the stage. Who would imagine, that such a regulation in a public amusement, the main purport of which is, to bring together a mixture of persons of all ranks, should subsist under a king, who plumes himself on thinking so philosophically on all subjects, and whose contempt for all merits arising from birth, is so thoroughly known? The natural consequence of this arrangement is, that merely the court and the lowest class of the Berliners frequent the redout, and that the middle ranks, who are not permitted to mix with the court, and will not mix with the perruquiers and footmen, remain entirely away. Indeed, one sees only a

few persons here, and these in a tiresome uniformity of dress; the diversity of figures and masks, which alone makes such a festivity brilliant, is not to be sought for here.

However, you must not imagine, my friend, that, because the carnival-diversions of this place are so few, and this few so poor and miserable, the people of Berlin are absolutely joyless during this season. Assemblies are given from time to time at court, and by the principal nobility, and even private balls are not unfrequent; and those who cannot come to these, have a multitude of companies and balls, dinners and suppers, among them, consisting of persons to the amount of eighty, a hundred, and even more, where they divert themselves as well as they can. In general, the Berliners are lively and gay; they possess a natural vivacity, which, joined to that freedom of manners which is peculiar to great cities, renders the tone of good company highly agreeable, because there it is always understood how to draw the line of propriety.

At times, during the carnival, an opera buffa is given; I was present at one such, given in the little theatre of the palace; it had for title, *L'Albergatice*: excellent music, and admirably well performed. It gave me more satisfaction than the great opera. The whole troop consists but of five persons, with whom I include their manager, Koch, a German, who sings the bass. The king, just after the close of the seven years war, took up another company for the buffa; but, as three of the performers died in a short time after their arrival, Koch was dispatched to Italy, and brought back with him the present set. He had a good number

to chuse from, and made a good choice; the voices indeed are not extraordinary, but are nevertheless good, and are in excellent harmony: therefore the distance here is not so striking, as it is in the great opera, between Concialini and the rest of the band. How much Koch receives, I cannot pretend to say; but the salary of each of the others, is somewhat above 1000 dollars.

Musick is really on a good footing at Berlin; and it meets with many admirers, as the propensity to play is not excessive. Each of the princes has his own band, of all which, that of the prince-royal is considerably the best, and for the general concert, excellent. I have already spoken honourably of the opera-orchestra. Besides, there are a great number of other musicians here; so that in the winter there is never any want of concerts. That which has long enjoyed the greatest reputation, is the concert of amateurs, held every Friday at the Corsica's; it is not only very well supplied, but they are studious to give satisfaction by performing pieces of excellent composition: yet it has considerably fallen off of late, their industry is visibly diminished in comparison of what it was formerly, and of course the receipts are not sufficient to maintain a good female singer, so that there is but little vocal music.

EXCURSION TO THE REALMS BELOW, CONTINUED.

XENOPHON had accidentally overheard our discourse from behind the thicket where he had been reposing. This he himself immediately confessed, and

thus spared us the pains of relating to him the matter of our debate. We were thinking, said I, that no one is better qualified for bringing us to an agreement than the author of *Hiero* and the *Cyropædia*.

Xenophon. I think there can be no great difficulty in that, or I must not properly have understood your sentiments.

Menippus. I thought that my opinion was as far from his, (*nodding towards me*) as right from arbitrary power, that is, about as far as heaven is from earth, as they say in the world above.

Xenoph. to Menipp. Thou maintainest, that the right of kings, or of potentates in general, is founded on a compact between the obeying and the commanding parts of the commonwealth?

Menipp. That is what I maintain. The compact may be either expressly drawn up and formally executed with all the ceremonies and solemnities observed in public transactions, or tacitly entered into. A compact, however, must always be presupposed, as the only condition possible under which rational and free-born beings, as men are, can be subjected with justice to one of their equals.

Xenoph. to me. And thou maintainest a natural right of the stronger to govern the weaker, and foundest thereon the right of sovereignty?

I. I maintain necessity to be the source of natural law, and natural law the source of right. Mankind cannot subsist without government. Nature, therefore, does not leave it to depend on their own option, or on a compact which is only so long in force as they chuse to allow it, or on accident, or on the froward humour of

of the passions, or the fluctuating judgement of men, who almost always are dependent on it: how they will be governed, and whether they will be governed at all, or no. She lays the arrangements by means whereof they are governed, whether they will or not. The stronger always rules the weaker. The whole history of the human race confirms this matter, and a couple or so of casual exceptions demonstrate nothing against the rule. The right of the stronger is acknowledged over all the face of the earth. Whenever, after a long and bloody war, peace is again established, it is always the stronger who prescribes the conditions of it to the weaker; and these conditions are only so long observed by the weaker, as he remains the weaker. In the remotest periods of the world, no other national right was known; and the first great monarchies, as well as all that followed, were only great, because, like fishes of prey, they swallowed up the smaller. And how happened it, that the kings of the petty states of Greece, who, at the beginning, were merely chieftains and leaders of distinguished tribes, were by insensible degrees abolished, but because a small number of powerful families grew up, and at last overtopped them? This preponderant power of the latter changed the monarchies into aristocratical republics; the common people, accustomed to obedience, at first never thought of calling in question the right to govern in the most powerful and opulent among them, so long as they held together. But in process of time, the aristocrats began to quarrel among themselves; by their disunion they imperceptibly became the weaker; the people began to feel their own strength; they made one demand after another,

seized at length by violence what would not have been granted them with good-will, and the aristocracy changed into a democracy. This latter bordered so near on anarchy, that emergencies must of necessity from time to time arise, wherein some favourite, artful, and enterprising man should be able to make a powerful stand, and by means of that, procure himself the sole sovereignty. Thus arose the petty tyrants, as you Greeks were used to term them, by whom some of your republics were sometimes well and sometimes badly governed. Even the great, though quickly-terminating monarchies of Alexander and Antiochus the great, had no other origin than preponderating power: and the Romans, by means of this overbalance of power, became the masters and oppressors of the world, so soon as it had been decided by force of arms, that neither Carthage, nor Pyrrhus, nor Antiochus, nor Mithridates, could controvert their sovereignty. In short, it is, of all matters of fact the most undeniable, that all the monarchies and republics that have ever existed in the world, have owed their existence to the overbalancing strength of them by whom they were founded; and it is accordingly agreed, and will be agreed so long as mankind exist:

Command, who can; obey, who must.

Xenoph. You have both so clearly explained yourselves, that I believe I perfectly comprehend your notions; and I thereby find myself confirmed in what I have before advanced. So soon as you do but rightly understand yourselves, I think all three of us will be of one and the same opinion on this subject.

Menipp. That will be matter of very great surprise to me!

Xenoph. We are already agreed, at least, on one point, namely, that mankind cannot subsist without civil constitution and government. We must therefore consent, that nature has destined the sole order of beings which is capable of continual progress towards indefinite perfection, eternally to persevere in a state of animal ferocity, gross sensuality, and an everlasting war among themselves, and with all nature. For this is the natural and necessary state of all the tribes of men who live without civil government.

Menipp. To shew you that I am above having recourse to chicane, I am willing, on my part, that this shall be unprejudicially allowed.

Xenoph. If it be true, then let us be quite unconcerned about whatever may follow from it. Truth can bring forth nought but truth, and is never in contradiction with itself. We are agreed then in this, that it is necessary for mankind, and for their own advantage, to live in society, and to be governed. But I think we are likewise agreed, that, of all animals which are not by nature wild and untameable, none are more disinclined to allow themselves to be governed than man. Even the natural supremacy over their children is a yoke, from which the latter are always struggling to get free; and which, if they cannot entirely shake off, they strive to elude by all possible means. With this native impulse to independency, and voluntary self-determination, with this instinctive aversion for whatever would set bounds to our liberty, what is it that should bring mankind to allow themselves to be governed — if it be not a necessity from which they cannot escape?

Menipp. I perceive whither thou wouldst lead me by this clue: but, besides necessity, there is, however, still somewhat that can move mankind voluntarily to permit themselves to be governed; and this somewhat is — their reason.

Xenoph. Very well! But surely, Menippus, thou dost not forget, that mankind are born children, whose reason can only be slowly unfolded by education, and which does not come to maturity till late by experience. It is impossible to be reason that renders children submissive to their parents — and even this is now, and ever was, the case with all the unpolished tribes, hordes, and petty nations, from which the greatest states and civil constitutions have been formed. A rude people is an assemblage of grown children, just as rash and impetuous in their impulses and passions, and nearly as inexperienced as they; but so much the more uncomplying as they have more strength, and know how to exert it better.

Menipp. Reason at first acts merely like instinct in mankind, but is not therefore the less reason. It is a flower in the bud. Parents, who have the art of gaining the love and confidence of their children, will always govern them safer and better, than those who build their domestic sway alone on coercion and the dread of punishment.

Xenoph. A very just observation, from which, however, we will not extract more consequences than actually flow from it. The government of parents over their children is supported by love, alleviated by gratitude, and confirmed by confidence: but these
sentiments

sentiments cannot be the foundation of it, or it would rest on a very weak and tottering foundation. We must not suppose human nature worse, but likewise not better than it really is. Those delicate and gentle bands of sentiment are far too tender to escape the being torn at every moment by the animal sensuality of a creature, who is always living at random, and is irresistibly swayed by every propensity. Allow, that these ties are constantly gaining in children new accessions of force, with increasing reason, it is still undeniable that they are not sufficiently strong in the years that properly belong to childhood. In short, my dear Menippus, the government of parents is manifestly founded on no compact entered into between them and their children, either formal or tacit, but on the necessity of being governed, and on a sentiment of this necessity which is awakened and supported by the prepollent strength of the parents. And this likewise is exactly the case with tribes of people, who, on account of their gross ignorance and untractableness, must be habituated by necessity and coercion to bear the yoke of government. Children and nations must be governed, because they are incapable of governing themselves; and must learn to obey, not because they please to do so, but because, willing or unwilling, obey they must.

Menipp. Thy simile, methinks, does not run upon all fours. I will not insist upon the circumstance, that the difference between children and parents is greater and more manifest than between a nation and its rulers. Thou wouldst say in reply, that the question at present relates to the nations of remote antiquity, and their regents, whose personal distinctions must have been very

very striking. But I there again perceive a very considerable difference. The parental authority and government lasts only during the years of infancy, and ceases so soon as the children can provide for themselves: but the plenipotentiary over the great children will never allow that his plenipotency terminates with the epocha of their infancy: and how contrary to common sense it is to suppose, that an intelligent nation, formed by the arts, enlightened by the sciences, and wise by the experiences of a number of centuries, should allow themselves to be treated in their age of maturity just as they were in their years of infancy. Yet we see that the aforesaid plenipotentiary does not regard this absurdity, but, on the contrary, makes the yoke only so much the heavier, the more cause they have to be persuaded that the reason and strength of the subjugated are become sufficiently powerful to cast it off.

Xenoph. What is just in this observation, does not militate at all against me. It is highly absurd, no doubt, to treat an informed and enlightened nation as if it were still in its infancy. But what do we call an enlightened nation? The great multitude will never deserve this appellation. The experience of all ages on the genius and character of the people at large as well in monarchies as in popular states, and principally in the latter, incontrovertibly demonstrates, that the great multitude ever remains in its infant condition, and are ever in want of others to think for them and to take care of their concerns. It is therefore true, and is confirmed by the general history of all mankind, that a whole nation never attains to so high a degree of reason and

and wisdom, that it may be freely left to its own judgment, whether it will be governed, and how. Never-ending confusion, anarchy, and retrogression into the savage ferocity of remotest times, would be the inevitable consequences of such an emancipation. Accordingly, there must be in every civil constitution a power, which is founded, not on compact, or the arbitrary good-pleasure of the nation, but on the great law of necessity. Since mankind, without civil rule, cannot be and become that to which they are by nature destined: so it is necessary that they must obey a sovereign command; and because obedience to this supremacy cannot be left to their discretion, but by a dissolution of the civil constitution; so it is necessary, that it arise from the sentiment of the sovereign superiority of power, and from fear of the disagreeable effects of resistance. And therefore, well might this stranger advance that his position, “Command, who can; obey, who must,” was founded in the very nature of things, and that this is the reason that it is confirmed by the universal experience of all the inhabitants of the earth.

Menipp. So much the worse, if it be so. The right of the stronger, then, and of course an eternal war of the stronger against the weaker, is the very order and design of nature?

Xenoph. This eternal war is by no means a consequence of the necessity that the stronger should govern, and the weaker obey. So soon as a power is acknowledged as the stronger (else how can it be the stronger?) peace much rather follows, or the weaker must likewise be so weak in understanding as to take the impossible for possible.

Menipp.

Menipp. The right of the wolf over the sheep is established by the same arguments. But how it can suit the human race, which however seem to possess something, not totally insignificant, beyond mere cattle; called reason. This, I maintain it, will not be clearly made out to me.

Xenoph. The fault may then possibly lie only in thyself, good Menippus. The natural right of the wolf to the sheep, if thou wilt have it so, is a right to devour them; the right of the stronger, when we are speaking of men, can have no other object in view, even because there is a relation of man with man, but not of wolves with sheep, than to lead and to protect the weaker, in case they both are still in the state of natural freedom and society. But are these, let it have happened whichever way it will, once entered into civil society, which in its very nature is grounded on a supreme authority that must be acknowledged and feared by all the members of the society: then is it again the nature of the case, that the ultimate aim of the society, namely the welfare of the whole, or to speak more plainly, the preservation of its inward and outward security, should determine the application and the boundaries of this supreme authority. But, my dear Menippus, in the discussion of this whole affair, we should take care not to lose sight of this, that man brings rights into the world with him, which are independent on the arbitration of other men, and of which no authority can deprive him, unless he forfeit them by his own actions. Might, strength, force, or power, (which here, as we are at present rambling about in general ideas, are all alike) and right, are no incompatible or mutually expelling things; on
the

the contrary, right is that which determines the might, and gives it its due direction. There may be cases, where a man, for his own security, is compelled to make another man his slave, if he can; and this case may happen, under particular circumstances and limitations, between two nations or tribes: but, except in these particular cases, no man can be justified, no nation can be justified in reducing another to slavery. Suppose therefore a tyrant, under whatever venerable and awful name he may be so, abuse his authority to the oppression of his subjects, instead of applying it to the promotion of their welfare; then is this application of his authority, in the nature of the case, unlawful, and the oppressed are justified in relieving themselves as soon as they can; that is, as soon as they are the stronger.

Menipp. I do not very clearly see, how this right, which thou allowest the people against the plenipotentiary, can be compatible with the notions of infancy and incapacity for self-direction, on which, but a little while ago, thou groundedst the necessity of the sovereign superiority of power?

Xenoph. Let us endeavour then to get a plainer perception of it. We have adopted it as a case demonstrable from human nature, and universal experience: that mankind, for being happier than in a state of natural ferocity, must live under a civil constitution, and therefore under a sovereign authority, i. e. in one word, that they must be governed. As herein they are in the same case with infants, accordingly we have so far attributed to every nation a kind of infancy. In fact, the true reason wherefore it is so absolutely necessary

cessary for a nation to be governed, is merely in this similitude between great and little children. Both have a natural disposition to society, to common enterprises and sports: but the frequent clashings of their claims and pretensions, and the little command they have over their easily inflammable passions, occasion dissensions and violences every instant among them; such as with the great children would destroy all the bands of society. For guarding against this calamity, there must be a preponderant power which holds those bands together. But this power may never be arbitrary, any more than the other powers of nature—but should and must operate by laws which are necessarily founded in the nature of man and in the ultimate end of civil society. Whether these laws be written or unwritten, clearly understood or only confusedly imagined, it is enough that they are there; they lie in the nature of the case, they are the decrees of universal reason, and must be observed, or the ends of civil society are directly defeated. A government running counter to these laws is abuse of the supreme authority, or tyranny; and as the misery of the subjects is the unavoidable consequence of it, so the latter have need of nothing but their own feelings, for informing them whether they are well or badly governed. Is the evil too great to be longer endured? then this sentiment will become general, and will at length, if the abuses continue, kindle and rouse another which has long lain dormant through fear, or the habits of obedience, namely, the sentiment of their own physical and moral strength; and this naturally breaks forth in attempts to employ and exert it to their deliverance. A people cannot govern itself; but it can use its

arms

arms in its own defence; and, as but few are prudent enough to sacrifice their private interests to the common good; so there are even cases where despair will move all to avoid an evil that will involve them all in ruin.

Menipp. And what then becomes of passive obedience; which yet, if strength confer a right to rule, is, on the part of the subjects, a necessary consequence of their duty to be submissive to the overbalancing authority?

Xenoph. Nature, or, what amounts to the same thing, necessity, has imposed many things on man to bear. To rise up against unavoidable evils would be folly; and to suffer a slighter evil, for the sake of getting rid of a greater, or for participating in a good that is only to be purchased by enduring this evil, is a method that all mankind have ever followed. So far, passive obedience has frequently, and but too frequently, been the lot of humanity, and a necessary condition of civil life. But, to an obedience, which should be ever ready to suffer every thing, even the most intolerable, notwithstanding that it depended alone on us to suffer it—that is, to an obedience which degrades mankind to something less than cattle, to mere machines, to such an obedience nothing can oblige us. Moreover, my dear Menippus, we should not take to domineer and to govern for terms of a like import. Nature has placed mankind in the world, not for being slaves: they must be governed, not driven; and, since by means of the combination and texture of human things, which do not depend upon us, cases occur, where strength alone gives a right to govern; yet never can it

bestow

bestow a right to govern contrary to the natural law of man, and the fundamental laws of all human society founded thereon; that is, to domineer arbitrarily and tyrannically.

Menipp. Then I perceive we only differ in the manner of expressing ourselves. The plenipotentiary, as thou thyself maintainest, is bound to govern according to law, and the subjects are justified in shaking off the yoke, when they find it insupportable. The relation then between the governor and the governed rests on reciprocal rights and duties, the observance whereof on both sides are the conditions of it. — Whether we call it compact or not, the name does not at all affect the matter: but the matter is exactly as if the compact were at the bottom of it: “We will obey thee, if
“thou govern us well; but, when thou wilt not discharge thy duty towards us, we are not bound to fulfill ours towards thee.”

Xenoph. Said I not, that in the long run we should all three be of the same opinion, if we could only bring ourselves to understand each other properly? — But it seems to me, friend Menippus, as if thy social compact was ever and anon rising up between us, and that, notwithstanding all I have been saying, I am still unintelligible to thee. To found the civil institution among mankind on the notion of compact is materially improper; because a compact implies, that it depends on the choice of the parties, whether and how they will agree on its conditions. But this, according to my idea, is by no means the case in the civil institution. This I consider as a law of nature, as a necessary condition of his most possible developement and formation,
grounded

grounded in the very frame of man, as that whereon nature has made every thing of consequence to him to depend. If there be races of men to whom this disposition to their perfection is totally or in a very high degree wanting, then they do not belong to the mankind of whom we are speaking; they rather form an intermediate species between men and monkies, who from the want of impulses to perfection, are necessitated for ever to walk round and round within the contracted circle of animal life *. The nobler races of mankind have all of them—at an earlier or a later period, more or less, according as outward circumstances were favourable or adverse to them—worked themselves out of the state of savage nature, and united in civil societies, for the establishment and elevation of their common welfare. Nature and dire necessity here cooperate to one and the same great end; and, as it would be absurd to say, that mankind have therein been merely passive agents: so it can no more be affirmed, that, in the erection of the first civil societies, they went to work as experienced artists; and, that, after previous, common, free deliberation, they unanimously adopted that constitution and form of government which they knew to be the

* Whether there actually be such half-men (the question is not concerning single and accidentally wretched beings of this stamp, but of whole races, to whom this defect is supposed natural) upon the globe of the earth — whether perhaps the Pascheras of the Terra del Fuego, and the stunted and dull New-Hollanders may be such middle links between the inferior animals and man, — appears, from the whole result of competent observations and repeated experiments, to be still undetermined.

best for reaching the end of the utmost possible welfare of the common weal. This hypothesis is in direct contradiction to history, and must ever be so, because it runs counter to the course of nature in the development of man, and therefore to whatever is possible by means of nature.

For rendering this as plain to you as it is to myself, let us cast one glance on the antient periods of the world. The first object that strikes us, is the great difference between the constitution of the nations in the northern part of Asia and in Europe, and those which inhabit the regions of Asia to the south. In the latter we find already, long before the civilization of our Greece, great monarchic states, where the will of the regent is the sovereign law; where he is worshipped like a god, and dreaded like an evil dæmon; where he is lord and proprietor of the whole state, and the subjects without murmur or hesitation, consider themselves as his slaves, whose possessions, means, bodies and lives, he can dispose of at will; in short, where the monarch is all, and the people have absolutely no civil existence; or only just so much as is necessary, for that the imaginary god, when he deigns to look downwards from his tremendous throne, may not be forced to see nothing but gloomy forests, and savage beasts, which would soon bring his despotism to an end.

Menipp. But, in the name of all the gods and goddesses, how is it possible that men, who were in their senses, could ever conform to such an unnatural constitution?

Xenoph. Nothing can be plainer; and the reason of it is, because nothing was more natural than this very
unnatural

unnatural form of government at its first beginning. For it sprang up, almost as imperceptibly as a plant grows out of its seed, from the primitive patriarchal state of man. The father of a family became at length the head of a tribe, of several tribes the mightiest overthrew the weaker by degrees, and the head of it was king. During the course of time that was requisite to this progression, there unobservedly arose among these men a sort of civil government upon the model of the natural family-monarchy, from whence they had departed: the king was regarded as the father of the people whom he governed, and these as his children. The former governed as unlimitedly, as a father in the state of natural society over his family: it was as far from entering the minds of these to make a compact with their princes, as children would think of making a compact with their parents, and of prescribing them the terms whereon they would obey. This form of government, so long as it kept near its origin, and under all kinds of favourable circumstances, was for a length of time able to render the nation happy; and we find, even in later times, almost throughout all the east, though groaning under the pressure of an iron despotism, still here and there some traces and remains of the original humanity of this paternal government. But unhappily they are wanting in an impelling spring, which is natural, personal, and so indispensable, that the want of it turns even a bodily father into a tyrant. The natural family œconomy is indeed, as well as its civil imitation, founded on the children's fear of the paternal authority: but nature has provided that this fear should be mitigated by the love which she has

planted in the heart of the parent. Whereas, the fathers of the nation, to whom this kind, beneficent instinct is wanting, please themselves in being feared, without mitigating what is hateful in their authority, by love, which begets and cherishes love. Servile dread, founded on the dazzling radiance of an inaccessible throne, on myriads of surrounding guards, on countless armies, and the sword of vengeance for ever drawn; in short, on irresistible force, is the only cement that holds these monarchies together, and what gives security to the despot and his satraps. At times indeed it may happen that fortune sends these wretches a deliverer, some Cyrus, who breaks their antient fetters, and governs a new moulded empire with wisdom and true fatherly dispositions; this case, however, but rarely occurs, and the good that is thus effected, is for the most part only personal and transient; for the original source of the evil, the form of government, still remains, and a series of feeble-minded or vicious successors quickly pulls down what the single beneficent regent had built.

Menipp. But if this form of government among the south-eastern nations of Asia had that origin which thou givest it, how comes it, that the northern Asiatics and the European nations have kept free of it? If the foundation of those despotical monarchies lies in the natural family œconomy, which indeed may, as it should seem, be regarded as the ground-plot of all political government: then despotism must have been spread over all the surface of the earth.

Xenoph. Were it a necessary consequence of the original family government, then this would certainly have

have been the case. But, when I before gave this natural origin to the most unnatural of all civil forms of government, I never intended to exclude the cooperating causes of climate, the turn of mind and the way of life that arise from it, with other accidental circumstances. These outward circumstances alone have occasioned the great difference discernible between the northern and southern inhabitants of the earth. A hot climate, fruitful even to luxuriance, and rewarding the most moderate culture a hundredfold, induced the people to quit a wandering pastoral life, and to settle themselves in fixed habitations; a variety of the peaceful arts, the daughters of agriculture and a gentler life, weaned them from the martial manners of their ancestors. The influence of climate wrought, unobservedly, and therefore the more irresistibly, on the bodily frame and temper of mind. Voluptuous repose and sensual indulgence is the sovereign good with the inhabitants of the torrid zones, and to this character of the nation, the despotic form of government is so adapted, that excepting the rude inhabitants of the mountainous provinces, hardly is there one people in southern Asia, from Euphrates to the Indus, and from thence to the shores of the eastern ocean, that is barely susceptible of the thought of changing the despotical form of government (especially as they have now been accustomed to it for so many thousand years), for a free, popular, or aristocratic constitution. It is naturally quite otherwise with the tribes or hordes of the nomadic people, who roam about the monstrous steppes and wilds of the northern parts of Asia and Europe, with their numerous herds; and, as if this immense district was too contracted for them, they pressed

forward towards the south and west, and from time to time overflowed the opulent southern provinces like a desolating torrent. These nations have for thousands of years known no other than free constitutions: for the domestic or patriarchal government is the primitive plan of all political institutions, the aristocratical just as well as the monarchical. In like manner as a family spreads itself abroad in several branches, the fathers of these branches are the natural councillors and coadjutors of the common fire of the whole stock. Each branch, in process of time, becoming again a particular stock, the idea of one common fire, or chief, has been frequently lost; each stock maintaining its natural independency on the others, without however entirely renouncing the family connection, which would be kept up by speaking the same language and observing the same manners. On occasions of common danger or of general enterprise, the heads of these small herds composed the general council of the one main stock; a kind of rude but natural aristocracy, which lost nothing of its inherent respectability, even whenever particular circumstances made it necessary for them to appoint a common conductor, or king; for this was in reality still only the foremost among his equals, the *primus inter pares*, as the sound human intellect of his voluntary subjects, in certain cases, where it seemed requisite to the general good, seldom refused him even the most unconditional obedience. As I said before, this has been, for thousands of years, the form of government among all the perambulatory scythian and celtic peoples and tribes of the northern and western parts of our globe. It was the most natural and adequate

to their restless, roving, hunting or pastoral life, their rude manners, bodily force and untractable spirit suited to their rude climate, and to the wars in which either the greater hordes or the smaller stems were perpetually engaged against each other, and by which they were reciprocally vexed and harassed, overcome, or even totally extirpated. But this kind of freedom bordered too much on absolute ferocity, for being the state wherein the human species could attain to the degree of formation, perfection and welfare, to which nature has disposed it. Freedom, without a wisely planned and artificially organised form of government, exuberates but too soon into wildness and barbarism, and is in its effects but little better than the slavery of the despotical government. Both check the progress of culture, eternize the infancy of the human race, and force whole nations, of the happiest dispositions, endowments, and circumstances, to stand still for thousands of years together at the same point of improvement. The only difference to the advantage of the savage state, is, that it leaves the nobler natural faculties of man unenfeebled in a state of torpor, whereas by slavery they are maimed, curtailed, and totally depressed. A body of rude savages may form themselves, under favourable circumstances, by degrees into a nation, who with great corporeal and moral powers, may tend upwards to that wherein consists the perfection of human nature: on the contrary, no good can come of a nation, that has been habituated for many generations to crouch under the yoke, and to bear with stupid patience every burden that can be heaped upon their backs; they must first be ruined, and, as it were, demolished by some

extraordinary events, and then regenerated or formed anew; of which I am ignorant of any instance. All the revolutions they have usually brought about, have ended in this, that they have become a prey to some other despot.

Menipp. In fact it seems almost equally impossible that a savage nation should voluntarily subject itself to the constraints of political regulation, as that a servile people should ever acquire courage and strength enough to break their fetters.

THE DEFECTION OF THE UNITED NETHERLANDS
FROM THE SPANISH MONARCHY.

OF the political events that rendered the sixteenth century so conspicuous in history, the laying the foundation of the liberty of the low countries is, in my opinion, one of the most remarkable. If the splendid achievements of ambition, and a destructive love of empire, lay claim to our admiration; how much more should an event in which humanity is seen contending for its noblest rights, wherein common exertions and powers unite for the cause of freedom, and calling to their assistance the resolution that arises from despair, defeat the baleful arts of tyranny, and conquer in the unequal combat. It is a grand and affecting thought, that at last there is one way left to assuage the assuming arrogance of sovereign power, of confounding

founding its most artful attacks on human liberty; that, by a bold and magnanimous resistance, the iron sceptre may be wrenched from the extended arm of a despot, and that an heroic perseverance may at length exhaust his dreadful resources. Never did I so forcibly feel this truth, as in contemplating the history of that memorable rebellion which severed the united Netherlands from the Spanish crown—and therefore I thought it not unworthy the attempt to set this fair monument of civic force before the world, for awakening in the breast of every reader a cheerful sentiment of his own importance, and for giving a fresh and irrefragable example, of what mankind will hazard in the cause of Liberty, and what they may perform by union.

It is not the extraordinary or heroical part of the transaction that induces me to draw up this account. The annals of the world have preserved to us enterprises of a similar nature which seem to have been formed on a bolder plan, and executed with a more dazzling effect. Many states have been overturned by a single stroke of collision, and others have risen into consequence by daring efforts. It is not therefore to be expected that we have here any colossal men to produce, or any of those astonishing deeds so amply presented to our view in the history of former times. Those times are past, those men are no more. In the effeminate lap of refinement we leave numbed and relaxed those powers which were formerly brought into exercise by the necessities of the times. With humble astonishment we now regard these gigantic forms, as decrepit age beholds the athletic feats of youth. Not of this

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complection is the history before us. The nation of whom I am now to speak, was the most peaceable of all the people of the earth; and of all their neighbours was the least capable of that heroic spirit which gives a kind of colour even to the vilest actions. The pressure of circumstances took them as it were by surprise, forced them to see their own powers, and drove them into a transient greatness, which they never would else have had, and which probably they will never again acquire. The power therefore with which they acted, is not departed from mankind. The happy consequence which crowned their sturdy perseverance is not denied to us, if periods of a like nature should return, and give us similar occasions for similar deeds. Accordingly, it is the very want of heroical greatness which renders this event appropriate and instructive; and if others make it their business to shew the prevalence of genius over accident, I shall here present a picture, where necessity is seen creating genius, and accident making heroes.

If it be any where allowed to admit the interference of a superior intellect among human affairs, it must be in this piece of history, which seems so contradictory to reason and all experience. Philip the second, the most potent sovereign of his times, whose tremendous superiority of power threatened no less than to reduce all Europe to its subjection, whose treasures exceeded the united wealth of all the princes of christendom, whose fleets gave law in every sea; a monarch who had numerous armies on foot to second his dangerous views; troops, hardened by long and bloody wars, and actuated by a roman valour, possessed by an unconquerable

querable national pride, and heated by the remembrance of former victories, thirsting at once for glory and spoil, and moving as obedient members under the impetuous genius of their chief—this man, who spread terror around him, forced to give up an obstinately determined plan, an undertaking which may be considered as the effect of the unremitted labour of the long course of his reign; and notwithstanding all these dreadful means were directed to one single purpose, in the evening of his days, he finds himself obliged to leave it unaccomplished—Philip the second, engaged in a contest with a few feeble nations, which he cannot terminate!

And against what nations! Here a people composed of fishermen and herdsmen, in a corner of Europe almost unknown, which was at first won from the sea by means of incredible labour, and must still be preserved from its depredations by no less surprising exertions; the sea, at once their traffic, their wealth, and their scourge, a free poverty their sovereign possession, their glory their virtue. There, a good-tempered and honest commercial people, indulging themselves in the luxurious fruits of a prosperous industry, observant of the laws, their patrons and protectors.

In the pleasing calm produced by opulence, they left the solicitous sphere of the wants of nature, and learnt to aspire after superior gratification. The novel truths which now began to dawn in Europe, shed a vivifying ray on this favoured region, and the free citizen embraced with joy that light, which was totally excluded from the eyes of the oppressed desponding slave. A wanton petulancy, the usual attendant on super-

superfluity and ease, led them to try the authority of antiquated opinions and to break an opprobrious chain. The horrid lash of despotism was brandished over them, an arbitrary power threatened to overturn the main pillars of their prosperity, the guardian of their laws became their tyrant. Simple in their polity as in their manners, they resolutely cancelled an obsolete compact, and brought the sovereign lord of both the Indies to the bar of nature.

A name often determines the whole event of things. That is termed rebellion at Madrid, which in Brussels is only a lawful act: the troubles in Brabant required the interposition of a wise mediator; Philip the second sent them a hangman, and the signal of war was given. Both life and property were attacked by a tyranny without example. The desperate citizens, reduced to the dreadful alternative of chusing between two modes of death, readily chose the nobler on the field of battle. An opulent luxurious people is fond of peace, but it becomes martial when reduced to poverty. There was now no concern for a life divested of every thing for which one should wish to live. The rage of rebellion possessed the remotest provinces; trade and commerce were immediately at a stand, the ships vanished out of the ports, the tradesman fled from his shop, the husbandman from his desolated fields. Thousands took refuge in foreign countries, thousands fell sacrifices on the scaffold, and other thousands fought their way through the bloody scene; surely that doctrine must be divine for which men can so chearfully die. Still the last completing hand was wanting — an enlightened enterprising spirit to seize the great political moment

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for reducing this offspring of chance into a plan of the most consummate wisdom.

William had silently resolved, like a second Brutus, to devote himself to the sacred cause of liberty. Far superior to the suggestions of a selfish timidity, he renounced his pretensions to the throne, magnanimously divested himself of his princely quality, submitted to a voluntary poverty, and becomes nothing more than a citizen of the world. The justice of the cause was estimated by the fortune of war; but mercenaries picked up at random, and unwarlike peasants could not stand against the furious attacks of a disciplined army. Twice he led his spiritless troops against the tyrant, twice they abandoned him; but his courage never abated; Philip the second sent him as many reinforcements as his cruel avarice had rendered beggars. Fugitives, rejected by their country, sought one at sea, and endeavoured to satiate on the ships of their enemies both their rage and their hunger. Now maritime heroes were made out of corsairs, they collected a navy of the prizes they had taken, and a republic rose up from a morass. Seven provinces at once shook off their bonds; and formed a rising state, powerful by concord, by its inundations, and by despair. A solemn decree of the nation deposed the tyrant from his throne, and the spanish name was obliterated from the laws. A deed was now done for which there were no hopes of forgiveness; the republic became formidable from its inability to retreat. The covenant they had entered into was torn by factions, the dreadful element itself, the sea, as if in league with their oppressors, threatened their tender government with an
early

early grave. Perceiving their forces to bend under the superior power of the foe, they prostrated themselves as suppliants before the mightiest throne in Europe, to rid them of a sovereignty which could no longer protect them. At length, after tedious expectation—so contemptible was the commencement of this state, that even the covetousness of foreign kings disdained their intercourse—at length they compelled a foreigner to fill their tottering throne. Fresh hopes revived their drooping courage; but, in this new father of their country fortune had given them a traitor, and in that critical moment when the inexorable enemy was thundering at their very gates, Charles of Anjou made attacks on that liberty which his people had called him to defend. To add to their misfortunes, the hand of an assassin struck the pilot from the helm; their destiny seemed now complete, for with William of Orange the last delivering angel was fled—but the ship rode in the storm, and the swelling sails bore her forward without the help of a steersman. Philip the second sees the fruit of that action destroyed which cost him his princely honour; and who knows but, together with that, the secret pride of a quiet conscience? Obstinate and uncertain, were the struggles of freedom with despotism, bloody battles were gained on either side, a shining race of heroes sprang up from the field of glory; Flanders and Brabant were the schools that educated commanders for the succeeding age. A long and desolating war destroyed the labours of the open country, the victors and the vanquished bled, while the growing watery state drew to itself the flying commerce, and, on the ruin of its neighbours, raised the glo-

glorious structure of its greatness. Forty years long did this war continue, the sight of the happy termination whereof was denied to the dying eyes of Philip, which laid waste a paradise in Europe and created a new one from its spoils — which consumed the flower of the martial youth, enriched a whole quarter of the globe, and reduced to a state of indigence the possessor of the golden realms of Peru. This monarch, who, without oppressing his people, had annually at his command nine hundred tons of gold, who extorted much more by the odious arts of tyranny, heaped a debt of a hundred and forty millions of ducats on his depopulated country. An implacable antipathy to freedom dissipated all these enormous treasures, and wore out his royal life in fruitless enterprises. But the reformation flourished under the devastations of his sword, and the new republic raised its triumphant banner on the corpses of its slaughtered citizens.

This unexpected turn of affairs seemed to border on the miraculous; but a variety of circumstances combined to break the power of this mighty prince and to favour the advancement of the infant state. Had the whole force of his arms been bent against the united provinces, there had been no deliverance for their religion, no escape for their liberty. His own ambition came in to assist their weakness, by obliging him to divide his powers. The expensive policy of keeping traitors in pay in every cabinet of Europe, the support he administered to the league in France, the insurrection of the Moors in Grenada, the conquest of Portugal, and the pompous erection of the Escorial, at length brought the treasures to an end that seemed inex-

exhaustible, and deprived him of all ability to act in the field. The german and italian troops which nothing but the hope of plunder had allured to his standard, now broke out in mutiny for want of pay, and faithlessly abandoned their leader in the decisive moment when their activity was most needful. These formidable instruments of oppression now turned their pernicious weapons against himself, by harraffing and ravaging the provinces that retained their fealty to him. That unfortunate expedition against Britain, in which, like a desperate gamester, he staked the whole strength of his kingdom, completed his downfall; with the armada the tribute of both the Indies and the flower of the spanish nobility went to the bottom.

But in proportion as the power of Spain declined, the republic acquired a brisker animation. The defections which the new religion had caused, the tyranny of the spiritual courts, the furious rapacity of the soldiery, and the ravages of a tedious war without intermission in the provinces of Brabant, Flanders, and Hennegau, which had been the arsenals and magazines of this expensive war, naturally rendered it more difficult every year to maintain and recruit the army. The catholic Netherlands had already lost a million of inhabitants; and fields trodden down by the numerous hosts, no longer supplied the labourer with bread. Even Spain itself could spare but a few people more. These countries, possessed of a sudden opulence, which always produces idleness, had suffered a great diminution in the number of their inhabitants, and could not much longer furnish the new world and the Netherlands with the requisite supplies of men. Few of these

ever returned to see their country again; and those few had left it while striplings, and revisited it when enervated by age. Gold being become more common made the military establishment always higher; the increasing charms of luxury and indolence much enhanced the price of the opposite virtues. With the rebels the case was totally reversed. All the thousands that were chased out of the southern Netherlands by the barbarities of the royal vicegerent, which the war of the huguenots had forced out of France, and the coercions of conscience had driven from other parts of Europe, all flocked to them. The whole christian world supplied them with recruits. For them the fanaticism both of the persecutors and the persecuted was at work. The lively enthusiasm of a doctrine newly come up, revenge, hunger, and hopeless misery, drew from every district in Europe, adventurers under their banner. All the partizans of the new doctrine, all that had suffered, or had still any thing to fear from despotism, considered their own fortunes as attached to those of this rising republic. Every vexation endured from a tyrant, gave a denizen to Holland. Men thronged to a country where liberty waved her animating standard, where the fugitive religion was ensured of safety, and of being avenged of its persecutors. When we reflect on the confluence of all nations in Holland now, who on their entrance into its territories, regain their rights as men; what must it have been at that time, when all the rest of Europe was fighting under a gloomy spiritual oppression, when Amsterdam was almost the sole free port for the various opinions of mankind? Hundreds of families flew with their pro-

perty into a country that was protected by the ocean and made powerful by concord. The republican army was full to its complement, without the necessity of drawing men from the plow. Trade and commerce were seen to flourish amid the din of arms, and the peaceful citizen enjoyed in foretaste all the fruits of freedom, which was now asserted and maintained by foreign blood. At the same time that Holland was struggling for its very existence, it was extending its borders across the seas, and was secretly erecting its east indian thrones.

Yet more. Spain carried on this expensive war by means of hard and barren gold that never came back to hand, which it squandered away, but which raised the price of all the articles of life throughout Europe. The exchequer of the republic was industry and trade. The former diminished and the latter increased with time. In the same proportion as the means of the government were exhausted by the long continuance of the war, the republic was gathering in its harvest. It was a scanty but a grateful sowing, which tardily made its returns, but returns of an hundred-fold; the tree from which Philip plucked the fruit, was cut round at the trunk, and never shot forth again.

It was determined by Philip's adverse fates, that all the treasures he lavished away for crushing the provinces, should be the source of their proper wealth. The incessant influx of spanish gold had spread affluence and luxury over every part of Europe; but Europe was supplied in most of its increasing wants from the hands of the Dutch, who at that time presided over the commerce of the world, and fixed the price of all
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commodities. Even during this war, Philip had it not in his power to prevent his own subjects from dealing with the republic of Holland: nay he could not have wished to prevent them. He himself defrayed the expence the rebels were at in defending themselves; for the very war they were obliged to maintain increased the export of their wares. The monstrous disbursements he made for the support of his fleets and armies flowed mostly into the treasury of the republic; which supplied the flemish markets as well as those of Brabant. Whatever Philip set in motion against the rebels, operated eventually in their favour. He was unable to do any thing effectually against this enemy; as it was impossible for him to raise a rampart round his country. All the immense sums that were consumed in this war of forty years, were only poured into the sieve of the Danaids, running through into a bottomless gulf.

The slow progress of the war, occasioned as much detriment to the king of Spain, as it brought advantage to the rebels. His army was for the most part composed of the remains of those victorious troops who had already gathered their laurels under Charles the fifth. Age and long services entitled them to repose; numbers of them whom the war had enriched, longed with impatience to return to their homes, where they might pass in ease the remainder of a toilsome life. Their former zeal, their bravery and heroic ardour, declined in the same degree, as they imagined they had performed enough for duty and for glory, and should begin to reap the fruits of so many hard campaigns. Hence it came to pass, that troops who were accus-

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tomed to vanquish every obstacle by the fury of their onset, became weary of a war which was carried on not so much against men as against the elements, which exercised their patience more than renown could compensate, wherein the conflicts with danger were fewer than those with hardships and want. Neither their personal valour, nor their long military experience could avail them any thing in a country, whose natural employment gave even the most dastardly of the natives an eminent advantage over them. In fine, on a foreign territory, one defeat was more mischievous to them than several victories over an enemy, that was at home, could procure them benefit. With the rebels the case was diametrically opposite. In so tedious a war, wherein no decisive battle was fought, the feebler foe must at length gain instruction from the stronger, inconsiderable defeats must enure him to danger, inconsiderable victories animate his assurance. In the commencement of the civil war, the republican army scarcely dared to shew themselves before the spanish troops; they were trained and hardened by its long continuance. As the royal army grew weary of slaughter, the confidence of the rebels increased; they improved in experience and discipline. At length, after half a century, the master and the scholars retired, like equal combatants, each unconquered.

It must be farther observed, that during the whole course of this contest, there was greater consistency and union on the side of the rebels than on that of the king. Before the former lost their first general, the administration of the Netherlands had passed through no less than five different hands. The irresolution of the dutchess

dutcheſs of Parma amused the cabinet of Madrid, and cauſed it in a very ſhort ſpace of time to violate almoſt every maxim of politics. Duke Alva's inflexible ſeverity, the gentleneſs of his ſucceſſor Requeſcens, the artifice and cunning of don John of Auſtria, and the alert cæſarian ſpirit of the prince of Parma, gave this war ſo many oppoſite directions; whereas the plan of the rebels, was always the production of a ſingle perſon and was proſecuted with energy and preciſion. The greateſt miſfortune was, that the maxims in general were not ſuited to the moment in which they were to be applied. At the beginning of the troubles, when the ſuperiority was apparently on the ſide of the king, when a quick determination and a manly firmneſs might have quelled the rebellion ſoon after its birth, the reins of government were put into the hands of a heavy and feeble woman. After the inſurrections had broke out into actual rebellion, the forces of the faction ſtood more in an equipoiſe with thoſe of the king; and a prudent compliance alone could prevent the approaching inteſtine war, the viceroyalty fell into the hands of a man who was exactly deficient in the only virtue that office required. So vigilant a manager as William the ſilent was, none of the advantages could eſcape which the vicious policy of his opponent gave him; and with ſilent diligence he brought his grand undertaking by ſlow degrees to perfection.

But why did not Philip appear himſelf in the Netherlands? Why did he prefer to employ and exhaust the moſt unnatural means, in prejudice to the only ones that could not fail him? To break the arrogant power of the nobility, no way was more natural than by the

personal presence of the sovereign. By the side of majesty the most pompous pretensions must subside; all private grandeur is effaced. Instead of barring access to truth, but through slow and turbid channels, to the distant throne, so that the tardy preventatives could not come till time had matured the effect of chance into an operation of reason, had he allowed his own discernment to have distinguished truth from error, his frigid politics alone, not to mention his humanity, might have saved the country a million of its inhabitants. The nearer their source the more forcible would his edicts have been; the closer to their mark, so much the more feebly and impotently would the strokes of rebellion have fallen. It costs infinitely more to insult a man to his face, than to do him mischievous turns at a distance. The rebellion at first seemed to tremble at its name, and for a long time hid itself under the flimsy pretext of espousing the cause of the sovereign against the arbitrary usurpations of his viceroy. Philip's appearance in Brussels would at once have put an end to this idle imposture. He might then have either complied with their demands, or taken off their mask and confounded them with their real aspect. And what an alleviation would it have been to the Netherlands, had he only freed them from those calamities, which were heaped upon them without his knowledge and against his will! What an advantage to himself, if it had tended to nothing farther than to open his eyes to the application of the enormous sums that were unjustly levied for the services of the war, passing into the rapacious hands of his substitute! What his representatives were obliged to extort by the unnatural aid of terror,

terror, the majesty of the prince would have readily found in the dispositions of all men. What rendered them the objects of abhorrence and detestation would have procured him a sovereign dread; for the abuse of native authority presses with less painful sensations, than the abuse of delegated power. His presence would have been the salvation of thousands had he but been an æconomical despot; if he had even not been that, yet would the awe of his person have preserved him a territory, which was lost through the hatred and contempt that was had for his instruments.

In like manner as the oppression of the people of the Netherlands was the common concern of all men who were sensible to their natural rights, so one would have thought that the disobedience and defection of this people would have been an incentive to all princes, in the prerogatives of their neighbours to have defended their own. But the jealousy with which Spain was beheld, gained the ascendant this once over political sympathy, and the principal powers of Europe engaged either openly or in private on the side of freedom. The emperor Maximilian the second, though bound to the house of Spain by the ties of blood, furnished it with a just cause of complaint, that he favoured in secret the party of the rebels. By the offer of his mediation, he tacitly allowed their complaints a degree of justice which must have encouraged them, to prefer them with more inflexible perseverance. Under an emperor sincerely devoted to the Spanish court, William of Orange could hardly have drawn from Germany such great supplies of troops and money. France, without openly and formally breaking the peace, placed

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a prince

a prince of the blood at the head of the netherland rebels; the operations of the latter were chiefly carried on with the money and troops of France. Elizabeth of England used no more than a just revenge and retaliation, in giving protection to the insurgents against their lawful sovereign; and if even her parsimonious assistance extended no farther than to preserve the republic from total ruin, yet this was of infinite service at a moment when hope alone could support their expiring courage. With these two powers Philip was then in treaty of peace, and both were traitors to him. Between the strong and the weak, sincerity is oftentimes no virtue; where one is dreaded, the finer bands which bind like to like are seldom of any avail. Philip himself had disdained to make use of truth in political intercourses; he himself had expunged morality from the duty of kings in affairs with each other, and had set up artifice as the deity of the cabinet. So far from being satisfied and happy in the effects of his own consideration, his whole life must have been disturbed by the jealousy he excited in others against him. Europe brought him to repentance for the abuse of an authority, of which in fact he never had had the whole use.

In considering the inequality of the contest, which at first sight is so very striking, if we take into account all the accidental occurrences which were inimical to the former, and so favourable to the latter, all ideas of supernatural interposition vanish away, but yet the extraordinary appearance remains; and we discover a just standard for determining that the personal merit of these republicans was sufficient for procuring them their freedom. Yet it is not to be imagined, that an
exact

exact account was made of their own powers previous to the attempt; or, that, on the first embarkation on this uncertain sea, they knew already at what shore they should afterwards arrive. The enterprize never appeared in the mind of its author so mature, so bold and so glorious as it proved in the end, any more than the everlasting separation in religious sentiments was thought of by Luther when he first stood up against the sale of indulgences. How great the difference between the humble manners of that beggar in Brussels, who implored an act of humanity as a gracious boon, and the formidable majesty of a free state, treating with kings upon a footing of equality; and, in less than one century, disposing of the throne of its former tyrants! The invisible hand of fate conducted the lanced arrow in a different direction from that in which it parted from the bow drawn by a mortal's arm. In the bosom of fortunate Brabant that freedom was born, which while yet an infant was ravished from its mother, and given to blest despised Holland. But we are not to detract from the grandeur of the enterprize, because it terminated differently from what might be at first imagined. A familiar intercourse with the world in present and in former times ought long ago to have cured us of this vanity. Man hews, polishes and cuts out the rude marble which time brings forth to view; to him belongs the moment and the point, but history brings forward the event. If the passions which shewed themselves busy in this transaction, were not unworthy of the work to which they secretly served — if the powers that helped to produce it, and the particular actions, from the concatenation whereof it surprisingly grew, were

were in themselves generous exertions, fair and great actions, so is the event interesting, and fruitful in good effects to mankind; and we are at liberty either to be astonished at the bold productions of chance or to bestow our admiration on a superior intellect.

The history of the world is uniform as the laws of nature, and simple as the human soul. The same conditions always produce the same appearances. The very ground where now the Netherlanders bid defiance to their spanish tyrants, their forefathers, the Batavians, and the Belgi, were, fifteen hundred years before, contesting with the Romans. As they refused submission to a haughty and imperious ruler, as they were ill-treated by rapacious satraps; with similar valour they broke from their chains, and tried their fortune in as unequal a conflict. The same pride of conquest, the same national ardour in the Spaniards of the sixteenth century with that of the Romans in the first, the same bravery and discipline in both armies, the same terror at sight of these murderous bands. In the former instance as well as the latter, we see stratagem combating with superior power, and fortitude supported by concord, harrassing an enormous force which had weakened itself by division. In one case as well as the other, private hatred armed the nation; one single man, born for the times, discovered to them the dangerous secret of their own power, and brought their silent grief to a bloody explanation. “ Confess Batavians! says Claudius Civilis to his fellow-citizens in the sacred grove, are we treated by these Romans, as heretofore, as allies and friends, or not rather as servile vassals? We are delivered up to their officers
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“ and viceroys ; who, when fatiated with our spoils and
“ our blood, are relieved by others, who exercise over
“ us the same contumacy and violence, only under
“ different names. Should it at length happen, that
“ Rome once for all should set over us a ruler, he will
“ oppress us with a brilliant and chargeable train, and
“ with a still more insupportable pride. The levies
“ are soon coming on, which snatch children for ever
“ from their parents, brothers from their brethren,
“ and deliver up your vigorous youth into servitude to
“ the Romans. The present moment, Batavians, is
“ our own. Never was Rome more humbled than
“ now. Let not these names of legions cast you into
“ dismay ; their camps contain nothing but old men
“ and spoil. We have footmen and cavalry. Germa-
“ ny is ours, and Gaul is longing to throw off the
“ yoke. Let Syria serve them, and Asia, and the
“ people of the East, who are accustomed to kings !
“ There are still among us some who were born before
“ the tribute was paid to the Romans. The gods are
“ on the side of the valiant !” This confederacy was
consecrated by solemn rites and sacraments, as at the
league of Geneva ; like these they artfully concealed
themselves under the veil of submission to the majesty
of a great name. The cohorts of Civilis swore on the
Rhine to Vespasian in Syria, like the compromise made
with Philip the second. The same field of battle begot
the same plan of defence, the same refuge in despair.
Both entrusted their fluctuating fortunes to a friendly
element ; in similar exigencies Civilis delivered his
island, as, fifteen hundred years afterwards, William
of Orange freed the city of Leyden, by a politic
inundation.

inundation. The batavian bravery discovered the imbecillity of the master of the world, as the signal courage of their progenitors exposed to all Europe the splendid decline of the spanish monarchy. The same fertility of invention in the commanders at both times caused the war to continue with equal obstinacy, and to end almost as doubtfully: one difference, however, is remarkably striking; the Romans and Batavians fought with humanity, for they fought not for religion.

For thoroughly understanding this great revolution, we should cast an eye on the former history of the country, in order to know the state in which it was at the time when this remarkable change took place.

The entrance of these nations into history is the moment of their downfall; from their conquerors they received a political existence. The extensive landscape of which Germany forms the boundary towards the east, France to the south, the german ocean to the west and north, and which we comprize under the general name of the Netherlands, was, at the time of the incursion of the Romans into belgic Gaul divided into three nations, all three of german origin, of german manners, and of german strength. The Rhine formed its limits. On this side the river dwelt the Belgi*, on the other the Frisians, and the Batavi on the island

* In that part of the low countries which now comprehends the catholic Netherlands and the States-general. The Batavi, with the Canninefaters, an inconsiderable people in connection with them, inhabited a part of Holland, a part of modern Cleves, Gueldres, Utrecht and Overijssel; all the rest were Frisi.

formed by the junction of its two arms with the ocean. Each of these tribes or people was sooner or later subdued by the Romans, but their conqueror himself delivers to us the most honourable testimony of their valour. The Belgi, says Cæsar, alone of all the nations of Gaul, repulsed the Cimbri and Teutones, on every attack, from their borders. All the nations about the Rhine, as we are told by Tacitus, were excelled by the Batavi in feats of valour. This rude people paid their tribute only in men, who were reserved by their commanders, like swords and arrows, for the purposes of destruction. The Romans themselves declared the batavian cavalry to be the best part of their army; and, for a long time they composed the body-guard of the roman emperors. They were assisting to Agricola in the conquest of Britain; their furious courage terrified the Dacians, as they swam in complete armour across the Danube. Of them all the Frisi were conquered the last, and were the first to regain their freedom. The morasses among which they dwelt, allured the conquerors later, and cost them more. The roman Drusus, who made war on these territories, dug a canal from the Rhine to the Flevo, the present Zuydersee, by which the roman fleet had a passage into the north sea, and from thence, by the mouthings of the Ems and the Weser, found an easy way into the heart of Germany.

During a space of four hundred years we find Batavians in the roman armies; but, from the times of Honorius their very name no longer appears in history. We see their island overflowed by the Franks; who are lost again in the neighbouring Belgi. In the mean
time

time the Frisi broke the yoke of their impotent ruler, and appear again as a free and even a conquering nation, enlarging their borders as far as the left bank of the Rhine.

Emigrations at length destroyed the original form of these nations: other commixtures arose, with different forms of government. Rivers change their courses, the firm land and the sea confound their limits, the splendid monuments of roman industry fall to ruin, and the face of the earth is changed with its inhabitants. The coherence is dissolved at once, and with a new race of men a new history begins.

The monarchy of the Franks, which arose on the ruins of roman Gallia, in the sixth and seventh century had swallowed up all the provinces of the Netherlands, and planted christianity in these parts. Charles Martel subdued Friesland last of all to the frankish crown; and by his arms prepared a way to the gospel. Charlemagne united all these countries, making them a part of the extensive monarchy, which this conqueror created, of France, Germany, and Lombardy. As that powerful state was again split into partitions under his successors, the Netherlands were also distributed into franko-german and lotheringian provinces, and at length we meet with them under the general names of Friesland and Nether-Lotheringia, or Lorraine.

With the Franks, the feudal-system, that offspring of the North, was introduced into these regions, and degenerated here as in other parts. The more powerful vassals separated themselves by degrees from the crown, the counts and dukes partitioned the country, took each a presidency as a royal substitute, and soon
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turned them into heretable fiefs. But these separate servants of the crown could only maintain themselves against their lawful sovereigns by the help of their vassals; and these must be purchased again by fresh investitures. By crafty usurpations and donations the clergy was become powerful, and imperceptibly procured themselves a sovereign existence in their various episcopal sees. Thus were the Netherlands, from the ninth to the fourteenth century, rent into several sovereignties, which partly did homage to the german empire, and partly to the kings of the Franks. Several of them, either by purchase, marriages, legacies, or conquest, were again united under one sovereignty; and, in the fifteenth century, we find the house of Burgundy in possession of the greatest part of the Netherlands. Philip, surnamed the good, duke of Burgundy, had already, with more or less justice, united eleven provinces under his authority; to which Charles the bold, his son, added two others by force of arms. Thus imperceptibly arose a new state in Europe, to which, for being the most flourishing kingdom in this part of the globe, nothing was wanting but the name. These powerful possessions rendered the princes of the Netherlands formidable neighbours to France, and tempted the daring spirit of Charles the bold to form the plan of a conquest, which was to comprise the whole of the territory from the Zuydersee and the disemboguing of the Rhine, as far as Alsace. A formidable army was kept in readiness for the execution of this project, and Switzerland already trembled for its liberty; but capricious fortune abandoned him in two dreadful battles,

and

and the frantic conqueror could neither be numbered among the living or the dead.*

Maria, the sole heiress of Charles the bold, the richest princess of the times, and the unhappy Helena, who involved these countries in misery, now drew upon her the attention of the world. Two great princes, Lewis the eleventh, king of France, in behalf of the young dauphin his son, and Maximilian of Austria, son to the emperor Frederic the third, appear among her suitors. That to whom she should present her hand, would be the most potent prince in Europe; and now this quarter of the world first began to be alarmed for its ballance. Lewis, the more powerful of the two, could have seconded his pretensions by the force of arms; but the netherland nation, which disposed of the hand of its princesses, passed by this formidable neighbour, and determined for Maximilian; whose more distant territories, and more limited power, had not so menacing an aspect to their liberties. A deceitful and unfortunate policy, which, by a singular dispensation of heaven, only accelerated the deplorable fate they intended so industriously to avoid.

Philip the fair, the son of Maximilian and Maria, obtained with his spanish bride this extensive monarchy which had shortly before been founded by Ferdinand

* His body was long sought for without effect on the field of battle; and was at length found in a swamp, quite naked, and so unknowable, that numbers doubted of his death: and the common people for five years afterwards were constantly looking for his reappearance.

and Isabella ; and Charles of Austria, his son, was born lord of the kingdom of Spain, the two Sicilies, the new world, and the Netherlands.

The common people here, sooner emerged from their deplorable vassalage, than in the other feudal kingdoms, and presently gained a civil existence. The country, advantageously situated on the sea and great navigable rivers, early awakened commerce, which encouraged the arts of industry, allured foreigners, drew men together into towns and cities, and diffused riches and opulence among them. Contemptible as the trade now established might appear in the eyes of the haughty nobles, yet they could not resist the captivating charms of gold ; which, under the various titles of taxes, imposts, highway-money, bridge-money, tolls, &c. they caused to be paid them both by natives and foreigners. Their own covetousness made them promoters of commerce, and barbarism itself, as it often happens, served their purposes until a sounder constitution supplied its place. The numerous wars, which the counts and dukes carried on both amongst themselves and against their neighbours, made them dependent on the good will of the cities, which had procured themselves importance by their wealth ; and, for the subsidies they afforded, had been able to insist upon considerable rights and immunities. As the crusades rendered great and expensive preparations and armaments needful, the extended navigation more nearly connected Europe with Asia, and the increase of luxury created new wants for their princes ; the cities did not neglect the favourable moment for gaining new accessions of privileges and for extorting important rights of sovereignty from
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their masters. Thus, after the lapse of a few centuries, we perceive a mixed form of government established in these parts, where the authority of the princes is considerably limited by the influence of the several orders, namely, the nobility, the clergy, and the cities. These, which were called the states, assembled as often as the exigencies of the provinces rendered it necessary. Without their consent no law could be brought to effect, no war might be carried on, no taxes raised, no alteration made in the coin, no foreigner admitted to any department of the administration. These privileges were enjoyed in common by all or most of the provinces; others were different as the nature of the country varied. The government was hereditary; but the son could not succeed, till he had solemnly sworn to uphold the constitution, and defend the laws.

The first legislator is necessity; all the wants to be provided for by this constitution were originally the wants of commerce. Accordingly, the whole form of government adopted by the republic is founded on merchandize, and its laws bear a later date than its trade. The last article in this constitution, by which foreigners are excluded from offices, is a natural consequence of all the preceding. So complicated and ingenious a relation of the sovereign with the people, and which peculiarly differs in every province, and frequently in one and the same city, requires men who, together with the most ardent zeal for the maintenance of the liberty of the state, must possess the most substantial knowledge of it. These two properties can hardly be supposed to subsist in a foreigner. This law, moreover, is of force in each of the provinces apart;
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so that in Brabant, no Fleming can be appointed to an office, no Hollander in Zealand; and it has still been preserved in the sequel, even after all these provinces have been united under one ruler or chief.

Beyond all the rest, Brabant enjoyed the most luxuriant freedom. Its privileges were thought so valuable, that mothers, when the time of their delivery approached, went thither from the bordering provinces, that their children might be born to the participation of all the prerogatives of this favoured country; just as, to use the words of Strada, men improve the vegetables of a ruder clime by transplanting them into a soil warmed and invigorated by a milder sky.

The house of Burgundy having completed the union of several provinces under its dominion, the particular provincial assemblies, which had hitherto been independent tribunals, formed one general court of justice, which had its seat at Mechlin; and thus connected the various members into one sole body, which decided all civil and penal matters in the last resort. The sovereignty of the single provinces was abolished, and the majesty of the state now resided in the senate at Mechlin.

On the death of Charles the bold, the states did not neglect to take advantage of the distresses of their dutchess, who was awed by the arms of France, and indeed was already in their power. The states of Holland and Zealand compelled her to sign a great charter, which ensured them the most important rights of sovereignty. The licentiousness of the people of Ghent carried them so far, as to summon the favorites of Maria, who had the misfortune to displease them, be-

fore their tribunal, and to behead them in the very sight of this princefs. During the fhort government of the dutchefs Maria till her marriage, the commonalty acquired a degree of confequence and power which elevated them nearly to the rank of a free ftate. On the death of his fpoufe, Maximilian, of his own authority, took upon him the government, as the guardian of his fon. The ftates, offended at this attack upon their rights, refufed to acknowledge his fupremacy, and could no farther be brought to compliance, than to tolerate him as ftadtholder for a determinate time, and that under conditions to which they obliged him to fwear. Maximilian believed he might fafely trefpafs on the constitution, on becoming king of the Romans. He impofed extraordinary taxes on the provinces, remitted the fervices of the Burgundians and Germans, and filled the country with foreign troops. But the jealoufy of thefe republicans kept equal pace with the power of their regent. The people flew to their arms, as he made his entrance into Bruges at the head of a numerous train; feized upon his perfon, and laid him prifoner in the fortrefs. Notwithstanding the powerful interceffion of the imperial and the roman courts, he could not obtain his freedom till the nation was fatisfied on the points in controverfy.

The fecurity of life and property, which arofe from milder laws and an equal adminiftration of juftice, promoted diligence and induftry in thefe countries. In perpetual combat with the ocean, and the torrents of impetuous rivers, which raged againft the lower lands, and the force whereof muft be broken by dams, and
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mitigated by canals, soon taught this nation to observe the operations of nature, to set a boisterous element at defiance by industry and perseverance; and, like the Ægyptians, instructed by their Nile, to exert its invention and ingenuity in the discovery and use of the means of resistance. The natural fertility of its soil, which was favourable to agriculture and pasturage, at the same time increased its population. Its happy situation on the sea, and the great navigable rivers of Germany and France, which partly here fall into the sea, such a number of artificial canals intersecting the country in all directions, incited and animated navigation; and the interior circulation of the provinces, so much facilitated thereby, very early awakened a spirit of commerce.

The neighbouring coast of Britain was the first that was visited by their ships. The english wool which they carried back, gave employment to thousands of industrious hands in Bruges, Ghent, and Antwerp; and scarcely had half the twelfth century elapsed before flemish cloths were worn in Germany and France. So early as the eleventh century we find friesland ships in the Belt, and even up the Levant. This enterprising people were already able, without the compass, to invade the regions of the pole, and to steer to the northernmost capes of Russia. From the towns of Vandalia the Netherlands took a part of the trade to the Levant, which at that time passed from the Black Sea to the Baltic over the russian empire. On the decline of this in the thirteenth century, when the crusades had opened a new way, across the Mediterranean, for

the wares of India, the italian cities drew to themselves this lucrative branch of commerce, and formed in Germany the hanseatic league, the Netherlands became the important mart between the north and south. Behind them an inexorable tract of continent, towards the west lying open to the main, by so many hospitable havens, these countries seemed expressly ordained to be the centre of commerce, the place of confluence for all nations. Vessels that could not well make the tedious voyage from the Mediterranean to the Baltic in the course of a season, readily pitched upon a place of meeting, that lay in the midst between the two. In the principal cities of the Netherlands staples were immediately erected. Britains, Spaniards, Italians, French, Germans, and the people of the north, flocked here together with products from all the regions of the globe. The concurrence of sellers lowered the price of materials, industry was animated with vigour, because the market was at the door. With the necessary circulation of money came in the course of exchange, which opened a new source of wealth. The princes of the country, become at length better acquainted with their real interests, encouraged the merchant with great immunities, and found out the art of protecting their trade by advantageous treaties with foreign powers. When, in the fifteenth century several single provinces united themselves under one sovereign, a stop was put to their pernicious private wars, as their separate interests were now closely combined by one common government. Their commerce thrived, and their wellfare was increased by the advantages of a continued peace which

which the superior power of their princes imposed on the neighbouring kings. The burgundian flag was respected in every sea, the authority of their sovereign gave energy to their undertakings, and rendered the attempt of a private person the concern of a formidable state. So powerful a protection soon put them in a condition even to renounce the hanseatic league, and to persecute these arrogant rivals over all the sea. The hanseatic merchant, to whom the spanish ports were shut, was at length forced against his will to frequent the flemish fairs, and to receive the commodities of Spain at the Netherland mart.

Bruges, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, was the centre of the whole european trade, and the great commercial emporium of all nations. In the year 1468, they numbered 150 merchant-veffels, riding at once in the harbour of Sluys. Here were the magazines of all northern productions for the south, and of all the southern and levantine for the north. They were transported in hanseatic bottoms through the Sound, and along the Rhine to Upper Germany, or carried over land to Brunswic and Luneburg.

It is the natural course of human affairs, that an unbounded luxury is the attendant on long prosperity. The seducing example of Philip the good could not but hasten this event. The court of the duke of Burgundy was the most voluptuous and splendid in Europe, not even excepting those of the italian princes. The costly dresses of the great, which afterwards served for patterns to the Spaniards, were soon extended to the people at large; and the meanest burgher walked the

streets in velvet or silk.* Plenty (says Comines, an author who travelled through the Netherlands about the middle of the fifteenth century) was followed by pride and insolence. The magnificence and vanity of dress was carried by both sexes to the most enormous expence. The luxury of the table was never pursued to so high a pitch of profusion by any nation as here. The immoral intercourse of the two sexes, in bagnios and similar places of lewd resort, had entirely banished every vestige of decorum — nor is it to be thought that we here only speak of the usual luxury of the great; even the females of the lowest classes gave into these excesses without any regard to propriety and moderation.

But how much more cheering is even this extravagance to the friend of mankind, than that cold contentedness in penury and want, and the insensibility of barbarian virtue, which at this time prevailed over

* The wealth of the burgundian nation and its sovereign lay concealed in the fields where the battles of Granfon, Murten, and Nancy had been fought. Here a swiss-soldier drew from the finger of Charles the bold, the famous diamond which was long held to be the largest in Europe, which shone the second in the crown of France, and which the ignorant finder sold for a gulden. The Swiss exchanged, what silver he found, against tin, and the gold against copper, and tore in pieces the sumptuous tents that were covered with cloth of gold. The value of the booty that was made, in silver, gold and precious stones, was estimated at three millions of gold guildens. Charles and his army had not the appearance of foes who came out to the combat, but of conquerors richly adorned for a triumph. *Mémoires de Phil. de Comines*, liv. i. p. 253. 259. 265.

almost

almost all the rest of Europe ! The burgundian period shone amid those gloomy centuries, like a glorious day of sunshine intervening between the rains of the spring.

This flourishing state of affairs, at length, however, brought the cities of Flanders to their ruin. Ghent and Bruges, intoxicated with freedom and affluence, declared war against Philip the good, the sovereign of eleven provinces, which terminated as unhappily for them as it had been rashly undertaken. Ghent alone, at the affair of Gavre, lost several thousand men, and was obliged to appease the wrath of the victor by an amercement of four hundred thousand gold guildens. All the persons of distinction, and the principal burghers of the city, two thousand in number, were forced to walk barefoot the length of a french mile, with their heads uncovered, and naked to their shirts, to meet the duke, and ask his grace upon their knees. On this occasion they were divested of several of their most valuable privileges ; an irreparable damage to all their future trade. In the year 1482, they engaged in a war, not much more successful, with Maximilian of Austria, to divest him of the guardianship of his son, which he had illegally assumed. The emperor Frederic III. entered their territory with a numerous army, to avenge the cause of his son, and kept the harbour of Sluys blocked up for ten years, by which their commerce was much reduced. At this juncture Amsterdam and Antwerp supplied him with the most substantial succours, and glad they were of the occasion, as their jealousy had long been raised by the flourishing condition

dition of the flemish cities. The Italians began to bring their own filks to Antwerp for sale, and the flemish clothiers, who had settled in England, sent thither their commodities likewise; by which the city of Bruges acquired two capital branches of commerce. Their increasing pride had long ago violated the hanseatic league, which they now entirely abandoned, and established their shops at Antwerp. In the year 1516, it was deserted by all the foreign merchants, inso-much that only a few Spaniards remained; but its prosperity was long upon the decline, as it had been long arriving at its height.

Antwerp, in the sixteenth century, was in possession of that commerce which had been banished by the luxury of the flemish towns; and under the reign of Charles V. this city was the most opulent and prosperous of any in the christian world. A river like the Scheldt, whose broad mouth has the same flux and reflux with the German ocean, and is able to bear the largest ships close under the walls, naturally renders it the common rendezvous of all the vessels that frequent these coasts. Its free mart brought hither merchants from all countries. The industry of the nation, had reached its utmost extent at the commencement of this century. Agriculture, linen-manufactories, the breeding of cattle, the chase and the fishery enriched the countryman; arts, manufactures and commerce poured wealth into the cities. It was not long before the products of flemish industry were seen in Arabia, Persia, and India. Their ships covered the ocean, and we see them in the Euxine contending for the mastery with
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the Genoese. The netherland mariner has this distinctive quality, that he is under sail at every season of the year, and never puts up to winter.

After the discovery of the new way to the capes of Africa, and the Portuguese East-India trade had undermined that of the Levant, the Netherlands did not feel the wound that was given the Italian republics. The Portuguese erected their staple in Brabant, and the spices of Kalcutta were exposed to sale in the markets of Antwerp. Hither flowed the west indian commodities by which the haughty indolence of the Spaniard repaid the flemish industry. The East-indian mart drew hither the most famous counting-houses of Florence, Lucca and Genoa, and from Augsburg the Fuggers and the Welfers. Hither the Hanfa now brought their northern wares, and the english company had their settlements here. Art and nature seemed to vie with each other for making this place the scene for the display of their stores. It was a magnificent exhibition of the works of the Creator and of mankind.

Its fame was soon spread over all the world. At the conclusion of this century a society of turkish merchants obtained a grant to settle here, and to deliver from hence over all Greece the products of the East. With the traffic of commodities arose the traffic of money; their bills were current in all the ends of the earth. Antwerp, it is affirmed, then transacted in a month more and greater affairs, than ever Venice did in two whole years, at the most brilliant period of her commerce.

The city was reckoned to contain a hundred thousand inhabitants. The multitudes that were incessantly flocking

flocking hither from all parts, exceeds belief. Two hundred, and two hundred and fifty sail of ships have frequently been seen at one time in its harbour; no day elapsed in which five hundred vessels did not come and go; on the market-days the number amounted to eight and nine hundred. Upwards of two hundred coaches passed daily through its gate, above two thousand waggons arrived every week, from Germany, France and Lorraine, without reckoning the boors' carts and those loaded with corn, which usually amounted to ten thousand. Thirty thousand hands were employed in this city by the english company of merchant-adventurers alone. In market-dues, tolls, and excise, the government got near two millions yearly — a sum, which at that time implied much more than at present. Of the resources of the nation we may form some idea, when we are told, that the extraordinary taxes which Charles the fifth was obliged to raise for his frequent wars, were reckoned at forty millions of gold.

For this extraordinary success the Netherlands were indebted as much to their liberty as to the natural situation of their country. Fluctuating laws and the despotical will of a rapacious prince would have ruined every advantage which bountiful nature had bestowed in so great a profusion. Nothing but the inviolable sanctity of the laws can ensure to the citizen the fruits of his industry, and inspire him with that happy confidence which is the soul of all activity.

The genius of this nation, unfolded by the spirit of commerce and the intercourse with so many nations, shone forth in useful inventions: the nobler arts soon reach maturity in the bosom of affluence and freedom.

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From Italy, where Cosimo de Medicis had newly restored its golden age, the Netherlanders transplanted into their country the arts of painting, architecture, sculpture and engraving, which here, in a new soil, acquired a fresher bloom. The flemish school, a daughter of the italian, soon contested the prize with her parent; and, in common with her, gave law to the fine arts in Europe. The arts and manufactures on which the Netherlanders chiefly grounded, and in part still ground their success, need here no farther notice. The art of painting in oil, that of staining glass, even watches and dials, are, as Guicciardini affirms, originally flemish inventions; to them we are indebted for the improvement of the compass, the points whereof are still denoted by netherland names. In the year 1482. the art of printing was invented at Harlem, and it so happened, that this useful discovery, in the century following, rewarded its native country with freedom. To the most fertile genius at new inventions, the Netherlanders joined the happy talent of improving those they brought from abroad, and that were already in use; there were but few manufactures and arts, which were not either produced in this soil, or carried to higher perfection.

Hitherto the provinces had formed the most enviable state in Europe. None of the burgundian dukes had shewn the least inclination to injure the constitution; even to the daring spirit of Charles the bold, who brought into thralldom a foreign free state, it was ever deemed sacred. These princes indulged themselves in no higher expectations than to rule over a republic, and none of their countries could give them another

lot. Besides, these princes possessed nothing but what the Netherlands gave them, no troops but what the nation raised for them, no riches but what were granted them by the estates. Every thing now took a different turn. They were now fallen under a sovereign, who had other instruments and other resources at command, who could arm a foreign power against them. Charles the fifth reigned over his spanish dominions with an arbitrary sway; in the Netherlands he was nothing more than the foremost burgher. The most perfect submission in the southern parts of his empire, naturally made him hold in contempt the rights of individuals; here he was reminded to respect them. The more he there relished the pleasure of unlimited authority and the greater the opinion he had of himself: so much the more unwillingly would he here stoop to prescribed forms, so much the more must he be induced to vanquish these obstacles to his ambition. It requires a high degree of virtue not to attack with animosity the power which resists our favourite wishes. Rather than submit to a blind necessity, we give it the colour of a voluntary disposition which we ought to oppose with obstinacy and rancour; how much more then when it is freedom that sets bounds to our freedom!

The Netherlands were not long in discovering that they were become the province of a monarchy. While their former sovereigns had no higher aim than to attend to their welfare, their condition approached to the calm prosperity of a private family, whose head the regent was. Charles the fifth produced them on the stage of the political world. They now formed a limb of the gigantic body, which each of them employed as

an instrument of his ambition. They ceased to be their own ultimate end; the centre of their existence was in the mind of their ruler. As his whole reign was no more than a motion after outward or internal political dealing, it was necessary above all things that he should be powerful in his members, that he might use them with velocity and force. It was therefore impossible for him to encumber himself with the tedious mechanism of their internal civil manners, or pay that conscientious attention to their hereditary privileges which their republican form of government required. With a bold monarchic step, he trod down the elegant structure of their commonwealth. He must facilitate the use of their powers by unity. The court of justice at Mechlin had hitherto been an independent tribunal; he submitted it to a royal council which he established at Brussels and was the organ of his will. He introduced foreigners into the heart of their constitution, to whom he committed the most important offices. Men, who had no other restraint but the royal favour, could be but poor protectors and administrators of a system of law they could scarcely be supposed to understand. The ever-increasing expence of his martial reign, compelled him to augment his resources. With a total disregard to their most sacred immunities, he loaded them with unusual taxes: the estates, for the sake of saving appearances, were obliged to consent to what he was so modest as not to extort. In defiance of the constitution, he brought foreign troops into their territory, made them provide for his armies in the provinces, and entangled them in wars, the issues of which were indifferent if not prejudicial to their interests, and

which they had never approved. He punished the delinquencies of a free state, like an absolute monarch; and the terrible chastisement of Ghent, loudly declared to them the great alteration their constitution had already undergone. Some historians even charge him with having attempted to purloin the fundamental charters and archives of the provinces from the monasteries where they were deposited — a mean and dastardly act for so great a prince to commit, but which however shews that he was still awed by these charters!

The weal of the country was so far secured as it was necessary to the political projects of its lord; and he was too wise to injure the health of the body whose utmost exertions he was always in want of. Happily the most opposite schemes of ambition and the most disinterested philanthropy are often in agreement together; and the civil welfare which a Marcus Aurelius proposed for his object, is eventually promoted by an Augustus or a Lewis. The territory of a sensible despot frequently wears the smiling outside of a happy country for which a philosopher has made a code of laws, and this deceitful appearance may easily mislead the judgement of the historian. But, on removing the fallacious exterior, a second view will inform him, how little the welfare of the individual is concerned in the glory of the state, and how widely different a flourishing empire may be from a happy one. Charles the fifth was perfectly well acquainted that commerce was the strength of the nation, and liberty the groundwork of its commerce. He spared its liberty, because he was in need of its strength. More politic, though not more equitable than his son, he made his maxims subservient to the

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the calls of the place and the present occasion, and revoked in Antwerp an ordinance, which he would have enforced at Madrid and Lisbon with all the terrors of authority.

What rendered the reign of Charles the fifth particularly remarkable, in regard to the Netherlands, was the great revolution in matters of faith, which was brought about under him, and which demands our more circumstantial notice, as the principal source of the insurrection that afterwards happened. This it was that first introduced arbitrary power into the inmost sanctuary of the constitution, taught them to give a terrible proof of their ability, and thus gave it a kind of legitimacy, as it carried the republican spirit to a dangerous height. As the latter displayed itself in the excesses of sedition and anarchy, the monarchical authority mounted to the summit of despotism.

Nothing is more natural than the transition from civil to religious liberty. The man of the nation that is once acquainted with the true value of human nature, by living under a happy form of government, that is accustomed to inspect the laws in which the supreme authority consists, or which they themselves have framed; whose spirit is brightened by activity, whose feelings are expanded by the enjoyment of life, whose natural courage is elevated by inward security and welfare, such a nation and such a man will not so easily as another surrender himself up to the blind authority of a stupid despotical faith, and will sooner than others rise above it. There was still another circumstance that favoured the growth of the new religion in these parts. Italy, at that time the seat of the greatest intellectual

refinement, a country where the most violent political factions had always raged, where the blood is kept in continual ferment by a burning climate; Italy, it may be objected, more than any almost of the european nations, kept clear of these innovations. But to a romantic people, who, by a warm and genial sky, by a luxuriant nature, ever sportive and ever young, and the most diversified charms of art, were kept in a perpetual enjoyment of pleasure; that religion was most adapted which captivated the senses by pomp and splendor, whose mysterious subtilties gave an infinite scope to the fancy, whose principal doctrines insinuated themselves into the soul under picturesque and pleasing forms. To a people, on the contrary, who, by the affairs of common civil life, were brought down to an unpoetical actuality, who were more accustomed to plain notions and terms than to metaphorical figures and phrases, and followed the dictates of common sense rather than the suggestions of the imagination; to such a people, that faith would most recommend itself, which had less to fear from discussion and trial, which inculcated morality more than mysticism, was of greater comprehensibility but of less parade. In few words; The catholic religion is more calculated for a nation of artists, the protestant more for a nation of merchants.

This premised, the new tenets broached by Luther in Germany, and by Calvin in Switzerland, must in the Netherlands have met with the heartiest welcome. The way by which it came thither, was the way by which the plague is brought from the East, by which both wisdom and folly walk to us—the way of commerce.

The first seeds of it were sown in the Netherlands by the protestant traders who resorted to Antwerp and Amsterdam. The german and swiss troops, brought into these parts by Charles, and the great concourse of french, german, and english fugitives, who here sought a refuge, from the sword of persecution that was drawn against them at home, in the liberties of Flanders, advanced its propagation. In an unmixed and secluded nation, it might be stifled in its birth — the confluence of people from so many and such diverse nations in the marts of Holland and Brabant, would screen its first rise from the eyes of the government, and give it time to gain strength under the covert of concealment. A difference in opinion could easily be allowed room where there was no common national character, no sameness of manners and laws. In fine, in a country where diligence is the most reputable virtue, and beggary the most detested vice, an order of fluggards, I mean the monks, must have long been offensive. The new religion, which zealously strove against it, found infinite advantage in having the opinion of the nation already on its side. Fugitive writings, full of the keenest invective and the bitterest satire, to which the newly invented art of printing gave a quicker circulation, and the Rederykers, as they were called, or troops of vagrant orators, who, in theatrical representations or ballads, ridiculed the abuses of the times, contributed not a little to lessen the respect that was paid to the romish church, and to prepare the minds of the people for a favourable reception of the doctrines of the reformation.

Their first conquests went on with the most astonishing rapidity; the number of those who, in a short time, especially in the northern provinces, attached themselves to the new sect, is almost incredible; herein, however, the number of the foreigners by far exceeded that of the natives. Charles the fifth, who in this grand schism had declared for the party which a despot must necessarily chuse, employed the most forcible means for opposing the torrent of innovation. To the misfortune of the improved religion, the civil judicature was on the side of its persecutor. The mould which had for so many centuries turned the human intellect from the course of truth, was too suddenly broke down to prevent the gushing stream from overflowing its appointed channel. The reviving spirit of freedom and inquiry, which ought to have confined itself to questions of religion, now made attempts on the rights of kings.—They began by casting off their iron bonds, but they proceeded at length to tear asunder the most legitimate and necessary ties. The books of scripture become more common, were now made to sanction the poison of the most monstrous fanaticism, as well as cited for light and nourishment to the honest love of truth. The good cause had no alternative but the bad way of rebellion, and now ensued, what ever will ensue so long as men are men: even the bad cause, which had nothing in common with the other but illegitimate means, emboldened by this affinity, appeared in its company, and was confounded with it. Luther had stood up against the adoration of the saints—every insolent fellow who broke into the churches and
monasteries,

monasteries, and pillaged their altars, was called a Lutheran. Faction, rapacity, fanaticism, and lewdness, put on his colours; the most atrocious criminals confessed before the judge, that they belonged to his sect. The reformation reduced the roman pontif to the condition of frail humanity—a furious band, inspired by hunger, will immediately destroy all distinctions of rank. It was natural to imagine, that a doctrine which was only exhibited to the government on its corrupted side, could never conciliate the affection of a monarch, who had already so many inducements to its extermination—and therefore no wonder, that he used those arms against it, which itself put into his hands.

Charles must have considered himself as an absolute prince in the Netherlands, as he would not permit in those countries the spread of that religious liberty which he allowed to take root in Germany. While, compelled by the strenuous opposition of the german princes, he there secured to the new religion a quiet exercise, in the Netherlands he persecuted it by the most cruel edicts. The reading of the evangelists and the apostles, all public or private assemblies that had their name from religion, all discourses on that subject at home and at table, were forbid in these edicts under the severest penalties. In all the provinces of the country, peculiar courts were erected to provide for the execution of these proclamations. Whoever held erroneous opinions, whatever his rank or his merit, was irretrievably lost. Whoever was convicted of spreading heretical doctrines, or only of having attended the secret meetings of the reformers, was sentenced to death, if a man

he was executed by the sword, if a woman, she was buried alive. Relapsed heretics were burnt at the stake. Even the recantation of the culprit could not reverse these dreadful decrees. He that abjured his errors, gained nothing thereby but at most a milder death.

The hereditaments of the convict fell to the fiscal, contrary to all the privileges of the country, by which the heir was allowed to redeem them at a moderate ransom. Against an express and invaluable prerogative of a citizen of Holland, not to be tried out of his province, the accused were forcibly conveyed beyond the limits of their native jurisdiction, and sentenced by a foreign tribunal. Thus the hand of religion was forced into the service of despotism, for seizing, with a holy grasp, without danger or resistance, upon privileges and immunities which were inviolable to the temporal arm.

Charles the fifth, encouraged by the fortunate progress of his arms in Germany, now thought that nothing was too much for him to attempt, and formed a serious design of planting in the Netherlands the inquisition of Spain. The dread of this name alone suddenly put a stop to all commerce at Antwerp. The principal merchants had come to the resolution to abandon the city. None any longer bought or sold. The value of houses immediately fell. All the works of the artificer were at a stand. The citizens were reduced to the necessity of living on their capital, and thus their property was every day sliding from their hands. Inevitable had been the downfall of this flourishing commercial city, if Charles the fifth, induced by the remonstrances of his vice-gerent, had not abandoned this dangerous project.

project. An exemption was therefore ordered in behalf of foreigners, and the name of inquisitors was changed for the milder appellation of spiritual judges. But in the other provinces this horrid tribunal continued to rage with that inhuman despotism which is peculiar to it. It is affirmed that, during the reign of Charles the fifth, no less than a hundred thousand persons fell by the hands of the executioner on account of religion alone.

When we turn our view to the violent procedures of this monarch, it is difficult to conceive what it was that kept that rebellion under during his reign, which broke out so furiously in that of his successor. A nearer examination will solve this mystery. The formidable superiority of Charles in Europe had raised the trade of the Netherlands to a pitch of greatness it had never been at before. The majesty of his name opened every harbour to their vessels, cleared every sea to them, and enabled them to make the most favourable treaties with foreign powers. By this they overthrew the sovereignty of the Hanse in the Baltic. He, farther, united the remaining six provinces to the burgundian inheritance, and gave that state an extent, a political consequence which set it on a par with the first monarchies of Europe. By this means he flattered their national pride. When once Gueldres, Utrecht, Friesland, and Groningen were incorporated with his dominion, an effectual stop was put to all the private wars among the provinces, which had so long disturbed their commerce: an uninterrupted internal peace allowed them to reap all the fruits of their industry. Accordingly, Charles was really the benefactor of these

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people.

people. The splendor of his victories at the same time dazzled their eyes; the glory of their sovereign, which in some measure rebounded upon them, lulled their republican vigilance asleep; the tremendous cloud of invincibility which enshrouded the conqueror of Germany, France, Italy, and Africa, filled the factions with awe. And then, who can be ignorant, how far a man, whether a private person or a prince, may venture, who has been able to fix on himself the admiration of all men! His frequent personal appearance in these parts, which, according to his own acknowledgement, he visited at ten several times, kept the malcontents within bounds; the repeated acts of severe and speedy justice supported the dread of sovereign authority. Charles, in short, was born in the Netherlands, and loved the nation in which he had passed his youth. Their manners pleased him, the natural simplicity of their character and converse, gave him an agreeable relaxation from the stiff and formal gravity of the Spaniards. He spoke their language, and conducted his private life by their customs. The burdensome etiquette, that unnatural wall of separation between king and people, was banished from Brussels. No invidious foreigner denied them access to their prince; the passage to him was through their own countrymen, to whom he intrusted his person. He conversed much and readily with them; his deportment was pleasing, and his conversation ingratiating. These little complacencies gained him their affection, and whilst his rapacious hands were employed in pillaging their property, while his armies were treading down their corn, his viceroy oppressing them, and his executioner putting

ting them to death, he secured to himself their hearts by his friendly looks.

Sincerely desirous was Charles to see this general affection transmitted to Philip, his son. On no other principle was it, that he had him brought in his youth from Spain, and shewed him at Brussels to his future people. On the solemn day of his renouncing his throne he commended these countries to him as the richest jewel of his diadem, and exhorted him earnestly to spare their constitution.

Philip the second was, in all that is human, the very image of his father. Ambitious like him, but less acquainted with mankind and their real value, he had formed to himself a plan of royal supremacy, which treated them only as the organs of his will, and was injured by every instance of freedom. Born in Spain, and brought up under the iron rod of monkish superstition he required from others the same dull uniformity and the same constraint that formed his character. The lively disposition of the Flemings raised his choler, and hurt his temper, no less than their privileges did his ambition. He spoke no language but the spanish, suffered only Spaniards to be about his person, and adhered to their usages with pertinacious attachment. In vain did all the cities of Flanders, through which he passed, put their invention to the rack, for honouring his presence with costly festivities—Philip's brow was still fullen, and all the profusion of magnificence, all the heartfelt bursts of the sincerest joy were unable to excite in his countenance one smile of approbation.

Charles

Charles totally missed of his aim in presenting his son to the Flemings. They would have found his yoke less galling afterwards, if he had never set his foot in their country. But his countenance told them what they had to expect; his entrance into Brussels lost him the affection of all. The emperor's amicable condescension to the people was now brought into contrast with the haughty austerity of his son. They had now seen the creature from whom their sufferings were afterwards to proceed. The sacred awe which concealment and distance would have procured him, was dissipated by his presence. He stood in their memories, a man like themselves, and a man of but small consideration. In his visage they had read the base designs upon their liberty which he was already revolving in his breast. They were prepared to find in him a tyrant, and armed themselves to meet him.

The Netherlands were the first throne from which Charles the fifth descended. In presence of a solemn assembly at Brussels, he absolved the general estates from their oath, and transferred them to king Philip, his son. Turning to him, he finished his address by saying: "If my death had put you in possession of these countries, such a valuable domain would have given me a high claim to your gratitude. But now, that I resign them to you of my voluntary choice, as I anticipate my death that I may give you the enjoyment of them: I now require of you that you reckon up in your mind what you think you stand indebted to me for the grant of this people. Other princes esteem themselves happy, at being able to gratify their children with the crown which death

" sum-

“ summons them to surrender. This gratification will
“ I participate with you, I will see you live and reign.
“ Few will follow my example; few have gone before
“ me in this act. But my act will be laudable, if your
“ future life but justified my confidence, if you never
“ swerve from the wisdom which you have hitherto
“ confessed, if you inflexibly persist in the purity of
“ the faith, which is the firmest pillar of your throne.
“ I add but one thing more. May heaven bless you
“ with a son to whom you might resign the sovereignty
“ —although not be compelled to do it.”

When the emperor had concluded, Philip fell on his knees before him, bowed his head on his father's hand, and received the paternal blessing. His eyes were for the last time moistened with sensibility. All the by-standers wept. It was a moment never to be forgotten.

To this moving farce there soon succeeded another. Philip received the allegiance of the assembled states, and took the oath that was administered to him in the following words: “ I Philip, by the grace of God,
“ prince of Spain, of the two Sicilies, &c. vow and
“ swear, that, in the countries, earldoms, dutchies,
“ &c. I will be a good and righteous lord; that I will
“ well and truly maintain and cause to be maintained,
“ all the privileges and immunities of the nobles, the
“ states, the commons, and of all the subjects, which
“ have been granted to them by my predecessors, as
“ well as all customs, successions, usages, and rights,
“ which they now in general and in particular have and
“ possess; and farther, that I will practise all that be-
“ fits

“ fits a good and just prince and lord to do. So help
 “ me God, and all his saints.”

The awe which the arbitrary government of the emperor had inspired, and the distrust of the states towards his son, are already visible in this form of the oath, which is far more cautiously and accurately composed, than those to which even Charles the fifth, and all the former dukes of Burgundy had sworn. Philip must swear that he will maintain entire the customs, successions, and usages, a thing that never was required before him. In the oath which the states took to him, they promise him no other obedience than may consist with the privileges and immunities of the country. His officers have only then to reckon upon submission and assistance, when they discharged their offices according to their duty. Philip, in short, in this oath of allegiance taken by the estates, is only termed the natural, the native prince, not sovereign or lord, as the emperor had expressly desired. Testimony sufficient, how small the expectations that were formed of the justice and magnanimity of the new ruler!

WHETHER THERE BE MEANS FOR PROLONGING
 HUMAN LIFE FAR BEYOND ITS NATURAL
 TERM.

MANY philosophers, both antient and modern, have admired the wise benignity of nature in removing man, after a short space, from the theatre of life,
 and

and conducting him to an eternal repose, where he is sensible no more to the inconveniences and vexations of his former condition. If life, say they with David, be much protracted, it is still but labour and sorrow. Some go yet farther, and, as Helvetius does, hold mere existence already for a misfortune, or at least affirm, as Cardanus, Erasmus, and La Mothe *, that if it stood in their choice, at the end of their course to begin it again, they would without hesitation reject the proposal. To all who think in this manner, a method for prolonging life would be but a very indifferent gift. But the generality of mankind are far from being favourers of this gloomy philosophy; they rather anxiously endeavour to prolong their existence, and to put death, which they account the greatest of evils, as far away from them as ever they can. For the generality of mankind then, the enquiry, whether it be possible to prolong life, and by what means it is to be done, is highly important. Consequently, a brief representation of all that we hitherto know or surmise upon that head, may well be interesting to every man.

That it is possible for a man of a sound constitution, by great moderation in living, to extend his life far beyond the natural term, that is, to ninety, a hundred,

* La vie toute seule me paroît si indifférente, pour ne rien dire de plus à son désavantage, qu'outre que je n'élirois jamais d'en recommencer la carrière, s'il étoit à mon choix de le faire, je n'échangerois pas trois jours calamiteux, qui me restent dans un âge si avancé que le mien, contre les longues années que se promettent une infinité de jeunes gens dont je connois tous les divertissemens. La Mothe le Vayer, œuvres, tom. xii. p. 204. lettre 134.

or more years, is proved by many examples, and is doubted of by no physician that understands his art. The famous italian lawyer, Panigarolus, who was very weakly from his youth, by a regular and moderate life, attained to an age of more than seventy years. Leonicensus, the physician, who from his childhood, to his thirtieth year, had been afflicted with the falling sickness, was freed from it at that age by his great moderation, and lived healthily thenceforward till he attained to his ninety-seventh year. Another, whom Cardanus mentions, took daily no more than six and thirty ounces of nourishment, and lived to be upwards of ninety. In the year 1780. there was still living in spanish America, a woman more than 175 years old.* But the most striking instance of this kind, and the greatest proof how long the human machine may be kept in play by moderation and diet, is that of Cornaro.

Lewis Cornaro, a venetian nobleman, had brought his body into such a state of decay in his thirty-sixth year, by excesses of all sorts, that the physicians assured him, that he must soon die, unless he could resolve on altering his mode of life. Cornaro had resolution enough immediately to set about this important change. He confined himself to a certain quantity of food, exactly weighed out to him daily, kept himself from all excesses in wine, from all violent passions, and all intimate intercourse with the other sex. With this regimen he lived healthy, alert, and without feeling any

* Memoirs of the literary and philosophical society of Manchester, vol. 1.

of the infirmities of age, till he arrived at his hundredth year, in which, without any previous sickness or pain, he fell into a kind of swoon, and presently gave up the ghost. He died at Padua in the year 1596. In his seventieth year, being on a journey, he was overturned in his carriage, and was so dragged by the frightened horses, that he dislocated an arm and a leg, and got several wounds in the head; however, he recovered in a short time from all the effects of this accident without the assistance of a physician. Till his death he retained all his senses in their full perfection; his spirits were brisk, and his voice continued so good, that at times, when in company of his relations, he used to sing the songs he had learnt in his youth. In the last years of his life he took no more daily than twelve ounces of chosen food, and fourteen ounces of drink. By the same course of moderation, his wife also reached to an extreme old-age, and survived him several years.* In his ninety-fifth year, he published a small treatise, wherein he points out the means by which he had attained to so great an age. I cannot refrain from transcribing a passage from the work of this worthy old-man, which shews with how much fire he was still able to write at that very advanced period.† “Is the visit of
 “a friend, says he, so agreeable to us, when we are
 “sick, of a friend who takes part in our sufferings,
 “who consoles and cheers our drooping spirits: how
 “much more must the visit of a physician rejoice us,

* Thuan. hist. lib. xxxviii.

† Cornaro, della vita sobria.

“ whose

“ whose encouragements lead us to hope for the speedy
“ return of health. But for preserving this health in
“ an uninterrupted vigour, nothing more is necessary
“ than temperance and regular living. This is the na-
“ tural and infallible means of keeping even persons of
“ the tenderest frame in constant health, and of con-
“ tinuing their lives to a hundred years and more, the
“ means of preserving them from an immature and
“ painful death, and at last causes man to die in calm-
“ ness and serenity, when his powers are exhausted,
“ and is productive of all the effects which the
“ ignorant expect to obtain from their fancied panacea.
“ But, alas, the generality of men suffer themselves to
“ be beguiled by the attractions of voluptuousness, or
“ are so prejudiced as to believe that they cannot con-
“ troul their propensions; that it would cost them too
“ much to forego such a variety of pleasures. Hence
“ they draw certain maxims for persuading themselves,
“ that it is better to live ten years less, than to deprive
“ themselves of whatever they find most agreeable to
“ their perverted taste. Ah! they know not the value
“ of ten years at an age, when the man, in the full
“ vigour of his intellect, is enabled to profit by all the
“ experience he has gathered during a long life; at an
“ age, when, by wisdom and virtue, he can shew
“ himself worthy of his high destination; at an age,
“ when he is capable of reaping the fruit of his various
“ toils and pursuits. The best writings we have, were
“ composed in the very ten years which these thought-
“ less persons despise; for the mind improves in vigour,
“ in a sound old age, in proportion as the body declines;
“ and

“and the sciences and arts would have been great
“losers, if their votaries had shortened their lives by
“these ten years.”

We are taught by experience, that any man of a good constitution, may, by a temperate way of life, proportionate to his temperament and organization, keep his machine in play a hundred and more years: will it then be pronounced a thing utterly impossible, by certain medicines, adapted to our nature, to prevent the torpifying or induration of the fibres, and thus to prolong for several centuries, the life of man? At this question, I see a smile of compassion arising on the countenance of my reader—not the philosophical reader, for he has learnt to examine—but on the countenance of the reader, who has drawn a circle round his limited knowledge, in the fixt design of holding all that lies without it, for folly, chimera, and impossibility. However, even these, I hope, will not read the following narrative without finding it at least entertaining.

Perhaps such an artificial prolongation of human life may not be impossible, though no positive example be known of a man who has attained to an age of several centuries. All that is related of the long lives of some Alchymists, as well as what we are told by the count of Lamberg concerning the Marquis d'Aymar*, who was 350 years old when the count made his acquaintance at Venice: all these stories favour too much of the fabulous, and are too deficient in proofs, to al-

* *Mémorial d'un Mondain*, tom. i. p. 117.

low us to build any philosophical argument upon them. An anecdote, however, of this kind, has lately come to my hands, which seems to deserve some attention. As it is extremely surprising, and very little known, I will here relate it, and afterwards add some remarks upon it. This anecdote relates to the celebrated alchymist Flamel; and is as amusing as any of those which the famous Shah-Riar caused to be related by the peerless Sheherazade.

Nicholas Flamel was born, about the beginning of the fourteenth century, of poor parents, at Pontoise. He went to Paris, and there, as a scrivener, painfully earnt his bread. Towards the year 1357. he bought of one of his acquaintance an old book, that was very fairly wrote on tree-bark, in the latin language, and ornamented with very beautiful allegorical pictures. The book was composed by a jew rabbi of the name of Abraham. This Abraham therein comforts his nation concerning the persecutions that were fallen on them, and teaches them the mystery of making gold, and at the same time of preparing a medicine for prolonging the human life quite to its ultimate term. Flamel worked with persevering patience for one and twenty years, according to these prescriptions, and at the end of that period, as is generally the case with gold-makers, was not a whit the wiser, but a great deal poorer, than he was before. At length, perceiving that he could make nothing of it, and seeing that the book was the work of a jew, he determined to make a journey into Spain, and endeavour to find out some rabbi there who probably might explain to him these hieroglyphics.—

hieroglyphics. — However, I will rather let honest old Flamel tell his own story *.

“ Whereas I, Nicholas Flamel, scrivener and citizen of Paris, in the present year 1399. dwelling in my own house, rue des Ecrivains ! though, through the poverty of my honoured parents, I learnt nothing but a little Latin, yet, by the great grace of God, and the intercession of the saints in paradise, particularly St. James, I have at length improved that little stock of learning so far as to enable me to comprehend all the books of the philosophers and their profoundest mysteries, for which I every day of my life give thanks to the merciful God on my bended knees. After the death of my parents, while I earnt my bread by writing, I once bought an old thick book, gilt on the edges, and written on tree-bark in fair latin characters. The cover of it was of thin copper, and on this were sculptured very many unknown and singular characters. I believe they were greek letters, or of some other antient language, for I could not read them ; latin or celtic they were not, of which I understand something. In this curious book I now studied day and night, but could not gain intelligence from it. My wife, Perenelle, whom I love as myself, and whom I had then but lately married, was very much troubled at my perplexity, she comforted me, and did all she could to raise my spirits. I could not conceal my secret from her, but shewed her the book. She was as much delighted with it as myself,

* Le livre de Nicolas Flamel, contenant l'explication des figures.

“ contemplated with pleasure the beautiful cover, and
“ the superb paintings, of which she understood as
“ little as I. Yet it gave me great satisfaction to talk
“ with her about it, and to be able to advise with her
“ concerning what was to be done for coming at the
“ meaning thereof. I caused the figures to be copied,
“ shewed them to all the learned at Paris, and told
“ them that these figures were taken from a book that
“ treated of the philosopher’s stone: but they under-
“ stood nothing of the matter, and laughed both at me
“ and my trumpery stone. I laboured at it for one
“ and twenty years, but I got nothing by all my pains.
“ At length I lost all patience, and made a vow to God
“ and to St. James in Galicia; with the consent of my
“ wife Perenelle, I took the pilgrim’s staff and leather-
“ bottle, set out on my journey, and came to St. Jago
“ de Compostella, where I performed my vow with
“ devotion. This done, I turned back, and at Leon
“ met with a french merchant, who directed me to a
“ jewish physician, that had been converted to christi-
“ anity, and dwelt there. He was a man of solid
“ learning, and was called Sanchez. On my shewing
“ him the copies of some of the paintings, he seemed
“ quite overjoyed, and asked me immediately, whether
“ I had heard any thing of the book, wherein they
“ were to be found? I answered, I had hopes that I
“ knew something of it, if any one could be found to
“ decypher its contents. He could now no longer
“ restrain his joy, and began to explain the figures to
“ me. He had long heard of this book, but as of a
“ treasure that was totally lost. He forthwith left all,
“ travelled with me from Leon to Oviedo, and from
“ thence

“ thence to Sanfon in Afturia, where we took fhip,
“ and failed for France. On the voyage he explained
“ to me nearly all the figures, and found in each point
“ a myftery, which appeared to me very curious. At
“ Bourdeaux we landed: but, on our coming to
“ Orleans, this learned man fell dangerously ill. He
“ was feized with a continued vomiting, which had
“ never left him fince we came from on board of fhip.
“ During his ficknefs he called me to him every mo-
“ ment, that I might not purfue my journey alone.
“ At laft he died on the feventh day, at which I was
“ very much afflicted. I caufed him to be buried
“ in the church of the holy crofs, at Orleans. God
“ comfort his foul! he died like a good chriſtian. In
“ the year 1379. I returned to Paris. The joy of my
“ wife Perenelle, at my happy return, and our prayer
“ to St. James is not to be conceived. I laboured di-
“ ligently, and found what I fought; fo that at length,
“ in the prefence of my wife, on Monday, the 17th.
“ of January, in the year 1382, about noon, I turn-
“ ed half a pound of quick-filver into pure filver,
“ and on the 25th. of April, in the fame year, I turn-
“ ed, in the prefence of my wife, at about five o’clock
“ in the afternoon, the fame quantity of quickfilver
“ into gold. Perenelle was fo extravagantly rejoiced
“ at this, that I was forely afraid ſhe might babble out
“ the ſecret; but by the goodnefs of the great God, I
“ have got not only a chaſte and fenſible wife, but ſhe
“ is likewise reſerved and diſcreet, which other wives
“ are not.”

Flamel hereupon founded fourteen hospitals, built,
at his own expence three new churches, and endowed

with great revenues seven old ones, at Paris, all of which enjoy to this day the effects of his bounty. Still every year a procession is made of the poor of the hospital of the Quinte-vingts, founded by him, to the church of St. Jacques de la Boucherie, which he likewise built, to pray to God for the soul of Flamel, their founder. His dwelling house was still standing thirty years ago. It was the corner-house of the rue Marivaux, and the rue des Ecrivains. I have frequently stopt as I was going by, to consider the place that was occupied by so remarkable a man *. I have likewise been shewn among the archives of the church St.

* Various alchymists, in later times, have taken people with them to dig in the cellars of this house, and have there found, in several places, phials, alembics, crucibles, coals, and in a stone jug, all kinds of metallic dross. The house has belonged ever since Flamel's time, to a church close by, to which this adept bequeathed it by will. During my last stay at Paris, one of my friends related to me a curious circumstance that happened to the house in the year 1756. There came a very well-dressed man, who called himself by a name of some note in France. He had received a commission from a departed friend, just before his death, to employ a considerable sum in works of charity. Now, continued he, I know of no better method of laying out this money, than in repairing and rebuilding decayed churches and monasteries, with the houses appertaining to them. That corner house yonder (pointing to Flamel's house) appears to me particularly in want of reparation; I will accordingly begin with that, and spend three thousand livres upon it. The offer of this stranger was accepted. He began by setting workmen to dig in Flamel's house, was constantly present himself with the people, and whatever they dug up, of phia's, inscriptions cut in stone, and boxes of metals, were carefully taken away by them. At last, the building-expences amounted to about two thousand livres: but the stranger and his helpmates disappeared, without paying, and without any one's being able to learn what was become of them.

Jacques

Jacques de la Boucherie, built by him, the deeds of his donations, which are above forty in number, as well as his extraordinary last will and testament, in his own hand-writing, wherein he relates the manner how he acquired his vast riches.

This great wealth of a man of so mean a condition, soon drew much notice, so that at length it came to the ears of king Charles the sixth. He sent the seigneur de Cramoisi, one of his confidants, to Flamel, to inquire into the means by which he was become so opulent. This nobleman found the philosopher, in his small miserable house, eating his dinner out of a common earthen platter. Flamel was forced to confess that he was in possession of the philosopher's stone, and to give him a copy of his book, which is still preserved in the royal library at Paris, where any man is at liberty to see it. Shortly after this visit, in the year 1413. Perenelle, Flamel's wife, died; and again soon after this, he died himself, both having attained to the age of near a hundred years*.

This

* The sceptic Naudé has endeavoured to render doubtful the alchemical derivation of the great riches of Flamel. He asserts, that Flamel grew rich by pillaging the jews, who about that time were driven out of France, this he effected by taking of them the obligations they procured from their debtors, but instead of returning them the money he thus procured on their account, he kept it all himself. Naudé holds it more possible for Flamel to have been a sharper, than a gold-maker. All which, being far more easily said than proved, several writers since have repeated this assertion of Naudé's from one to the other. But the well-known critical historian Langlet du Fresnoy, has shewn, in his *Histoire de la Philosophie Hermétique*, à la Haye, 1742. vol. i. p. 217. that Naudé is egregiously

This is all that we know concerning the life and fortunes of the renowned adept Flamel; but his history has this peculiarity, that it does not finish with the death of its hero, but rather does not begin to be interesting till that period.

Paul Lucas, a man of much knowledge and of various kinds, and, as we see from his writings, a declared enemy to superstition, and withal a physician, and an enlightened person, at the beginning of the present century, made several voyages to the Levant, at the expence of Lewis the fourteenth. In the description of his second voyage*, he relates a curious conversation he fell into with a dervise at Brusse in the lesser Asia, in relation to Flamel. Paul Lucas came up to a mosque, situate in a solitary place, where a famous dervise lay interred. In a dwelling adjoining to the mosque lived four dervises, who received him very courteously and engagingly, and treated him with great hospitality. One of them entered into conversation with Paul Lucas. After they had conversed some

gioussly mistaken. The jews, says he, were driven out of France by Philip Augustus, in the year 1181. therefore two hundred years before Flamel was born. They were a second time expelled in the year 1406. But the archives of the church St. Jaques de la Boucherie evince that Flamel had built the said church long before that year. Accordingly, it was impossible for him to acquire his riches by plundering the jews; inasmuch as at the first expulsion of them he was not born, and was in possession of his wealth long before the second. Moreover, adds this great critic, Flamel's own narrative is so naïve, so simple and circumstantial, that one can scarcely doubt of the truth of it.

* Voyage du sieur Paul Lucas, fait par ordre du roi. Amsterdam, 1714. 8vo. tom. i. p. 83.

time

time in the turkish language, the dervise began to discourse in Latin, Spanish, and Italian. But on perceiving that his guest spoke none of these languages with fluency, he asked him from what country of Europe he came? Paul Lucas said, he was a Frenchman. Immediately on hearing this, the dervise began to talk French quite easily and currently, and entered into a long conversation with the traveller. He said, he had never been in France, but testified a great longing to visit that country. The conversation then turned on general topics. The dervise made some very pertinent remarks on some oriental manuscripts which Paul Lucas had purchased, and explained to him the medicinal virtues of various plants. At length the discourse turned on alchymy, and the means of prolonging human life. The dervise told him, that he, with six of his friends, was in possession of a great secret. They travelled constantly, as he said, about the world, for becoming more perfect. Every twentieth year they met at some stated place. He that arrived there first, waited for the rest, and at their parting, they appointed the rendezvous for the succeeding twentieth year. This time Brusse was the place fixed on; four were already come, and were waiting for the other three. This conversation was continued in the following manner*:

Paul Lucas. Most people hold alchymy for a chimerical science, and the philosopher's stone for a nonentity.

* I have indeed reduced the narrative of Paul Lucas into the form of a dialogue, but have not added one word to it. On the contrary, I have omitted several matters of no consequence.

Dervise.

Dervise. This is not to be wondered at. The true philosopher, in general, wonders at nothing. He bears with patience such as, from ignorance, deem all things impossible which their shallow intellect cannot comprehend. His way of thinking is far above that of common mortals. Whole generations spring up and pass away before his eyes, without causing any emotion in him. He, whenever he will, can procure himself more riches than are found in the treasuries of the greatest monarchs: but it is too mean an object for him to be heaping up wealth, and through that magnanimity which he possesses, with his voluntary poverty, no accident can alter his repose. —

Paul Lucas. [*Interrupting him.*] Beautiful sentiment! Splendid dream! With all this, the philosopher likewise dies, frequently after a very short life. What does it avail him then, that he was wise? Had it not been better for him to have enjoyed that life which he now must quit?

Dervise. I clearly see that you have never known any real philosopher. The wise man of whom I speak, dies indeed (for that is a law of nature from which no one is excepted) but he knows a method of prolonging his life to several hundred years. This mean is called the philosopher's stone, which is not, as the half-learned believe, a nonexistence, but actually does exist. This secret is, however, known only to a very few, and from its nature, cannot be known to many. The generality of men die of the effects of covetousness or of extravagance, or they shorten their lives by an inordinate love of themselves.

P. Lucas.

P. Lucas. Is there in reality a means of prolonging life?

Dervise. [*In a serious and firm tone.*] Most assuredly.

P. Lucas. With us in France it has been affirmed by many that they were in possession of the philosopher's stone: but they have all died at the ordinary ages.

Dervise. The name of an adept is very lavishly bestowed. Either they were not in possession of the secret I speak of, or they must have been as old as I have said.

P. Lucas. Even Flamel is dead; notwithstanding he was possessed of the philosopher's stone.

Dervise. [*Smiling*] Flamel? Flamel dead!

P. Lucas. [*In a tone of the greatest astonishment.*] Is it possible to doubt of it?

Dervise. [*Smiling*] You are mistaken, my friend. Flamel is still alive. I saw both him and his wife three years ago in India, and he is one of my most familiar friends. Probably his history is not known in France; I will therefore tell it you. [*Here the dervise relates to him the whole history of Flamel, with some trifling alterations, and then proceeds as follows.*] Flamel had acquired by his secret, enormous riches, caused many churches and public edifices to be built at his expence, and did much good to the poor. To attract great notice is always dangerous, but to no one more than to the true philosopher: yet in all cases he knows how to help himself by his prudence. Flamel saw plainly that there was a design on foot to find him out, that he might work for the king: he therefore acted as a wise man should act on such an occasion; he left all behind him,
and

and made his escape with his wife, while they were supposed to be dead. Perenelle, by his advice, must pretend to be sick. After some days, he gives out that she is dead, and, in her stead, has a log of wood, dressed in her cloaths, buried in one of the churches, which she herself had built. All this while she was on the way to Switzerland. Not long afterwards Flamel makes use of the like stratagem on his own account. By handsome presents he gained over his physician and the curate. He left behind him a testament in due form, wherein he ordered that he should be buried close by his wife, and that a stone pyramid should be erected over their common grave. Instead of him, another log of wood was buried; and, in the mean time, he set out after his wife. From that time they have always led a truly philosophical life, and are constantly travelling from one country to another. This is the real history of the famous adept Flamel, who is still alive.

Paul Lucas says, that he was quite astonished at this account. He wondered, with justice, how it was possible, that a turkish dervise, who had never been in France, should be so accurately informed of all the circumstances of this history. He adds, that he can believe the whole of it to be impossible, and only relates, as an historian, what he has heard: for the rest, he leaves every one to make his own remarks, and to think as he pleases of this narration.

The whole story is extremely remarkable and extraordinary. If it be true, then Flamel and his wife must at that time have been near 400 years old. But this is in opposition to all that we know of the duration of human

human life, and to our notions, utterly impossible. On the other hand, it is hard to suppose that Paul Lucas invented the story. It is the only one of the kind that appears in his whole book; he confesses that he does not believe it himself, and adduces so many little circumstances, that, with any historical sentiment, one cannot doubt but that he merely delivers what he has heard. Withal, Paul Lucas is a very credible traveller. One of my friends who resided long on the coast of Barbary, has often assured me, that no one has better and more accurately described those countries than Paul Lucas. Nothing then remains for us, but to admit that the wonderful dervise, who spoke so fluently all the languages of Europe, invented the whole story. But how could he be so accurately acquainted with the history of Flamel? How could he compose so connected and real a narrative on the spot, and without premeditation? And what advantage was to accrue to him by imposing on Paul Lucas? Questions that it is difficult to answer. I am merely a narrator, and very far from vouching for the truth of this surprising story. If it be possible for human life to be so greatly prolonged, yet this secret, from the very nature of it, can only be known to a few. The fortunate possessor of it, far from boasting that he had it, would keep it in the closest reserve, and, to guard himself from the envy and covetousness of his fellow-creatures, would endeavour to remove all suspicion that he was in possession of so vast a treasure. It is ridiculous to suppose that any secret society can have this nostrum, or to trust impostors who offer to communicate it to us for money. Every well-wisher to mankind must rejoice
that

that no such means of artificially prolonging life is known. How sad and deplorable would it be, if the great class of those who seem born for no other purpose than to consume the fruits of the earth, could prolong their insignificant existence at pleasure! or if a despot should get possession of such means, and thereby put himself in a capacity of exercising his tyranny through several centuries! A thousand times better for the human race that there should be no such means, which in all probability is the case.

THE eventful history of the adept Nicholas Flamel, with which we have been lately entertained by an estimable anonymous correspondent, is at least not so much known in England, but that to many readers it may have the charm of novelty. It is undoubtedly in more than one respect the most remarkable of all the adeptical histories, chiefly in regard to the wonderful credibility it is said to have acquired from the mouth of an usbec dervise two hundred years after Flamel's death. But what particularly and very much to its advantage, distinguishes it from other legends of these luminaries, is the circumstance, that Nicholas Flamel, as far as my knowledge reaches, the only gold-maker who built churches and endowed spitals, and left behind him these foundations in being at this very day, as (apparently) real evidences to posterity of the truth of his pretences that he was in possession of the philosopher's stone.

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The writer of the foregoing account does not indeed say, in so many plain terms, that he holds the wonderful narrative, which Flamel is said to have given of himself and Paul Lucas's dervise, of Flamel, to be historical fact: but he says, however so much to their credibility, that he nearly gives us room to suspect, that he has a little waggish design, of putting his reader into that kind of unpleasant equipoise between believing and not believing, which, as is well known, has the effect, with the generality of mankind, of making them, for the sake of freeing themselves from this disagreeable state of mind, by a slight manœuvre of their inclination, which easily takes a bias from the inborn love which all of us have to the extraordinary and the marvellous, give credit to transactions, against which nothing else can be adduced but that they are incredible from every argument of reason, and rather to believe the historical evidences than vouch for the truth of them, till either the absolute impossibility of the matter itself, or the falsehood of the evidences on which their reality rests, be evidently demonstrated.

As I, for my part, would not willingly (even by my silence) be the cause that only one of my readers should be misled, by any inducement he may seem to perceive in it to forsake the even path of solid reason, for a bye-way, which, in the end, must lead into an abyss, or, at least, into — the dirt: I beg permission to hazard my thoughts, with all possible brevity, on the gold-maker Flamel's history.

In the first place, it will not be deemed superfluous to rectify some circumstances relative to the person of

this man, to his pretended enormous riches, and to his pious foundations.

For the first, therefore, Nicholas Flamel was not merely a scrivener, but at the same time likewise a miniature painter; a profession by which in those times much money was to be earned.

For the second, it appears, that our Author, by the way in which he speaks of Flamel's foundations, would raise in us a much greater idea of them, than, according to the accounts of historians, lexicographers, &c. we ought to have. Flamel, says he, founded in Paris fourteen hospitals, built three new churches, and endowed seven old ones with large sums of money. The same is indeed said by the author of *Mélanges tirés d'une grande bibliothèque*, vol. xxv. p. 365. But that he does not intend that the word 'founded' should be so understood here, as if Flamel had singly and wholly endowed these hospitals and churches, is apparent from hence, that, for example, he expressly says, vol. xliii. p. 338. of the church of S. Jaques de la Boucherie: that Flamel was a contributor to its erection, and endowed it with some foundations. In the same volume of the said work, p. 397, it is mentioned, of the parish church des SS. Innocens: "we know " that Nicholas Flamel had a share in the building of " this church." It is therefore highly probable that this was the case with the rest.

But, though in the account of Flamel's foundations, much is exaggerated, yet thus far is incontrovertible, that they were so numerous and considerable, as at any rate, far to exceed the means of a parisian scrivener and miniature painter, at the time of king Charles

VI. and to attract the public attention to such a degree as at length to induce the king to send Cramoisi, the master of requests, to interrogate him, by what secret method, he who was otherwise known as a man without property, had acquired so great wealth?

To speak philosophically, it is not unlikely that these means, unusual as they may be, and how secret soever Flamel might have reason to keep them, were no other than very natural ones. But in the time of Charles the VIth of France, it was not the custom to think very philosophically: several supernatural methods were then in vogue for becoming rich. Flamel might have given out that he was master of more than one, and he would immediately have obtained universal belief. Thus, for instance, he might have said, that he procured his treasures by virtue of a covenant with the wretched devil, Satan—but this would have led him straightway to a scaffold in the place de Grève. He might have said, that a fairy had presented him with a bag of gold that would never be empty—but then he would have been obliged to produce the bag. He might have said, that he had by chance discovered in a corner of his cellar a great stone with a talismannic ring; and, that, on raising the stone, he found a marble winding staircase of a hundred and fifty steps, which led to a vault enlightened by a huge carbuncle, and in this vault a large stone vase full of pieces of gold, &c. But neither would this have served his turn; he would in like manner have been forced to produce his treasure. The safest answer, and that which was best adapted to those barbarous times (when

the whole world believed in alchymy) was, that he had found out the philosopher's stone.

To this end indeed some tale must suddenly be invented, like that which he delivered to the king in his account; and it was artful enough in him to introduce into the plot, the good God and saint James of Compostella, who at that time played a considerable part in the affairs of christendom. Flamel was at this period already pretty far advanced in years. He lived exceedingly retired and frugal. The treasures which the philosopher's stone, in three operations had procured him, were for the most part expended on his pious foundations. However the source of his riches was still remaining; for he possessed the mystical hieroglyphic book of the Hebrew Abraham, to which the baptized jewish physician Sanchez (which in the ms. of my anonymous is written Chanchez) had furnished him with the key. This book Flamel delivered up to the king, and thereby purchased his freedom from all farther demands.—It is still to be seen in the royal library, and might now be of great service to the republic, in the present distressed condition of the french finances.

But how came it to pass, that Charles VI. or the famous queen Isabella and her paramours, who were always so greedy of money, did not make a better use of these glorious means, whereby they might have spared the subject all those violent and detestable extortions then in practice? How happened it, that no state secret was made of a fund of such vast importance but that it was published, even by means of the press, in the sixteenth century? And how came the french

government, notwithstanding the infallible process of making the philosopher's stone lay in the royal library, to fall short, in the year 1787, by more than a hundred million?

For us people of the eighteenth century, it will be the most adviseable course, till these questions shall be satisfactorily answered, to believe that Flamel came by his wealth in a way perhaps not the most ordinary and most lawful; but yet perfectly natural. Can we not guess how? then will the incapacity we are under of satisfying our curiosity not be an apparent reason, much less a sufficient reason for calling to our assistance the hieroglyphical book of the jew Abraham, and saint James of Compostella, for rendering an inexplicable affair by something still ten times more inexplicable — not comprehensible, but still more incomprehensible. But even this *how?* lies not so far beyond the reach of the human intellect, as our anonymous seems willing to persuade us; and the conjecture of Gabriel Naudé (who was one of the most intelligent men of the former part of the last century), even though, according to the remark of Lenglet du Fresnoy, it be tainted with an incurable chronological blemish, conducts us, at least, to another, which, as a merely possible hypothesis, is yet always infinitely more probable, than the opinion that Flamel had discovered the philosopher's stone; which is just the same thing as saying, that he had found Fortunatus's wishing-hat, or the seal-ring of Solomon. The jews, says du Fresnoy, were not again driven out of France till the year 1406, and Flamel had then long ago caused the church of saint Jaques de la Boucherie to be built. It is pity he did not tell us how long. Well; but why does he

take no notice of the violent storm occasioned by the tumult at Paris in 1393 against the jews, then the favourites of the court, but abominated by the nation. The people insisted on a general expulsion of the jews from out the kingdom, and because that was not immediately complied with, they broke into the houses of the receivers of the public money, who were then, for the most part, jews or lombards, opened their coffers, flung the money into the street, tore their papers and books of accounts, and happy were they who escaped with their lives. In one street alone no less than forty jew-houses were plundered, and a number of jews put to death who were endeavouring to save themselves by flight*.—May not this prove something of a key to the mystery of our adept? Might not Master Flamel, as well as any other person, have fallen upon the coffers of some well-larded jews or lombards, and, instead of throwing the money out at window, have thought it more adviseable quietly to walk off with it to his corner-house rue des Ecrivains†?—Or, if this surmise should seem too uncharitable, was it not very possible, that some rich jews of his acquaintance, for he appears always to have had dealings with the jews, might have run privately to him with

* Vid. Meusel's History of France, vol. ii. p. 459, and the authorities there quoted.

† That we may not, however, deprive the good and discreet madam Pernelle, Flamel's dear wife, of her share in the acquisition of this commonwealth; might she not accidentally have been now and then passing by a house where the money was tumbling out of the windows, and, as a careful housewife, have picked up a large apron-full, and carried it home?

their gold and silver, on the first breaking out of the storm? — that by accident these very jews might have had the misfortune to be among those who lost their lives in the tumult? — and that Flamel had with greater confidence taken this opportunity of making himself heir to the intestates, as it might be done with tolerable safety in such troublesome and lawless times as these? — This, I think, might be taken for a very natural and plausible explication of the manner in which Flamel, citizen, scrivener, and painter, of Paris, could at once have so considerably increased the property he had already acquired by his business of writing and painting, as to give him a superfluous fund sufficient for all the purposes of his pious foundation.

But how did it occur to the man who had obtained his riches by such unchristian means, to take the resolution of putting them to such christian and pious uses? I only touch upon this objection, because it may be brought against me; for in itself it signifies but little. Was Flamel the first person in the world, who, after having stolen a quantity of leather, gave away a pair or two of shoes for God's sake? Was it not very natural for him to be a little uneasy about the wealth he had, one way or other, not always the most conscientiously acquired? Was it not very consistent with the spirit of the fourteenth century, to make an atonement for ill-gotten goods — which yet in fact were only taken from the infidels, from the people that crucified our Lord — by consecrating a part of them to God Almighty in applying it to pious foundations? It is highly probable that a number of like honourable men at Paris were in the same case with him: for, the last

year of the fourteenth and the first of the fifteenth centuries is just the epocha in which a multitude of churches and hospitals were built and endowed in that city by the pious contributions of wealthy citizens. However, Flamel, as it should seem, found so much pleasure in thus transmitting his name to posterity, and, at the same time, to purchase eternal masses and daily intercessions for his poor soul, that he must at length have become suspected, by the very means he made use of at first to mislead the attention of people from the way whereby he had acquired his vast riches. Flamel, who, in truth, was not so simple as he represents himself in his *Livre des Explications*, might easily foresee, that he might be brought into very fatal explications, especially under so profligate and rapacious a reign as that of Charles VI. He therefore kept an explanation in readiness, with which indeed in our times neither the *maitre des requêtes* nor the king would have been easily put off, but which in his times, was the fittest and most prudent that could be devised. He gave out, that, by the grace of God and the intercession of saint James of Compostella, without any merit or worthiness of his own, he had made the discovery of the vaunted philosopher's stone; he delivered up the hieroglyphical book of the pretended adept Abraham, of which, it is very probable, he understood no more than any clerk of the king's, to the court, amused the king, as we have all reason to suppose, as long as he could, with promises, and preparatives to the *magnum opus*, (which it was no difficult matter to do amidst the inexpressible confusion and distractions of the state, which followed on the well-known assassina-
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tion of the duke of Orleans, the grand favourite of the queen Isabella,) till he died, at a very advanced age, in the year 1413, and with the reputation of not only having possessed, but even of leaving behind him in writing, the grand arcanum of the philosophers, which, for several thousand years, so many poor devils, so many noble and wealthy fools had searched for in vain.

A thorough discussion and knowledge of the reputation he had found means to procure, was not to be expected from the spirit of the times, nor was it indeed possible in the present circumstances of the court — on the contrary, we may be assured, that, among the alchymists of the fifteenth century, there was not wanting some one or other, who thought to find his account in publishing to the gold-hunting world, under Flamel's firm and credit, such paltry productions as the *Sommaire philosophique*, and the *Desir désiré*. For, that Flamel himself was the author of them, is nothing less than proved. At a time when these impostors had the impudence to foist the spawn of their fancies upon such men as Roger Bacon, Albertus Magnus, and Thomas Aquinas, nay even on pope * John xxii. who yet, in the

* This pope, say the alchymists, went so far in the art, under the guidance of the great adept Arnold of Villanova, that at his death, in the year 1334. he had already made two hundred quintals of gold with his own hands : nay, he even held it his duty, as a true catholic father of the christian world, not to carry with him into the grave so beneficial a secret, but to make it publicly known, for the advantage of all christendom, in a latin treatise on the art of transmuting metals, and which was translated into

the bull: Spondent, quas non exhibent divitias, pauperes alchimistæ, denounced all the curses of Ernulfus against the masters of this base art, — of such people, it may well be expected that they would not have failed to profit by the name and the reputation of a Flamel.

The result of my considerations on the account of the pretended adept Nicholas Flamel, therefore is: that, perhaps, like a number of other empty heads of his time, he was a great friend to alchymy, and accidentally got possession of a manuscript filled with alchymistical hieroglyphics, and a no less mysterious explication of them, that might have had some jewish cabbalist for its author — that he made use of this unintelligible book, for the purpose of raising an opinion, that he had acquired his considerable wealth by the discovery of the philosopher's stone, — and by this stra-

French in the sixteenth century. Hence it came to pass, that in these times gold and silver were as common as the stones in the street; that the exchequers of kings and princes were so full of it, that in all christendom there was no longer any need of raising money of the subject by taxes and tributes; in short, that the Saturnian age, so much celebrated by Lucian, was every where restored: as the historians of the xivth, xvth and xviith centuries affirm.—To speak seriously, John xxii. actually understood the art of gold making as well, and better than any of his predecessors; his tax upon sins particularly brought him in great sums, no less perhaps than what the pauperes alchimistæ procured from the crucible: and, if it be true, that he left behind him eighteen millions of gold guildens in hard money, as Villani, in quality of an eye-witness asserts, his holiness was in a capacity to write a beautiful treatise de arte transmutandi peccata et stultitiam mundi in solidos aureos.

tagem, to elude the suspicion that he had got his money by unjustifiable means, and the disagreeable interrogatories and inquiries that might thence arise — that the true source of his opulence is probably to be sought for in his secret connexions with the jews, and in some fortunate occurrence he found means of turning to his advantage, in which perhaps he had a plausible opinion that he was doing nothing wrong, or perhaps too by virtue of a self-given dispensation from the laws of strict justice and honesty, — and that therefore the whole of his circumstantial narrative, that it was by a miraculous interposition of God and the holy St. Iago di Compostella that he unexpectedly came into possession of the thrice-blessed stone, — in spite of its boasted simplicity, is to be held for a barefaced rhodomontade designedly contrived by him.

The reasons adduced in favour of the honesty of good master Flamel are of no weight at all with me. He relates it all, it is said, with so much openhearted simplicity. This was in general the cant of the times, and indeed a good part of it lay in the language then spoken. The most romantic miraculous stories, old-wives-tales, and legends of chivalry, lay hold on our good-natured indolence by this tone in that language. And does not old father Homer make his Ulysses tell his tales to the hospitable Phæacians or Fajakians (as you please to call them) of his Lestrigons and Cyclops, his stories of the beautiful Circe, of the Syrens, of the cattle of the sun, which came to life again in the kettle and on the spit, &c. with just the same air of simplicity, in the same plain style of an artless eye-witness, whom none would suspect of a lye? Do not all the poets, from Homer,
down

down to the present time, the same? Flamel was indeed no poet, (though in several dictionaries we find him mentioned as a celebrated poet*, philosopher, and mathematician, of his times,) but what hindered him from doing, for his own emolument, or to save himself from harm, what the poets do merely for cheating us into amusement?

With no greater success, in my opinion, has the attempt been attended of bringing the historical testimony of Lenglet du Fresnoy as a proof that Flamel could not have profited by the expulsion of the jews out of France; as this does not remove the possibility that Flamel might have found out some other kind of means for clandestinely appropriating the wealth of some jews to himself; and I believe I have evinced the possibility of this being the case at the insurrection of the Parisians in 1493.

Suppose, however, that, soon or late, there should be found an historical proof, that Flamel was already in possession of his mysterious riches in the year 1380 or still earlier, yet would his story not be one jot more credible. Before we are bound to believe him on his word, that he became rich by virtue of the philosopher's stone, it must first be demonstrated, that of all other possible ways by which he could become rich, no one was of any effect. Only to mention one: Was it not possible that he should find a treasure in his

* The literati who honour him with this name, probably found his right to it on this circumstance, that the unintelligible alchymistical tract, called *Sommaire philosophique*, which goes under Flamel's name, is written in wretched rhymes.

house, which might have lain buried in the cellar ever since the reign of Philip Augustus? Might not this house have been inhabited at that time by rich jews? Might they not, on being forced to take a hasty flight, have buried the greatest part of their hard cash, as the best means of securing it left them; and might they not afterwards, by a thousand accidents, be disappointed in their hopes of some favourable moment for raising this treasure again? — In all this I see nothing impossible. But were there at last no other alternative left than to accuse the devout and beneficent Flamel, at the distance of four hundred years after his blessed departure, of the secret murder of some rich hebrew, or of any other crime by which a man may become rich: I should, without the least hesitation, and without making any breach in my charity, much rather take that resolution, than suffer myself to be imposed on by such a story as Flamel's. A man may be an impostor, a hypocrite, an unhappy compound of devotion, avarice, and voluptuousness, a thief or an assassin; of this we have undoubted examples without number: but, that a man, by the assistance of a powder or a tincture, has turned mercury into silver, and silver into gold, is what we have not one undoubted example of; and therefore, it can be no question, with people who judge after the laws of reason, whether a person who gives himself out for an adept, be an impostor or not.

From this side then the good Nicholas Flamel (whom may God keep in bliss, together with his dear and discreet wife Pernelle) can gain no advantage. But what shall we say to the modern and astonishing

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witness,

witness, which the celebrated traveller, Paul Lucas, three hundred years after the generally-believed death of Flamel, raises up in the midst of Natolia, in confirmation of the truth of Flamel's story, not only in all its main particulars, but even increases and embellishes it by additions, which carry the marvellousness of it to the highest pitch of incredibility? The whole matter is indeed very surprising.

Is it not singular enough, that a learned physician, whom Louis XIV. sends to travel about the Levant for the purpose of picking up old coins and manuscripts, should, on his second journey, the 9th of July, 1705, at Burnus Baschi, near Brussa, in a kiosk, adjoining to a small mosque, meet with a dervise from the country of the Uftec Tartars, who, without ever having been in France, is as well (and better, as we shall presently see) informed of the whole wonderful history of a citizen of Paris, that died in the year 1413, than any admirer of the romantic and fabulous department of literature can be, in the very heart of Paris?

According to the usual notions we have of the turkish dervises whom we commonly represent to ourselves, as people very little conversant with the languages of Europe, and entirely unacquainted with our history and literature, this transaction must appear totally incredible to us. But still all this is nothing! The usbec dervise got his knowledge of the person and history of the old parisian adept, in the most simple and natural way in the world, — for, short and sweet, he had it from his own mouth; he is personally acquainted with Flamel and his wife Pernelle, they are still alive, they are actually in the east Indies, Flamel

is one of his most familiar friends, and it is scarcely three years since he last spoke with him. — Yet more! — Flamel, in quality of one of the elect sages, who are made partakers of the grand thrice-blessed mystery of the philosopher's stone, contains in him the famous fountain of youth (*fontaine de jouvence*) or the means of preserving his life in a kind of protracted youth for a thousand years; he is now, while I am writing, not full five hundred years of age; and, as the sages, his equals, gradually pursue their course round the globe, and from time to time hold their meetings now in one place, and then in another: I can see no reason why Brussa should for this purpose be preferable to London? and why the pleasure may not be in reserve for me of getting personally acquainted with the wise Flamel and his discreet wife Pernelle, and thereby be radically cured of my inveterate and unhappy unbelief in the sacred kabbala, the philosopher's stone, the seal of Solomon, and all the fountains of juvenescence, Medea's kettles, Fortunatus's hats, and Oberon's horns.

In the mean time, and till that blessed day shall dawn, it is very natural, that one should try to explain in some comprehensible way, so wonderful a matter, as the account of the usbec dervise in the twelfth chapter of the first part of Paul Lucas's second voyage.

The first surmise that must occur to a reader, whose reason has once put it into his head, that all the marvellous in the world is a natural process, is: Whether Paul Lucas (with permission of his honour) might not have invented this whole story by way of pastime, and for putting the intellects of his reader to the trial?

It

It is true, that Paul Lucas otherwise passes (as our nameless correspondent has not failed to remark)—in spite of the well-founded prejudice that every story-teller from a far distant country has against him—for one of the most faithful and credible voyage-writers. But really so incredible a relation as this, is enough to render the honesty of a saint suspected! The credibility of a man arises from the very circumstance, that what he relates, at least as an eye-witness, be pure credible events.

I could not take upon me to maintain, that Paul Lucas was always entirely free from the almost universal infirmity of travelled people, of magnifying what they have seen, and of taking pleasure in relating surprising occurrences. To produce only a couple of instances by way of proof; who would not think the account of the monstrous multitude of pyramids which he assures us he found at Jurkup-Estant, in the karamanian district Kaiseria, to be somewhat exaggerated? Each of these pyramids, says he, is hewn out of an entire rock, and is so excavated within, as to have a beautiful gateway for the entrance, a beautiful staircase, and various apartments one above another, enlightened by large windows. These surprising edifices are to be seen in innumerable quantities, in these parts, on the two sides of the mountain between which the Irmak flows some miles from Hadschi-Bestasche. Many of them seem to our traveller as not yet at all excavated, many others, indeed begun, but not completed. He assures us, that only on the side of the mountain where his caravan passed, there were above twenty thousand of them; and the people told him, that, on the

the other side, and in the district of Jurkup-Casabas, a number far exceeding that, was to be seen. Can any thing be more incredible, than such an enormous quantity of pyramids cut out of the solid rock into regular habitations (which certainly never could have sprung out of the earth like mushrooms), whereof neither in any antient author, nor in any other book of travels, the slightest trace is to be found? It might pass, if he had discovered them in the vast deserts of Syria: but in so well-known a country as the antient Cappadocia it never can. However, as Paul Lucas affirms that he saw them with his own eyes, they must be there; but, from the number which, according to his assertion, must amount to upwards of 50,000, I think we may reasonably be allowed to take away at least one nullo. Five thousand such pyramidal houses of rock form a very handsome number; and in the hasty and exceedingly transient manner in which he saw them (as he would not allow the caravan to stop, nor go any distance from it himself) his eyes might have a little deceived him in the account. He says with equal confidence, in the 12th chapter of the second part, of the lions, who prowl in great multitudes about a certain forest situate between Momette and Tunis: the inhabitants of the country relate stories of these lions, which seem absolutely fabulous and incredible; however, thus much is certain, says he that the women of these parts have the gift of scaring these lions and putting them to flight only by railing at them (*en leur disant des injures*). In another place he tells us, with the most serious face in the world, that: An [Armenian] citizen of Isnik [Nicæa], related to him a very extraordinary circumstance that happened

pened on the lake [antiently called Ascanios] on which this city stands, at the time of the first Nicene council. Among the great number of bishops that met together there from all quarters of the christian world, there was an armenian prelate, who, though poor, was yet a very virtuous and holy man, and even had the reputation of working miracles. The greater part of the other holy fathers of the council, were not indeed people who pretended to such miraculous gifts; yet, on the other hand, they made a better figure than their armenian confrater, but were mean-spirited enough to envy him the talent of performing miracles, and, on all occasions, to ridicule him for his poverty and his wonders. The good bishop, with all his piety and meekness, was not indifferent to this division; and, as the right reverend prelates began to grow too scurrilous, his patience was at length quite worn out, and he came to the resolution of exposing them in such a manner, as would cause them to let him alone for the future. And what course now does the holy man take? One fine day, when most of the bishops were walking out by the sea-shore, he took a plow, set it upon the water, yoked a pair of oxen to it, and perfectly at his ease, drove it backwards and forwards upon the lake before their eyes, just as a husbandman plows his field. We may easily imagine that the lords confraters made large eyes at this. Now, right reverend lords, said he to them, on bringing his plow ashore, I have been plowing, do you go there and sow, while I sit down and rest a bit. — This the worthy prelates thought fit to decline. The miracle, however, of the holy bishop was attended with good effects, it made them
ashamed

ashamed of having mocked such a man; they asked his pardon, and from that moment treated him with great respect. — And now Paul Lucas can relate such a history as this, without once making a wry mouth! He does not say, indeed, that he holds it for true; but yet he only finds it very extraordinary; and one may do him the justice to confess, that he would with all readiness believe it, could he but, somehow or other, render it possible.

All this, however, does not prove any thing against his honesty. The worst that could be drawn from it would be: that Paul Lucas was a man that on all occasions was very easily to be imposed on; but not that he was capable of deceiving his reader on purpose. But why then come out with such a Canterbury tale? What advantage was he to gain by it? — At first sight, at least, none at all. But, that, out of mere waggery, and for playing upon the credulous, he might have invented something of the kind, and have delivered it in this serious manner, it can only be said, that there is not the least stroke in all his writings that can justify such an imputation.

We find ourselves then reduced to the necessity of calling the usbec dervise, instead of him, to a somewhat more severe account. That Paul Lucas accidentally became acquainted with him at Brussa, and heard him deliver all that he relates to us as an ear-witness, is, as we have good cause to believe, fairly told: the liar, the impostor, is then the dervise. — But who was this dervise? How came he by his knowledge of Flamel? And what motive might he have for putting

such a senseless tale upon honest Paul, with as much confidence as if it had been a real matter of fact?

The usbec dervise, according to all that our traveller relates of him, was a dervise, the like of whom there are but few in the world. His very exterior, says Lucas, was indeed extraordinary; yet he does not mention in what this extraordinariness consisted. He appeared to be not above thirty years old, and spoke, it seems, Latin, Spanish, Italian, and French, with like facility: the last as well as a native of Paris, though he declared he had never been in France.—Should now this usbec Tartar at last turn out to be an European — perhaps a dervise born in the very bosom of France? At least he must have shewn me a very authentic certificate of his birth, before I took him for a native Usbec! At the visit which the dervise returns to Paul Lucas, he imparted to him very fine cases in the art of physic (I translate here purposely word for word, because this phrase, to us readers, — says just nothing) and promised him in future still more. “But,” continued he, “this requires certain preparations on your part, and I hope you will one day be capable of the light, which I can shed upon your mind*.” Observe here the raising of indeterminate hopes — and particularly the preparations that are necessary for rendering him susceptible of the lights and the solutions, which the dervise is able to give him.

The attention of our traveller was naturally redoubled at this discourse. It was therefore proper to keep

* J'espere que vous serez quelque jour en état de profiter des lumieres que je suis en état de repandre dans votre entendement.

continually rising in importance. The dervise speaks of the great journies he had taken, in such a manner as to make Lucas conclude, that the man whom he should have set down for about thirty years of age, must be upwards of a hundred. — I see Paul Lucas opening his eyes and his mouth wider and wider as he proceeds, to admit this great influx of light and truth ! — There are seven friends of us, continues the dervise, who travel over the world in the view of improving daily in perfection *. As often as we separate, we appoint a certain place where we shall meet again after twenty years. For this time it is Brussa: four of us are already here, and we daily expect the other three.

Paul Lucas observes such a good understanding among the four dervises, that it was very plain, “ it “ could be no accidental circumstance that had brought “ them together, but the result of a long and intimate “ acquaintance.” — These wonderful men, then, as we see, composed a private order, of a very remarkable kind. That they appeared at Brussa in the character of Mohammedan dervises, must not make us mistake them. It is not the cowl that makes the monk.

The conversation between the usbec dervise and our inquisitive traveller becomes every moment more interesting: it fell upon alchymy and cabbala, and Lucas (who still does not perceive with whom he is talking) tells him, in the simplicity of his heart, that these

* We hear, to be sure, of the view; but the means to that end may perhaps not be the most infallible.

sciences, and particularly the philosopher's stone, pass in Europe, with numbers of people, for very chimerical things.

This was water to the dervise's mill. According to him, that was the sublime philosophy, the only philosophy deserving of the name, which consisted in the cabbala and the sciences that led to the possession of the philosopher's stone — in short, he was, just as one may chuse to call him, a magical, or theurgical, or hermetical philosopher, and an adept in this supernatural philosophy, consequently had a sovereign contempt for all sciences that are built upon universal experience, observation, experiments, measures, calculations, and rational combinations. As such, he explains himself to our good man in pretty strong terms, and gives us clearly to understand, that philosophers, who are obliged to keep to the leading-strings of reason, are in his opinion but very ignorant fellows, whose feeble eyes cannot bear the light of the truly wise. “The genuine wise man, says he, is the only man
“who has a right to pretend to philosophise. He depends upon nothing in the world. He sees all things
“here around him dying and being born again, without concerning himself in the least about it. He can
“procure himself greater riches than the mightiest
“kings have ever had : but he treads them under foot,
“and this magnanimous contempt gives him a grandeur even in the midst of indigence, that raises him
“superior to all the events of life.”

We know this language — it is the old gibberish of all the gold makers, cabbalists, trismegists, magi, in short, of all the pretended restorers of mankind to their pri-

primitive prerogatives, i. e. to the power of controuling universal nature, to the means of understanding the language of beasts, of making spirits compliant and subservient to their purposes, of reaching to a thousand years of age, of being on one and the same day at Paris and at Grand Cairo, of becoming invisible, of flying in the air, of walking on the water, of calling up the dead, &c. The only surprising part of the story is, that such rhodomontades did not more forcibly occur to so intelligent a man as Paul Lucas otherwise was. He just ventures to suggest, with all this, and as much as the sage may be superior to us poor souls, yet, at least, he must die as well as other people. — “One can easily see, returns the dervise, that you have never beheld any true philosopher.” — And now he proves to him that the natural age to which man was ordained from the beginning, can be no less a period than a thousand years; and to attain to this advanced age is one of the prerogatives annexed to the possession of the philosopher’s stone, in which is contained the true panacea, whereby the man is enabled not only to remove from him whatever may destroy his natural constitution, or throw it into disorder, but comprises all the knowledge that God infused into the mind of the first man, and which he lost by the abuse of his reason.

But, replies Lucas, our famous Flamel possessed this stone, and yet it is a clear case that he died and was buried in due form. The dervise smiled at the simplicity of the honest Lucas, who could imagine that such a man as Flamel was dead like any other earth-born mortal. As I gave full credit to almost all that he had hitherto told me (says our traveller artlessly enough),

enough), I was astonished beyond measure on finding him doubt of Flamel's being dead, as I had asserted. — Which is as much as to say, in plain English: I began to believe, that, after all, Flamel might not be dead.

The dervise had got honest Lucas's soul in his hands. Thou art then, said he smiling, really so simple as to believe that Flamel is dead? — Pray observe this smile! it is a part of the costume of this impudent class of impostors to raise a compassionate sneering smile at the honest and plain appearances of an ordinary intellect, when they stand in the way of their absurd assertions, and by this excessive degree of effrontery, so to take feeble minds by surprise, that, though they have spoke nothing but plain common sense, they begin to doubt whether they may not have been saying something very stupid.

Thou thinkest then, continues the dervise, that Flamel is dead? There thou art very much mistaken. He is still in full life and vigour; it is hardly three years since I saw him and his wife in India; he is one of my best friends. — The dervise had it in his head to mention to him the very time when he and Flamel first became acquainted: but there he checked himself*; and made as if he wanted before all things to inform him of the real history of the french adept.

* And why so? Probably because he would not let *too much light* fall at once on Lucas's understanding. It was enough for him that he had shewn himself to Lucas as a real sage and an adept: all the rest must be kept close concealed under a mysterious veil — for *preparatives* were to be made, and probably *trials* to be undergone before the novice could be admitted to the full blaze of light.

What

What follows hereupon calls for the greatest attention, since in all probability it will bring us to the track, and to the mystery of the person, of the usbec dervise.

“ Our sages, says he, are indeed but few in number ;
 “ but they are dispersed among all sects, and in this
 “ respect have but little to distinguish them above
 “ others. In Flamel’s time one of them was attached
 “ to the jewish religion. In his younger years*, he
 “ had made it his business not to lose sight of the
 “ descendants of his brethren : and knowing that the
 “ greatest part of them had settled in France, he had
 “ such an ardent desire to see them, that he parted
 “ from us † for the purpose of making that journey.
 “ We did our utmost to dissuade him from it ‡ ; and
 “ he hesitated several times whether or not he should
 “ follow our advice. But at length his vehement long-
 “ ing to take this journey got the ascendant, and he
 “ left us, with the promise, however, that he would
 “ rejoin us as soon as possible. He came to Paris,
 “ which was at that time, as it is at present, the capi-

* That is, in the first centuries of his life.

† Our usbec dervise was then likewise present ! how cautious he is not directly to mention some things, and yet to give them so palpably to be understood, as to make one readily dispense with any clearer explanation !

‡ This too is not without design. Since the journey (as the sequel shews) turned out ill for the jewish adept, this earnest dissuasion on the part of the brethren of his order plainly implies, that a certain higher degree of the power of divination was one of the prerogatives of their sublime society.

“ tal of the kingdom. He found that the posterity of
“ his father were held in great respect by all the pro-
“ fessors of judaism of that place ; and amongst others
“ he got acquainted with a rabbi of his tribe, who
“ sought after the true philosophy, and laboured in the
“ magnum opus (the philosopher's stone). Our friend
“ entered into a familiar attachment with this relation,
“ and communicated to him various elucidations of
“ great importance. But, as the preparation of the
“ materia prima demanded a tedious operation, he
“ contented himself with giving him a written process
“ of all that was necessary for making the philosophi-
“ cal stone.* And, to convince him of the truth of
“ what he had committed to writing, he made, in his
“ presence, a projection of ninety pounds of base me-
“ tal, which he changed into pure gold. The rabbi,
“ who was filled with astonishment at our brother, on
“ account of this operation, did his utmost to detain
“ him with him. The rabbi, finding himself unable
“ to gain his point, converted his friendship into the
“ most deadly hatred. He conceived the black design
“ of extinguishing one of the torches of the world.
“ In short, he murdered the sage, and got possession
“ of his tincture and the whole of his apparatus. But
“ he did not long enjoy the fruits of his iniquity ; his
“ horrid crime was discovered, and, as many other
“ things now came out to his prejudice, he was burnt
“ alive. Shortly after this, the persecution of the jews
“ at Paris broke out, and, as is well known, they were
“ all driven into a miserable exile. Flamel, who had
“ a deeper insight into things than the generality of
“ his fellow-citizens, made no scruple to keep up a
“ good

“ good intelligence with some of the jews, and passed with
“ them for a man of tried integrity. On this account,
“ a jew-merchant put into his hands his compting-
“ house books and the whole of his papers, in full as-
“ surance that he would make no bad use of them, but
“ preserve them from the general combustion. Amongst
“ these papers were those of the fore-mentioned rabbi,
“ and the books of our sage. It is probable that the
“ merchant, whose head was full of his commercial
“ affairs, paid no great attention to these matters. But
“ Flamel examined them more accurately, and finding
“ in them figures of furnaces, alembics, crucibles, and
“ various sorts of utensils employed in chemistry, he
“ rightly judged, that the grand secret of the wise
“ might lay concealed therein; full of this imagination,
“ he got the first leaf translated (for the books were in
“ Hebrew) and being now strengthened in his opinion
“ by the perusal of this, his prudence suggested to him
“ the following method of getting into the mystery
“ without fear of discovery. He went into Spain,
“ where jews were every where to be met with, and
“ found means to get a leaf translated at every place
“ he came to. Having in this manner procured a tran-
“ slation of the whole book, he returned to Paris. On
“ his way thither, he fell in with a man whom he made
“ his friend, and took him with him, in the design of
“ discovering to him his secret, that he might be an
“ assistant to him in the great work: but to his deep
“ regret, a sickness deprived him of this friend before
“ the time. Being now arrived at Paris, he determined
“ to enter upon the work in company with his wife:
“ the attempt succeeded to their utmost wishes, and
“ being

“ being thus in immediate possession of immense riches,
 “ they caused various large public edifices to be con-
 “ structed, and enriched several persons. At length,
 “ this attracted universal attention. Flamel foresaw,
 “ that as soon as it was supposed that he was in posses-
 “ sion of the philosopher’s stone, his person would in-
 “ fallibly be arrested and secured; and it was not to be
 “ expected, but that, after the regard his great dona-
 “ tions had drawn upon him, he should shortly be sus-
 “ pected of this art. Accordingly, as a true philoso-
 “ pher, to whom it is perfectly equal, whether he be
 “ alive or dead in the opinion of mankind, he found a
 “ means of escaping, by propagating a report among
 “ the populace, that both he and his wife were
 “ dead.”

Here the dervise proceeds to relate, in a handsome romantic way, how Flamel contrived to put this design in execution, with all the circumstances, which the reader may recollect from the article transmitted by our anonymous correspondent, and inserted p. 220. And this, continues he, is Flamel’s real history, and not that which you believe to be so, nor that which is foolishly thought to be it at Paris, where there are but few persons who have any knowledge of the true wisdom *.

On comparing this account given by the dervise, with that which the anonymus, in the piece above referred to, p. 220. adduces from Flamel’s own confession, we find, that it not only contradicts the latter in a number of essential particulars, but likewise that it is

* Therefore, however, *some*.

composed in quite a different spirit, and directed to a quite different purpose, from that of Flamel. The citizen of Paris wants only to help himself out of a dilemma (as I have expressly shewn before) by his story. He was so far from being anxious lest the detection of his secret art which he had so wonderfully acquired, should draw upon him any ill-treatment, that, on the contrary, he was rather in hopes of putting himself in greater safety by it. Whereas, in the tale of the dervise it has quite another turn. He begins his Iliad at Leda's egg, and relates Flamel's history, which in fact he only treats as an episode, so as to make it suit with his system and his purpose, totally unconcerned whether it is conformable to the antient documents that were deposited at Paris, and probably were as much unknown to him as to Paul Lucas, or not.

All that the usbec dervise thought proper to say, in this second conversation with our author, of himself, of his brethren, of Flamel, and of the true philosophy in general, seems to me so framed, that even an uninitiated person like me may become tolerably well acquainted with the mystery of his person by it.—He is very intimately connected with six other adepts. Yet the living Flamel is not one of these six, notwithstanding he is one of his most familiar friends.

May not this be very craftily imagined by the dervise, that it might not occur to Lucas, as otherwise it naturally would, to wait for his arrival?—Be this, however, as it may, there are also several more such sages under all religious denominations, they keep up, as is very natural, a close correspondence together, they are brethren. What renders them the extraordi-

nary men they are, is, that they are in possession of the true philosophy. This philosophy is built on the cabalistic theory of man, namely, on the fundamental notion, that man, in his original state of perfection, was something altogether different from what he is at present; that he was a living copy of the great Adam Kadmon, or prototypical god-man, (the first and purest efflux of all divine properties and powers) and therefore was in the enjoyment of an eternal youth and immortality, a familiar friend of superior spirits, a lord of the whole visible world, and the possessor of an infinite quantity of occult sciences and wonderful arts. The restoration of human nature to this its original perfection, or at least to a state nearly approaching it, is the grand secret of that true philosophy, which, with the consent of the Supreme Being, was imparted by superior spirits, from kind compassion, to Adam, the father of all mankind, after his fall, and after the long and earnest repentance he underwent in consequence thereof; and from that time forward, by tradition and hieroglyphical or other mysterious writings, has been preserved and propagated among a small number of chosen sons of Adam. Seth, Enoch, Noah, Moses, Solomon, Elijah, Hermes Trismegistus, Zoroaster, Orpheus, among the ancients, and king Geber, the arabian physicians Adfar and Avicenna, the hermit Morien, Artefius *, Raymund Lullus, Nicholas Flamel, Basilius Valentine, with many more, in modern times, were members of this wonderful order, who dis-

* There is still in being a mystical book of this adept, wherein he says, that he wrote it, when he was a thousand years of age.

perfed themselves (as our dervife very juftly fays) among jews, christians, mohammedans and heathens, — and, thence it is, that artful and bold impostors have fuch vast advantage over the weak fide of human nature, and preserve it to this very day, in spite of our improvements, even in the midft of Europe.

The higheft fecret of this order, concealed under the name of the philofopher's ftone, comprises therefore infinitely more than the bare operation of changing lower metals into gold. This, as well as the fecret of living a thoufand years, and longer, in the perfect enjoyment of health, is only a fmall part of the wonderful fciences and prerogatives of the truly wife. Hence, it is the language of all adepts, or of thofe who heartily wifh to perfuade us that they are fo, that they look upon the art of making gold as a wretched trifle, fo contemptible in their eyes, that they never once vouchafe to meddle with it — a very fenfible way of making us comprehend the reason that thefe gentry for the moft part appear in a very tattered drefs, and could carry all their temporal belongings very eafily with them in a handkerchief.

That the ufbec dervife, with his fix friends, belonged to this order, will fcarcely be a matter of doubt with the reader, after what Lucas has related to us from the dervife's own mouth. For, though what he let fall to our honeft traveller upon that fubject, were only fattered rays, which he darted by little and little into his mind: nevertheless, when all is taken together, he has faid enough to convince us, that his philofophy, and that which I have juft been fketching the outlines of, are one and the fame. — Lucas expreffly fays,
towards

towards the end of the account of his conversation with these dervises: “ I pass over various other still less “ credible matters, that he related to me in the very “ same tone of assurance.”—Perhaps these still less credible things related to a point, on which the silence of the dervise may be agreeable to many of my readers: namely, the intercourse of the wise with the world of spirits, their friendship with superior beings, their authority over evil dæmons, their power of causing the dead to appear, and the like. Supposing, however, that the dervise had mentioned not a word of all this, yet the way in which he announces himself, as a real adept, and how he explains himself on the nature and use of the philosopher’s stone, is fully sufficient for decidedly characterising him as an adherent to the fanatical morosophy we have had occasion so frequently to mention.

There was, moreover, in the year 1705. a secret society of such adepts in the turkish empire, who probably were known to have some design that demanded secrecy, wherein it likewise may have consisted, perhaps too (as we may naturally conclude from their constantly travelling about, and from their knowledge of several european languages) that they were in correspondence with others of their gang, and effected invisibly various matters, the true motives whereof we profane people, from what we have seen in the world, would little dream of. But, as we must needs think, that this secret fraternity at Brussa (who in all probability had not yet completed their thousand years, and therefore may be still alive). would take due care about the propagation of their order; so it is no less to be presumed, that,

that, during the three or four centuries now elapsed, they may not always have remained so invisible and inactive, as that no traces of their existence and their activity were to be found, long before the casual acquaintance the honest physician Lucas made with them.

I am very much deceived, or the violent alarm in the first quarter of the last century, caused by the report that was spread throughout all christendom, of the Rosencreutzians, was not so totally a false alarm, as some of the learned would make us believe. Doubtless some falsehoods may have been inserted in the account that is given us of Christian Rosencreutz, the pretended founder of this secret order; perhaps designedly, perhaps too, as the publication under the title of, *Fama fraternitatis laudabilis ordinis Roseæ Crucis*, which was dispersed abroad in the year 1610. in five several languages, did not come from the source itself, but was actually framed on bare reports, wherein the truth is usually adulterated by fanciful additions: yet something true, that had relation to our usbec dervise and his brethren, may well be supposed in the affair. “ Christian Rosencreutz, it is there said, born in the “ year 1388. undertook a pilgrimage to the holy sepulchre, and on the way became acquainted with “ some chaldean sages at Damascus, who initiated him “ in the mysteries of the magian and cabbalastic philosophy. He greatly enlarged the stock of knowledge “ he had thus acquired, by journies in Ægypt and “ Africa, and became, on his return, the founder of “ a brotherhood, cemented together by the ties of “ the strictest friendship, fidelity, and taciturnity, “ which

“ which consisted of but a few members, in whose
 “ breasts he laid up the mysteries of that sublime wis-
 “ dom he had brought with him from the east, princi-
 “ pally the philosopher’s stone, and, by virtue of it,
 “ the universal medicine, and the art of transmuting
 “ the ignoble metals into silver and gold, as an eternal
 “ and sacred deposit. After his death, which fell out
 “ in his hundred and twentieth year, without any pre-
 “ vious sickness, the secret society of which he was
 “ the founder, (as a sister or daughter of the oriental
 “ society at Damascus) kept itself for a long time in
 “ close concealment, till its existence was discovered,
 “ no man can tell how, or by whom, about the afore-
 “ mentioned time.”

In this relation, the false may easily be separated
 from the true. Every one knows that there were no
 longer any Chaldeans, properly so called, in being.
 By the chaldean sages, by whom Rosencreutz was in-
 structed in the sacred magism and cabbala, no others
 can be meant than sages of the order of our usbec der-
 vise; and what hinders us from believing, that it was
 the very same society, with which Paul Lucas became
 acquainted in the year 1705. at Brussa, since we know,
 that they were in full activity in Flamel’s time, and
 had connexion with the jewish cabbalist, the author of
 the book from whence Flamel learnt the secret of the
 philosopher’s stone? — But it is erroneous and ridicu-
 lous to pretend that Christian Rosencreutz, who pos-
 sessed the philosopher’s stone, should die at the age of
 a hundred and twenty. How? a man like him to die
 so young! What, he gone? Yes, vanished from the
 sight of his brethren of the lower degrees, he may be.
 But

But dead! that is impossible. He is no more dead than Flamel. Most certainly he is still alive; and, probably, in conjunction with him and the usbec dervise and his brethren, presides, in a manner invisible and unknown, over the brotherhood of wise folks, that has been so widely propagated in this our century, who believe in magic and cabbala, spirit-seeing, gold-making, and artificial prolongation of life:—a class of people, which, in all probability, will never die out, while the longing after the miraculous rings, which Lucian's Timolaus wanted to obtain, shall be the blind side of human nature.

Have I any occasion, after all that has been said, still farther to unveil the person, the fraternity, the affairs, and the grand purport of the usbec dervise, or to explain myself more clearly on what I think of him? He must be blind indeed, that cannot see through a sieve. He that hath eyes to see, let him see!

Paul Lucas, as it should seem, had no eyes to see with. It is almost incomprehensible, how, with so much curiosity, he had not a little more; just so much as was requisite for diving a small matter deeper into the secret of so extraordinary a person;—a man, who appeared to be thirty years of age, and spoke like a man of five hundred—who pretended to have the philosopher's stone—who gave him great room to hope, that, after due preparation, he would impart to him the most subtle knowledge! How could he look upon a man who gave out such things, who told him such silly tales for truth, as no other than a man of singular knowledge, and of an uncommonly extensive genius? How could a man, in whom every thing was adapted to

rouze suspicion, not seem suspicious to him? I confess, that, from so inconceivable an unsuspiciousness, he almost renders himself suspected by me.

Our nameless correspondent, indeed, makes him say: He could not believe all this (namely what the dervise had told him in relation to Flamel): but, with permission, Lucas only says: he passes over a number of things still less credible, [*des choses encore moins croyables*] that he heard of him. And does he not better confess above, that he should have nearly given him credit for all the rest, (what he had told him before the discourse turned upon Flamel)—and this rest, however, consisted of matters very little credible!—The truth of the matter seems to be: that the good Lucas, like other people of brisk and lively tempers, did not rightly know what he believed or ought to believe. He appears, if we may judge from the whole tenour of his book, to be a man of a sound intellect, but little imagination, of various but by no means deep knowledge, a lover of curious matters, but without any disposition to fanaticism, and yet not entirely free from vulgar prejudices. Something of the latter we must reasonably lay to the account of the times in which he lived. Moreover, he was no idle traveller: he had commissions from his king; his business was to look out for and buy up old coins and manuscripts; his future fortune depended on his proper execution of this business, and accordingly he never lost sight of it. And it was actually on this account, as it should seem, that he got acquainted with the usbec dervise, that he might shew him certain manuscripts that he had bought, and get his opinion about them:

them: all the rest was accidental. What was extraordinary in the person and discourses of this dervise, interested him: he therefore got to be more intimate with him: it did not interest him so much as to cause him to give entirely into it; for this, he must have had a mind very differently organised, and not have had affairs to manage that led him so far from the like speculations: but yet it interested him enough for inducing him to listen to the dervise with so much attention, and with an air of wonder, that bordered so nearly upon belief, as must have given the latter an unperceived desire, without any farther aim, of making him swallow a thousand lyes. All this taken together, it appears to me as if Lucas dealt sincerely and unsuspectingly in the whole of this transaction; he relates it in the very same tone as he speaks of the twenty-thousand pyramids he saw at Jurkup. “ I have more than
“ once, (says he, in his epistle dedicatory to Lewis
“ XIV.) travelled over Greece, the Lesser-Asia, Persia, Syria, Ægypt and Africa; and have there collected, amid great perils, a large quantity of coins,
“ engraved stones, antient manuscripts, and other useful curiosities, which have been found worthy of a
“ place in the cabinet and the library of your majesty.
“ But, sir, there are rarities which a man can only
“ possess by his mind, and which can only be communicated to others by speech: as these are no less
“ precious than the others, I have taken great care to
“ collect them, for presenting them in like manner to your
“ majesty: and these are contained in the book which
“ I take the liberty to offer to your acceptance.”
There is no doubt but Lucas had here in his mind his

dervise of Bruffa; since he is certainly the greatest rarity in his whole book.

If I am not much deceived, from what I have said of the character of Paul Lucas may be gathered the answer to the question: What motive could the dervise have to cram him with so much nonsensical stuff? — Without wishing to dictate to any one what judgement he should pass on this extraordinary person, I consider the dervise that has been so often mentioned, to speak honestly, as a man of the same class and brotherhood with a St. Germain, a Schroepfer, a Dr. Græme, a Cagliostro, or, which is the same thing to me, the Armenian in Schiller's spirit-seer, some of the personages in Glanville on witches, and the wise Misphragmutofiris in the philosopher's stone, a tale of my own composing, which is to be found in the first part of the Dshinnistan, whereof I here with all humility confess myself the author. These gentlemen (whose aim, as is well known, is solely directed to the ennobling of human nature as well as stones and metals, and which has already been declared by the Rosencreutzians of the last century to be the acceleration of the golden age) have formed, as it appears, for some centuries past, a kind of invisible church or republic; and though we are not exactly bound to take in the literal sense, what the dervise boasts about their longevity: yet I believe from my heart, that one may venture to affirm that their society never dies; since they, as well as the monks, take very good care, that no place become vacant shall remain unfilled. Accordingly, it is self-evident, that they are ever ready to gain profelytes, believers and promoters to their order, as often as they stumble on persons in whom

whom they think they descry any tokens of capacity for their mysteries. If they meet with one, whom, after they have opened themselves to a certain point, they find not fit to be admitted an actual member of the order; yet possibly, even without his knowledge and consent, he may be made use of to the furthering of some purpose of the sublime adepts, who stand at the head of the laudable brotherhood. This seems now to have been precisely the case with Paul Lucas. It is highly probable, that the disposition which the venerable brother dervise, at first thought he observed in him, might have moved him to give him such historical notices of the mysteries of the order, as might put his susceptibility for the cabbalistic light to the test: but, on finding that Lucas stood gazing within the confines of a cold astonishment, and shewed no desire of being admitted within the veil of the sanctuary of the mysterious temple, whose exterior filled him with surprise, the dervise urged him no farther; contented with having told to a man what he knew he would repeat again, and on his return home, would not fail to spread it far and wide in the printed account of his travels, might not Lucas, in this way have been made an instrument, without his knowing it, for trumpeting afresh through all lands the fama fraternitatis (which probably at that time stood in need of a blast or two)? Might not many a slumbering brother be thereby awakened, many a homo bonæ voluntatis be made attentive and alive to the cause, nay perhaps re-animate the whole laudable institution, give it new activity, and, in the sequel, a better form, a more determinate plan, and an aim more adapted to the times.

I utter this supposition for nothing more than what it is, and humbly submit it, together with the whole performance, to the judgement of my reader, and, at the same time, to the rectification or farther exposition of those who know more of this matter, than myself: satisfied in saying, by way of conclusion, with Oberon:

Who shuns not light is near akin to me.

EXTRACTS FROM A TRAVELLER'S JOURNAL,

ROSALIA'S SANCTUARY.

THE holy Rosalia, guardian-saint of Palermo, is so universally known by the description which Brydone has given of her festival, that it may here be not unpleasing to read somewhat of the place where she is particularly adored.

The monte Pellegrino, a huge mass of rock, broader than it is high, stands at the north-west end of the gulf of Palermo. It is beyond the power of words to describe the beauty of its form; an imperfect draught of it is to be found in the *Voyage Pittoresque de la Sicile*. It consists of a grey chalk-stone of the first epocha; the whole rocky substance is quite bare; no tree, not even a shrub, grows upon it: scarcely are the flats of it covered with a sort of turf and moss.

In a cave in this mountain, the bones of the saint were found about the beginning of the last century, and

and brought to Palermo. Their presence delivered the city from a pestilence; and Rosalia, from that moment, has been the tutelar saint of the nation; chapels were built, and splendid solemnities were instituted to her honour.

Pious pilgrims industriously repair to the summit of the mountain; and a road has been constructed at a vast expence, which rests, like an aqueduct, on pillars and arches, and ascends in a zigzag along a fissure in the rock.

The place of devotion itself is more suitable to the humility of the saint who made it her refuge, than the pompous celebration that is instituted to the honour of her complete dereliction of the world. And perhaps all christendom, which has now, for eighteen hundred years, been accumulating its opulence, erecting its magnificence, and instituting its solemn entertainments on the wretchedness of its first founders and most bigoted confessors, has no sacred place to shew which is ornamented and revered in so harmless and sentimental a manner.

When you have ascended the mountain, you turn an angle of the rock, where it rises against you like a steep wall, on which the church and the monastery adjoining are both constructed.

The outside of the church has nothing inviting or promising: the gate was opened without delay; and, on entering, I was surprised in an extraordinary manner. I found myself in a spacious hall or parlour which runs the whole breadth of the church, and opens to the nave. Here are seen the usual vessels with holy-water and some confessionals. The body of the church

is an open court; inclosed on the right side by the rude rock, on the left by a continuation of the hall. The roof is covered with flat stones, with a proper slope for the rain to run off; and there is a well of water in the middle of the church.

The cave itself is formed into the choir, without being in the least deprived of its natural rude appearance. A few steps lead up to it; in front stands the great desk with the anthem books; and on each side are the seats of the choristers. All the day-light that enters is from the court or nave. At the farther end in the dark recess of the cave, stands the high-altar.

In the cave nothing has been altered, as before observed; but, as the rock is always dripping with water, it was necessary to keep the place dry. This has been effected by means of leaden pipes, conducted along the ridges of the rock, and connected artificially together. As these are broad at top and run to a point below, and are neatly painted of a green colour, it looks as if the inside of the cave was grown over with the Indian fig. The water is conducted partly sideways, partly hindwards, into a clear reservoir, from whence the faithful take it in vessels, and use it against all diseases.

While I was viewing these objects with attention, an ecclesiastic came up, and asked me, whether I was a Genoese, and would have some masses said? I replied, that I was come to Palermo in company with a Genoese, who would come up the mountain to-morrow, which was a church holiday. As one of us must remain at home, I was come out to-day for the purpose of looking about me. He complaisantly said, that I was at liberty to amuse myself as I pleased, and to perform

perform my devotions. To this end he shewed me an altar to the left hand in the cave, as a shrine of peculiar holiness, and then left me to myself.

I saw through the apertures of a large brass screen of foliage work, several lamps gleaming under the altar; upon this I knelt down close before it, to get as good a view of it as I could through these interstices. Within was still another lattice of fine brass wire curiously wrought, so that the object behind it could only be distinguished as through a transparent gauze.

I perceived a beautiful lady, by the solemn light of the lamps.

She lay as if in a kind of trance, the eyes half shut, the head negligently reclining on the right hand, which was ornamented with several rings. I could not be satisfied in contemplating the figure; it seemed peculiarly charming. Her dress, composed of gilt metal curiously wrought, was a close imitation of cloth of gold. The head and hands are of white marble; I cannot take upon me to say, in a high style, but yet so naturally and agreeably carved, that it is impossible not to believe that they breathe and move.

A little angel stands near her, and seems to fan her with a bunch of lilies.

While I was thus employed in considering the figure, the ecclesiastics came into the cave, placed themselves in their stalls, and sung vespers.

I seated myself on a bench facing the altar, and heard them for a while. I then repaired again to the altar, knelt down, strove to get a fuller and plainer sight of the beautiful image of the saint; and resigned
my

my soul to the ravishing illusion of the figure and the place.

The choral symphonies of the ecclesiastics now resounded through the cave; the water falling from the various pipes into the reservoir close by the altar; the overhanging rock of the forecourt; the glimmering light of the body of the church, added greatly to the awfulness of the scene. The universal silence of the desert around, the perfect neatness of this sylvan cave; the gaudy decorations of the popish, particularly the sicilian, worship; the illusion produced by the figure of the sleeping beauty, charming even to a skilful eye — suffice, it was with great difficulty that I could resolve on quitting this enchanting place; and it was not till late in the night that I got back to Palermo.

I have many times since laughed at myself on this subject; and thought to attribute the pleasure I felt there to the humour of the moment and a glass or two of good sicilian wine, more than to the objects themselves: but, in my vindication, I found in the *Voyage Pittoresque de la Sicile*, the following passage: “ La statue est de bronze doré, avec les mains et la tete en marbre blanc, mais si parfaitement sculptée et dans un position si naturelle, que l’on ferait tenté de la croire vivante.” So that, after this testimony, I need not be ashamed at the impression this lifeless image made upon me.

By the side of the church and the little cloister adjoining to it, are several other caverns, nearly equal in magnitude to that I have been describing, which serve for the protection, and as the natural stalls, of the numerous herds of goats with which these parts abound.

II. ON THE THEORY OF THE IMITATIVE ARTS.

ARCHITECTURE.

IT is very easy to see, that the art of building in stone, so far as relates to the disposition of pillars, took its model from the art of building in timber. Vitruvius, on this occasion, adduces the story of the market booths, which is since adopted and consecrated by so many theorists: but I am convinced, that the origin is to be found much nearer.

The Doric temples of the most antient ordonnance, as they are still to this day to be seen in Græcia Magna and Sicilia, and which Vitruvius knew nothing of, bring us to the natural reflection: that a wooden booth did not furnish even the remotest occasion to them.

The most ancient temples were of wood: they were built in the simplest manner; nothing but what was absolutely necessary was considered in them. The pillars supported the main timbers, these again the heads of the balks which projected from within; and the cornices rested upon these. The visible ends of the beams, the carpenter could do no less than carve out in some shape or other; and, that the spaces between them, the metopes, as they are called, might not be entirely vacant, they were filled by the skulls of the victims that were offered in sacrifice, so that Pylades, in the Iphigenia at Tauris of Euripides, might justly propose to creep through them. This solid, simple, and rude form

form of the temple was, however, sacred in the eyes of the people; and therefore, on adopting the practice of building in stone, it was imitated as well as it could be done, in the temples of the doric order.

It is highly probable, that in the wooden temples they used to take the strongest trunks of trees for pillars; since they only placed them directly under the main transoms, as it appears, without any proper fastenings by the carpenter's art. On beginning to imitate these pillars in stone, they intended to build for eternity; but they had not at all times the most substantial stone at hand; accordingly they were obliged to make the pillars of several pieces, for giving them their proper height; they therefore made them very strong in proportion to their height, gradually lessening them in the girth upwards, to increase the power of their bearing.

The temples of Poestum, Segestum, Selimunt, Girgentum, are all of limestone, more or less bordering on the species of sand-stone, which the Italians call travertino; nay, the temples of Girgentum are all built of the loosest shelly limestone that can be imagined. On this account it is that they were so yielding to the depredations of the weather, and so easily destroyed without the attacks of any other hostile power.

Allow me here to take notice of a passage in Vitruvius, where he relates: that Hermogenes, an architect, when he had got together the marble for the construction of a doric temple, altered his intention, and built of it a temple of the ionic order.

Vitruvius indeed gives two reasons for it: that this architect, as well as others, could not precisely adjust
the

the divisions of the triglyphs: but I am more inclined to believe, that this man, on seeing the beautiful blocks of marble lying before him, determined rather to employ them in the construction of a more pleasing and elegant edifice; as the materials would be no hindrance to its execution. Even the doric order itself was continually becoming more slender; so that at last the temple of Hercules at Kora contains eight diameters in the length of the columns.

By what I here advance, I have no design to disparage the taste of such as are fond of the form of the antient doric temples. I even confess that they have a very majestic, nay some of them, a very charming appearance: but it is always in the nature of man to be trespassing beyond the bounds of moderation; and thus it was natural that in the proportion of the thickness to the height of the columns, the eye should be ever seeking the slender, and the judgement should find in it more dignity and grace.

Particularly, as very large columns could be made of one entire piece of such a variety of beautiful marbles; and at length, when the original parent of all stones, the granite, was brought from Ægypt to Asia and Europe, and offered its vast and beautiful masses to any monstrous use. Thus much I know, that the largest columns are always of granite.

The ionic order soon distinguished itself from the doric, not alone by the more proportional height of the columns and a more ornamented capital; but likewise principally by the triglyphs being left out of the freeze, and by avoiding the otherwise inevitable breaks in the compartments of it. In my opinion the triglyphs would
never

never have come into use in stone-architecture, if the first imitation of the wooden temple had not been so entirely rude, the metopes preserved and shut up, and the freeze somewhat plastered. But I even confess that such designs were not for those times; and that it was quite natural to the rude workmanship of the times to pile up buildings with the timbers lying on each other, like a wood-stack.

Now, that such a building, hallowed by the devotion of the people, should become the model by which another, of quite different materials, was to be constructed, is a circumstance congenial to human nature; and what we daily see in a hundred other cases, which are of much greater importance to us, and produce far worse effects upon us, than metopes and triglyphs.

I pass over several ages, that I may take a similar instance for elucidating the greater part of what is called the gothic architecture from the carved wood-work, with which, in antient times, they used to ornament shrines, altars, and chapels; which afterwards, as the power and wealth of the church increased, with their plinths, staffs, and fringes, were heaped on the outside of northern walls, and intended as ornaments to pinnacles and misshapen turrets.

Alas, all the northern ornamenters of churches fought for grandeur alone in multiplied littleness. But few of them had understanding enough to give these little, pimping forms a relation to one another; and hence arose such enormous masses as the cathedral at Milan, where a whole quarry of marble has been transported at a monstrous expence, to be mangled and minced into the most miserable forms; and where still

the poor stone is tortured, for prosecuting a work that will never be finished, because the inventionless stupidity that suggested it, had at the same time the power to sketch out an infinite plan.

MATERIAL OF IMITATIVE ART.

NO work of art is independent on rules, however great and skilful the artist: he may make himself master as much as he will of the materials in which he works, yet he can never alter the nature of them. He can, therefore, execute what he has in his mind, only in a certain sense and under certain conditions; and he will always be the most eminent artist in his profession whose imagination and inventive faculty are, as it were, immediately connected with the materials in which he has to work. This is one of the greatest preeminences of the antient art; and, as men can only then be called prudent and happy when they live in the utmost liberty possible within the bounds of their nature and circumstances: so those artists deserve our greatest respect, who intend to perform no more than their materials allow them; and yet make so much of them, that, with the whole exertion of our mind, we can scarcely do justice to their merits.

We will occasionally adduce instances how mankind have been led by the material to the art, and by the same means farther conducted in it. For the present I shall content myself with bringing forward one of a very simple species.

It seems to me very probable, that the Ægyptians were led to the erecting of so many obelisks by the
form

form of the granite itself. After a long and accurate study of the very various forms in which the granite is found, I have remarked this general agreement in them: that the parallelopipedons they always form, are frequently divided again by a diagonal, from whence immediately two rude obelisks arise. Probably this phenomenon of nature may appear colossal in upper Ægypt and the syenite mountains: and as it was customary to denote a remarkable spot, by the setting-up of some conspicuous stone; so, for the purpose of making public monuments, they here chose out and brought away the largest, (and which perhaps even in those mountains were but rare,) granites of the wedge form they could find. There was still always work enough to be done for giving them a regular shape, for inserting the hieroglyphics with proper care, and for polishing the whole; but yet not so much, as if the entire figure, without any guidance from nature, had been to be hewn out from an enormous mass of rock.

For the confirmation of my argument I shall not pretend to shew the manner in which the hieroglyphics were let in; namely, that first a deepening was cut in the stone, before the figure was inserted. This matter may be explained from other causes; I might however adduce and maintain in my behalf, that most of the sides were found already in such a tolerable aptitude, that it might be much better to inchace, as it were, the figures, than to represent them with so much relief, and to have to deepen so much the more the whole superficies of the stone.

III. ITALIAN METHOD OF RECKONING THE HOURS.

A PRACTICE generally beheld by foreigners in a false point of view, is the method observed by the Italians in counting the hours. It perplexes every new-comer; and, as the greatest part of travellers every where chuse to follow their own way, and to adhere to their own rules and customs: so it is natural for them to find it a hardship, if all at once a considerable portion of their actions are entirely dislocated.

The german princes have already introduced into their italian territories the method of counting the hours that prevails with us. The french dial, as it is called, which to the comfort of foreigners, has long been placed on the Trinita di Monte, will soon point out to travellers, both within and without side St. Peter's, their customary hours. Our way of reckoning will therefore gradually become more common; though it will continue to meet with great opposition on the part of the populace; and certainly they lose by it a proper national custom, an hereditary mode of representation, and an extremely suitable habit.

How often do we hear travellers praising the beautiful country, the happy climate, the clear blue sky, the breathing gales, and the balmy air of Italy; and all this is for the most part true, and not exaggerated. But thence it follows, that all who can pass their time in the open air, chuse to do so, and enjoy in pleasure or in business the genial breath of heaven. How many workmen of various kinds are employed in the streets and highways? how many have shops quite open on all

sides? how many stand out with their articles of trade in the markets, the squares, and in the courts? That with such a way of life, the moment when the sun sets and the night comes on, should be more discriminate than with us, where it often happens that there is but little daylight the whole day long, is easily seen. The day is actually at an end; all businesses of a certain kind should likewise be ended, and this point of time, as is fitting it should with a sensible people, has the same mark from one end of the year to the other. It is now night [notte], for the twenty-fourth hour is never used in speech, as in France they say noon [midi], and not twelve o'clock. The bells ring, every one says a short prayer, the servants light up the lamps, bring them into the room, and wish felicissima notte.

From this epocha, which always returns at sun-setting, till the next sun setting, the time is divided into twenty-four hours; and as every one now by long habit, knows as well when it is day, as in what hour noon and midnight fall: so all kinds of reckonings are presently made, in which the Italians seem to find a pleasure and a sort of amusement. There is a natural conveniency in this way of counting the hours, in all affairs that have the smallest reference to day and night; and one easily perceives how time came to be thus divided by a large and sensible body of people.

Thus, we find all workshops, schools, public offices, banks, open at all seasons of the year, till night; and every person may transact his affairs till then. Has he leisure time upon his hands, he may continue his promenades till sun-set, then repair to certain circles, and

and concert with them the amusements of the succeeding day. From half past one till two in the night, all flock to the theatres. And thus a man seems to live, from the first day of the year to the last, in the same time, because he performs all that relates to day and night in the same succession; without giving himself the smallest concern, whether, according to our mode of computation, it be early or late.

By this means, the great concourse of passengers, both on foot and in carriages, which are seen in all the great towns in Italy, especially on Sundays and holidays, in the principal streets and squares; and thus at the Corso of Rome, and at the Carnival, an enormous multitude of intractable people, by this mode of reckoning the hours, are guided and managed, as it were, by a string. Nay, by dividing day and night so distinctly from each other, certain bounds are set to luxury, which so readily confounds day and night together, and uses the one for the purposes of the other.

I grant that the Italian might lead the same course of life, and yet compute the hours after our method; but the instant that separates day and night, is to him, under his propitious sky, the most important epoch of the day. It is even sacred to him, as the church always enjoins the vespers according to this point of time. I took notice, both at Florence and at Milan, that several persons, though the public clocks are all marked with figures in the manner of our's, yet continued their watches and regulated their domestic œconomy in the old mode of computation. From all this, to which I might add a great deal more, it will be readily acknowledged; that this method of computing time, which,

to astronomers, with whom noon is the most important point of the day, may appear contemptible, and to the northern stranger inconvenient, is yet very well calculated for a nation who live conformably to nature, under a happy temperature of climate, and would fix the main epochs of its time in the most determinate and striking manner.

IV. THE PARTS OF WOMEN PLAYED BY MEN AT THE THEATRE OF ROME.

THERE is no place in the world where the times long past, so forcibly and on so many occasions address the observer, as at Rome. There, among several more customs, they have also accidentally preserved one, which in all other places, has been almost totally laid aside.

The antients, at least in the best times of art and manners, permitted no woman to make her entrance on the stage. Their dramas were either so composed, that women were more or less dispensable: or the female characters were performed by an actor who had particularly trained himself to them. This practice is still preserved in modern Rome and the other territories of the church; except Bologna, which city, among other privileges, enjoys that of allowing women to be admired on the stage.

So much has been said in blame of this roman custom, that I may perhaps be permitted to say somewhat in its praise; at least (for fear of seeming too paradoxical) if it be only to call the attention to a relic of antiquity.

Nothing

Nothing concerning the opera is here intended ; as the fine and flattering voices of the castratos, to which moreover the female habit seems far more suitable than the manly dress, easily reconciles us with whatever might occasionally appear an impropriety in the cloathing of the figure.

I presuppose, as in all such cases we must, that the parts are adapted to the manner and abilities of the performers. A condition, without which no theatre, and hardly the greatest and most various actor, could subsist.

The modern Romans have in general a great fancy for changing the dresses of the two sexes in masquerades. During the carnival a number of young fellows go about habited as females of the lowest class, and seem to take great delight in this disguise. Coachmen and lacquays frequently make a very decent figure as women, and especially if they are young and good-looking fellows, and are handsomely dressed. On the other hand, one sees ladies of the middle stations as Pulcinellos, and the women of fashion look well and even beautifully in the officer's uniform. Every one seems to enjoy this frolic, in which we have all, when children, been often delighted ; as an agreeable prolongation of juvenile follies. It is curious to see how both sexes appear to amuse themselves in this self-creation, by usurping as much as possible the prerogative of Tiresias.

In like manner, the young men who devote themselves to the performance of female characters, take incredible pains to attain at perfection in their art. They observe the looks, the motions, the deportment

of ladies in the nicest manner; they do their utmost to ape them in every particular, and give their voice the softness and melody of that sex, even when they cannot alter its deeper tone; in short, they strive as far as in their power lies, to divest themselves entirely of their sex. They are as enamoured of every new fashion as any woman in the world can be; they employ the first-rate milliners to dress and adorn them; and the principal actresses of a theatre is very successful when she makes so complete a figure.

As to the under-parts, they, generally speaking, are not so well filled; and it is not to be denied, that Columbine is often unable entirely to conceal her blue-beard. But as great improprieties are seen in the generality of the rest of the theatres, in respect to the under-parts; and, excepting in the very capitals of other kingdoms, where greater care is taken of the stage, there is frequently much reason to complain of the unskilfulness of performers of the third and fourth orders, and of the failure in the illusion that this occasions.

I attended the roman theatre not free from prejudice: but I soon found myself reconciled, without thinking of it; I felt a pleasure hitherto unknown to me, and I remarked that many others shared in it likewise. I strove to find out the cause; and it seems to be: that in this representation, the idea of imitation, the sentiment of art, always remain alert, and by the proper performance only one kind of conscious illusion is produced.

We recollect to have seen an expert young man on the London stage, perform old characters with the
completest

completest deception, and we cannot but recollect at the same time, the two-fold pleasure that actor gave us. In like manner, a double satisfaction arises from hence, that these persons are not ladies, but ladies represented. The young man has studied the peculiarities of the female sex in their whole manner and deportment; he understands them, and exhibits them to our view in quality of an artist; he acts not himself, but a third, and properly a foreign nature. We enter so much the more deeply into this representation, as every one has observed them, every one has considered them, and it is not the subject, but the result of the subject, that is represented before us.

Now, as all art is thus eminently distinguished from simple imitation; so it is natural that at such a representation we should feel a peculiar kind of pleasure, and overlook many imperfections in the execution of the whole.

It must indeed be necessarily understood, as was hinted above, that the parts must be suitable to this kind of acting.

Thus the public could not refuse a general applause to the *Locandiera* of Goldoni.

The young man who represented the hostess, exhibited the various shades of the character as accurately as possible. The sedate coldness of the girl, who is active and industrious in her affairs, is civil, friendly, and officious to all, but has no mind either to love or to be beloved, still less is disposed to hearken to the amorous passions of her principal guests; the private tender coquetteries by which she contrives to captivate her male visitors; the wounded pride she shews on

being treated roughly and unkindly by one of them; the various delicate blandishments by which she artfully entices this very man to her; and at last the triumph at having even made a conquest of him!

I am persuaded, and have even been witness to it, that an able and intelligent actress may entitle herself to great applause in this character: but the latter scenes, represented by a lady, will always offend. The expression of that unimpressible coldness, that delicious sentiment of revenge, the insolent joy at having done mischief, would shock us with its intemperate truth; and when she at last gives her hand to the menial servant of the house, only that she may have one servant at home, we should be but little satisfied with the catastrophe of the piece. Whereas, on the roman theatre, it is not the unamiable coldness, the female insolence itself, the representation only reminds the audience of it; they comfort themselves with the thought, that at least for this time it is not real. They gave hearty claps of applause to the young actor, and were pleased that he had displayed so thorough a knowledge of the dangerous talents of the beloved sex; and, by a happy imitation of their behaviour, in a manner avenged us on the fair, for all the things of a like nature that we suffer from them.

I repeat it then; the audience here felt the pleasure of seeing, not the matter itself, but its imitation; not of being entertained by nature, but by art; not of being shewn an individuality, but a result.

To this must be added, that the figure of the actor was well adapted to a person of the middle class of life.

And

And thus Rome has preserved to us, among its numerous remains, this old method, though more incomplete; and even though every one shall not be pleased with it, yet the man of reflection will find in it an opportunity of bringing back to his imagination the manners of those antient times, and is more disposed to credit the testimonies of the old writers; who assure us, in different places, that there were actors who carried their art to such a pitch, as, even in female habits, to charm a nation of taste.

V. N A P L E S.

LAZARONI.

IN Naples there are between thirty and forty thousand idle people, who have no stated business to follow, and likewise require none. They need only a few ells of linen for all their cloathing, and about sixpence a day for their support. For want of beds, they sleep every night upon benches; and are thence called, in derision, Banchieri or Lazaroni. With a stoical indifference they despise the conveniences of life. Such a number of vagrants must always be a great nuisance in a state; but at the same time it is very difficult to alter the genius and temper of a nation, and to give a spirit of industry to people who have so strong a propensity to idleness. It requires time and unwearied application, in order first to rouse them to a kind of emulation, and a king who resides in the country, who is loved and feared by his subjects, and is capable of boldly prosecuting a prudent and judicious plan to that effect.

effect. Naples in that case might become a far more powerful kingdom than it is. Its maritime situation presents the fairest occasion for giving employment to so many thousand hands by manufactures, commerce, and navigation. Among such a multitude of idle vagabonds there must necessarily be many loose and disorderly persons, by whom the nation is brought into discredit, though in fact it is no worse than the rest of Italy." I have taken the above extract from the third volume of *Historical and Critical Accounts of Italy*, by Folkman.

Indeed I could not but observe at Naples a very great number of ill-cloathed people; but I saw none that were unemployed. I accordingly enquired of several of my friends, after the forty thousand idlers, whom I wanted to be acquainted with; and, as they could give me no information on the subject, I went in pursuit of them myself; as a strict examination into the matter was so necessary for forming a notion of the state of the government.

For gaining some knowledge then of the confused mass of people that are seen in the streets and public places, I began by judging and classifying the various figures according to their dress, their aspect, their behaviour, and their occupation. I found this operation much easier here than any where else; as the people are more left to themselves, and their outward appearance shews their station.

I entered on my observations early every morning; and all the men I saw here and there standing still, or reposing themselves, I found to be people whose callings necessarily implied such momentary situations:

The porters, who have their settled stations in various parts of the city, and were only waiting till somebody wanted their service ;

The calleffari, the fellows and lads, who stand in the great squares with caleshes, looking after their horses, and ready to attend any body that calls them out ;

Sea-faring men, smoaking their pipes in the molo ;

Fishermen, who lie basking in the sun, because perhaps the wind is unfavourable for putting off to sea. I remarked likewise numbers, passing and repassing, but most of them bore with them the tokens of their activity. Of beggars there were none to be seen, except such as were complete cripples, or rendered infirm by age, or impotent by disease. The more I looked about me, the more accurately I observed, the fewer I could perceive, either of the lower or of middling classes, either in the morning or through the greater part of the day, of any age, or of either sex, that could properly be called idle vagabonds.

But, for rendering what I advance more credible and apparent, I must enter a little into particulars. The very children are busied in various ways. A great number of them bring fish for sale to town from Santa Lucia ; others are very often seen about the arsenals, or wherever carpenters are at work, employed in gathering up the chips and pieces of wood, or by the sea-side picking up sticks and whatever else is drifted ashore ; which, when their basket is full, they carry away. Children of two or three years old, who can scarcely crawl along upon the ground, in company with boys of five or six, are employed in this petty trade. From hence they proceed with their baskets into the heart of
the

the city, where in several places they form a sort of little market sitting round with their stock of wood before them. Labourers and the lower orders of citizens buy it of them, to burn in the tripods for warming themselves, or to use it in their scanty kitchen.

Other children carry about for sale the water of the sulphureous wells; which, particularly in the spring season, is drank in great abundance. Others again endeavour to turn a few pence, by buying a small matter of fruit, of pressed honey, cakes, and comfits, and then, like little pedlars, offer and sell them to other children; always for no more profit than that they may have their share of them free of expence. It is really curious to see, how such an urchin, whose whole stock and property consists in a board and a knife, will carry about a water melon or a half roasted gourd, collects a troop of children round him, sets down his board, and proceeds to divide the fruit into small pieces among them. The buyers keep a sharp look out to see that they have enough for their little piece of copper; and the lilliputian tradesman acts with no less caution as the exigencies of the case may require, that he be not cheated out of a morsel. I am convinced, that during the course of longer stay in this place, many more examples of such childish trafficking might be collected.

A vast number of persons, partly of the middle ages, and partly boys, that are, generally speaking, very badly clothed, employ themselves in bringing dung to town upon the backs of asses. The country lying close about Naples is one continued kitchen garden; and it is a pleasure to see what an inexpressible quantity of greens are brought hither every market day; which
again

again employs the industry of mankind in carrying back again the waste and refuse of the kitchens, for accelerating the circle of vegetation. From the incredible consumption of vegetables, the stalks and leaves of cauliflowers, brocoli, artichokes, cabbages, fallad, garlic, really make a great part of the neapolitan compost; all this is therefore carefully looked after. Two large pliant panniers hang across the ass, and are not only filled quite to the top, but are piled up with great art till the heaps meet over the back of the beast. No garden can subsist without one or more of these useful animals. A servant, a lad, and frequently the master himself, go backwards and forwards as often as they can in the day, as they find the city at all hours a mine of wealth. How attentive these collectors are to the dung of horses and mules may easily be imagined. Very reluctantly do they leave the streets at the coming on of night; and the gentry who return from the opera after midnight, little think, that already before day-break, some diligent man is carefully tracing the steps of their horses. I have been credibly assured, that a couple of these people, who joining together to buy an ass, hire themselves to a capital proprietor of cabbage-grounds, by persevering industry in this happy climate, where vegetation is never interrupted, will soon be in a condition to purchase a considerable possession for themselves.

It would lead me too far out of my way, were I here to speak of the various wares and commodities, and the different kinds of traffic, that are seen with satisfaction in Naples as well as in other places; but I must take notice of the venders that ply the streets, as it
par-

particularly relates to the inferior class of the people. Some go about with glasses of ice-water, and lemons, for making lemonade for their customers; a drink which even the very lowest persons cannot do without; others, with hand-waiters on which are set flasks of various liquors with drinking-glasses broke in the shank and stuck in pieces of wood to keep them from falling; others carry baskets of all kinds of pastry, sweetmeats, lemons, and different fruits; and it seems as though every one was inclined to indulgence and to augment the grand festival of enjoyment which is every day kept at Naples.

As these peripatetic dealers are always occupied, so there are likewise a great number of petty tradesmen who carry on an ambulatory trade in the same way, and offer their trifling commodities, without ceremony, on boards or in open boxes; and, in the squares spread forth their whole shop on the even ground. We are not here speaking of wares, that are to be found in the more respectable shops; but merely of the fripperies. Not a particle of iron, leather, cloth, linen, thread, that is not brought again to market as frippery, and that is not again bought and sold by others. There are again numbers of the lower orders of people who act as runners and labourers to tradesmen and mechanics.

It is true, that one cannot advance many steps without meeting with an ill-dressed, or even a ragged fellow; but this poor fellow is not therefore a vagrant or a scoundrel. Nay, I might almost venture to affirm, what will appear a paradox; that at Naples, there is proportionably, perhaps even the most industry to be found

found in the very lowest classes. This industry, indeed, is not to be compared with that of the northern countries; which has to provide, not only for the present day and hour, but, on fair and fine days, for the dark and rainy, in summer for winter. Hence the Northlander is compelled by nature to make particular provisions and arrangements; the huswife must look after her saltings, her dryings and smokings, that the kitchen may be supplied in the winter; the husband must see to the cutting down of wood for firing, to the laying up a store of fruits of the earth, getting proper fodder for the cattle, &c. All this robs them of the enjoyment of the finest days and hours, which are necessarily devoted to labour. A great part of the year a man chuses to keep himself at home, as the air without is unpleasant and rude; he is obliged to shelter himself from the storm, from the rain, from the snow, from the frost: the seasons are incessantly succeeding each other, and every man who will not come to ruin must be a good œconomist. For the question here is not, whether he will dispense with all this. It does not depend upon his choice to dispense with it; it would be needless to resolve to dispense with it, for he cannot if he would; nature herself compels him to provide work for himself. Certainly these natural effects, which remain unaltered for thousands of years, have determined the character of the northern nations, which is so respectable in such a variety of regards. On the other hand, we judge of the southern nations, which have the benefit of so mild and benign an atmosphere, with too much severity from the point of view in which we behold them. What M. de Paw,

in

in his *Recherches sur les Grecs*, takes occasion to advance, when speaking of the cynic philosophers, suits perfectly well with the subject we are upon. We do not form just ideas, he thinks, of the wretched condition of such men; their maxim of dispensing with all things was favoured by a climate that supplied them with all things. A man, in our opinion, poor and wretched, could in those countries, not only satisfy the necessary and first wants of life, but might enjoy the world to the best advantage; and so may a pretended neapolitan beggar look down with contempt on a viceroy of Norway, and reject with disdain the government of Siberia, if the empress of Russia were disposed to make him the offer of it.

Certainly a cynic philosopher would fare but badly in our northern countries; while, in the southern climes, he is invited, as it were, by nature to embrace that system. The man in tatters is yet not naked there; he who has neither a house of his own, nor money to hire one, yet in summer passes the night under splendid roofs, in the porches of palaces and churches, and in bad weather can find a shelter for his head by means of a very trifle of money, is therefore not yet a forlorn and outcast being; a man is not yet poor because he has not provided for another day. If we do but consider what a quantity of nourishment is afforded by a sea that abounds in fish, and on the produce whereof every man is obliged by law to live for some days in the week; how all kinds of fruits and garden-stuff is to be had at every season of the year in abundance; how the country where Naples stands has merited the name of *Terra di Lavoro* (not the land of labour, but the land
of

of tillage), and the whole province the honourable title of the Happy Country, Campagna Felice, which it has borne for hundreds of years: and it will be immediately conceived how easy it must be to live there.

In general, the paradox which I hazarded above, would give rise to numberless reflections if any one should undertake to compose a circumstantial picture of Naples; to which indeed no inferior talents and the observations of many years would be requisite. It would then perhaps be remarked, that the Lazaroni, as they are called, are on the whole not a jot more inactive than the other classes of people. But it would likewise be remarked, that all in their several ways do not work merely that they may live, but that they may enjoy; and that they may find pleasure in existence even while they are at work. What may in a great measure contribute to this is, that the workmen, almost in every way, are far behind the northern artisans; that manufactures have not got a firm footing; that, excepting advocates and physicians, there are but few men of letters to be met with, in comparison of the great bulk of the people, who raise themselves to any great degree of merit by their particular pursuits; accordingly, there has never been any painter of great skill and peculiar taste, of the neapolitan school; hence too the clergy are sunk in indolence and sloth, and study nothing but how to enjoy their dignities and their great possessions in sensuality, pomp, and dissipation.

I know that this censure is said to be too general; and that the characteristic features of every class are not to be thoroughly judged of but by an intimate inspection

spection and long observation: yet I think, upon the whole, that, after all, the result will be nearly as I have stated it.

But, to return to the commonalty of Naples. It is observable among them, that when you send a little wanton boy on an errand or give him any thing else to do, how directly he goes about his business; and at the same time makes that business a matter of play. This class of people discover a great vivacity of mind, and have universally a sharp and penetrating eye. Their language is metaphorical, their wit acute and lively. The old Atella lay in the parts about Naples; and as their favourite Pulicinello still continues the same diversion, so the whole vulgar class of persons even now partake of that humour. Of which I shall write to you more hereafter.

VI. MICHAEL ANGELO.

MICHAEL Angelo, the battle-painter, so called from his principal talent in battle-pieces, must be reckoned among the most eminent masters of the Italian school; his last works were held in the greatest estimation, but particularly his picture of the well, l'aqua uetosa. The circumstance that gave occasion to it is thus related at Rome. There was in his time at that city an ox of enormous dimensions and bulk. Every one was interested for the preservation of this extraordinary animal. After a certain time, being attacked by some unknown disease by which he was visibly consuming from day to day, medicines were administered; but without effect. At length the resolution was taken to

to turn him out to graze; and to this end they pitched upon a meadow not far from Rome, about seven or eight english miles from the porta del popolo. Scarcely had he been here three days, but the animal had regained his former health and vigour. Every man was curious to learn what herbs had been used to effect this cure; and it was at length discovered, that a well he had chose of himself to drink from, the water whereof was naturally of a purgative quality, had restored him to health. Pope Alexander VII. caused it immediately to be faced with marble; and the fame of its healing virtues was soon spread through all the provinces of Italy. In the months of July, August, and September, the resort of people for using the water is extremely great. Michael Angelo has seized the moment when the concourse is the most numerous. The anecdote just related is represented in the piece; and human figures to the number of between a hundred and thirty and a hundred and forty, whereof some are eight, others ten, and others twelve inches high, descriptive of the costume and features of the several peuplades of Italy, form a very agreeable group. The picture is five feet nine inches wide, and four feet one inch in height.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE PEOPLE IN AND
ABOUT NAPLES.

A Remarkable air of gaiety strikes one every moment here, which inspires the stranger with participating pleasure. The flowers and fruits of a thousand brilliant dyes with which nature presents them, seem to invite mankind to adorn themselves and all their utensils as much as possible with the like glowing colours.

lours. Silks and ribbands, flowers in the hats, and every diversified mark of gaiety, decorate every person according to his means. The chairs and commodos, even in the poorest houses, are ornamented with gold and gaudy flowers. Even the caleshes in the streets, are painted in scarlet, the carvings are gilded, the horses are decorated with bouquets, scarlet trappings, and glittering tinsel. Many of them have plumes of feathers, others little streamers on their heads, which nod and flutter as they go along. It is usual with us to deride, as barbaric and vulgar, a fondness for tawdry colours; and in some sort it may be so and actually is: but, under a bright and always azure sky, nothing is properly tawdry; for nothing can outshine the lustre of the sun or its reflection in the sea. The liveliest colours will be deadened by the powerful light of day; and, as all colours, the various greens of the trees and plants, the yellow, brown, and red, complexion of the earth, act in full energy on our eyes: so the motley hues of flowers and dresses combine in perfect harmony. The rosy coloured boddice and blue gowns of the wives and daughters of Nettuno, edged with broad gold and silver; the national dresses of other colours, the painted ships, all seem contending in chearful rivalry to make themselves some way visible under the blaze of heaven and the effulgence of the sea.

And as they live, so they bury their dead; here no long, dismal, silent, sable train disturbs the harmony of the festive world.

I saw a child borne to the grave. A large red-coloured piece of tapestry embroidered with gold, covered a broad bier, whereon was placed a carved case, highly

highly gilt and filvered, in which lay the corpse arrayed in white, and decked all over with rose-coloured ribbands. At all the four corners of this case stood angels, about two foot high, holding in their hands large nosegays of flowers over the child; and, as they were only fixed on wires beneath, so, as the bier moved on, they made correspondent motions, and seemed to sprinkle the child with the odoriferous dew of the flowers. The faster the carriage proceeded along the road, the quicker was the movement of the angels and the priests that went before, and the torch-bearers by the sides, might more properly be said to run than to walk.

There is no season of the year, but one is surrounded with eatables at every turn; and the Neapolitan not only delights in eating, in common with all other mortals, but he will have his food adorned before he buys it.

At Sancta Lucia, the fish in their various assortments, are put in clean and neat baskets; crabs, oysters, shads, mussels, each apart, spread upon a nice board, with green leaves under them. The shops for dried fruits and pulse are ornamented in the greatest variety of ways. The oranges and lemons, of all sorts, displayed with green twigs, stuck between them, tempt the eye of the passenger. But nowhere do they shew a greater taste for ornament than in the butcher's meat, by which the sight of the populace is particularly caught; as the appetite is sharpened by periodical abstinence.

In the shambles, the parts of oxen, calves, sheep, are never exposed to the public view, without having the border of fat or the caul highly gilt. Several days in

the year, particularly Whitsuntide, are sacred to good cheer. It is then a general cocagna, at which 500,000 men all join in concert. At this time the street of Toledo, and several other streets and squares are ornamented in the most striking taste. The stalls and shops where greens are sold, where grapes, melons and figs are set out, most agreeably attract the eye. The eatables hang in festoons and garlands across the streets; large chains of saussages, gilt, and tied with red ribbands; turkies, with all of them a red streamer stuck under their rumps. I have been assured, that 30,000 of them are sold, without reckoning those fattened at home by private persons. Besides this, a vast number of asses, loaded with garden stuff, capons, and young lambs, are driven about the market and through the city; and the heaps of eggs that are seen in various parts, are so great, that no creature alive would imagine so many could be collected together. And it is not enough that all this is consumed; every year an officer of the police, goes through the city attended by a trumpeter, to proclaim in all the squares and crossways, how many thousand oxen, calves, lambs, hogs, &c. the Neapolitans have consumed. The people listen with extreme attention to the proclamation, and are immoderately delighted at the huge amount, while each individual recollects with pleasure the share he has had in the enjoyment.

What relates to the pastry dishes, which our cooks are so well skilled in preparing under a great diversity of denominations, is greatly attended to by this people, who are very adroit in such matters. The macaroni, a preparation of the dough made with fine meal, is to be had of all the different kinds, at a trifling

fling price. It is for the most part only boiled in water, and the grated cheese melts with it, and seasons the dish. At every corner almost of the principal streets stand pastry-cooks, with their pans of boiling oil, particularly on fast-days, cooking fish and pastry for their casual customers, who drop in, in incredible shoals. These fellows supply many thousand persons with their dinner and supper; which they carry away on a piece of paper. The stalls of these frigitori, are splendidly set forth on the day of St. Joseph, their patron. The shed is decorated with the image of the saint, and with a number of pictures representing souls suffering the pains of purgatory; as an allusion to the flames on which the fish are dressed. A large pan is heated over a fire; one man is making the paste, and another is putting the pieces into the boiling oil; but the persons of both, who with large two-pronged forks, are heaving out the cakes and pyes, are the most remarkable: they represent angels; but how they represent them is what no man would guess.

Guided by the idea that angels must have large flowing golden locks, they put flaxen full bottomed perriwigs on the heads of the boys who are to appear as angels in the solemn processions; perhaps these perriwigs are become bald by age and repeated service, or perhaps they are not always to be had with their proper complement of curls; in short, in a country where, generally speaking, every one wears his own hair, only the associated ideas of perriwigs and angels have remained, and the main idea of flowing locks is totally lost: so that these two fellows, who withal are as ragged as any blackguard in Naples, think it quite sufficient for supporting their dignity as angels, if they can

but get any old perriwig that will cover one ear; and, for the rest, their diligent plying of the pan makes them complete representatives of the good spirits whose office it is to hawl souls out of purgatory. This wonderfully ingenious decoration, with the incessant noise they make, and still more the cheap price of their commodities on this day, draw a multitude of buyers about them, who gratify their appetite for a few halfpence, and at the same time send up a pious ejaculation in behalf of the poor souls that lie howling in purgatory.

SOME PARTICULARS CONCERNING JULIA GONZAGA.

THE lovers of the imitative arts exhaust the powers of their eloquence in extolling to the skies the beauties of a medicean Venus or an Apollo belvedere. They consider them as ideal beauties, and pay them a greater tribute of praise, as creatures of art, than they do to nature; whose single productions are seldom or never in all their parts so perfect as to entitle them to be models of beauty. These wonders of art would be infinitely more interesting, if they were the real likenesses of extraordinary persons who antiently captivated the world by their singular beauty. Nothing interests us but nature, and what resembles her. Whatever has any appearance of excelling her, excites either aversion or cold admiration. What charms, what inward pleasure, would not the sight of a Julia Gonzaga, formed in parian marble by a Praxiteles, or drawn in colours by Correggio, produce in those who are convinced by history, and the concurrent encomiums of contemporary poets,

poets, of the real existence of this natural pattern of beauty! All the writers of the sixteenth century uniformly agree in this, that no eloquence has ever been sufficient to give but a faint sketch of her charms. She is celebrated both in verse and in prose. Among her enraptured admirers I find the greatest and most accomplished men of her times. Ariosto sings of her:

Giulia Gonzaga, che dovunque il piede
 Volge, dovunque i fereni occhi gira,
 Non pur ogn' altra di beltà le cede,
 Ma, come scesa dal ciel dea, l'ammira.

Orl. furioso, cant. xlvi. stanz. 8.

Jacob Betussi, in his supplement to the celebrated ladies of Boccaccio, says: “ Her beauty is the completest that God ever intended to create of the kind. “ The features and complexion of her face, and the “ whole structure of her limbs, are so finely proportioned, that envy itself can find nothing to discom- “ mend. No art is competent to express, either in “ words or colours, the vivacity of her eyes, and the “ sweetness of her voice”. We shall see, as we proceed, that this beautiful body was inhabited by as beautiful a soul; and this is the very reason that induced me to revive her memory by the collection of these particulars.

The marquis Lewis Gonzaga, count of Rodigo and Sabionia, and lord of several other places, and his lady Francisca Fieschi, were her parents. The year of her birth cannot be precisely ascertained. She had three brothers, the most famous of whom was Lewis, surnamed Rodomonte, and as many sisters, Hippolyta, Paula, and Eleonora; the first of whom was married

to Galeotto Pico, count of Mirandola, the second to Sanvitale count of Fontanellato, and the youngest to Hieronymus Martinengo. All these sisters received an excellent education; but none of them were so distinguished by extraordinary dispositions and powers of mind, as Julia, from her very infancy.

*Julia sed cunctas superat longe ipsa sorores,
Callidula, ingenio facili condita lepore,
Blandula, composito premens dictæria vultu,
Mitis, et ad cantus modulos, studiumque Minervæ
Nata, vel artificis dextra simulare, quod ultro
Fingere multiplici potis est natura colore.*

Thus are her praises sung in her younger years, by John Buonavoglia*, the tutor of her brother Lewis. From her childhood she was well skilled, not only in music, drawing and embroidery, but likewise in the fine arts. Hence it was, that throughout her whole life she preferred the society of men of letters to all others.

Vespasiano Colonna, duke of Trajetto, moved by the reports of her extraordinary beauty and the rare endowments of her mind, having lost his consort Beatrix of Appiano, by death, demanded her in marriage, when she had just completed her thirteenth year. This prince was rich; but his bodily frame was not calculated to recommend him. He was not only above forty, but was lame both in his hands and feet, and his whole body crippled and infirm. However, her father, who had seven children to provide for, induced by the brilliant circumstances of the duke, consented to this extremely unequal match. It is probable that

* Gonzagium monumentum, MS. lib. iii.

he forefaw he had not long to live, and gave her to him for the ſhort remainder of his life, merely as an object to feed his eyes upon, in order to procure for her an ample proviſion, as a widow. Julia had the art to keep up the ardent paſſion of her decrepit ſpouſe ſo well, that he not only made her a preſent of 13,000 ducats the day after their marriage, but by virtue of his teſtament, put her in poſſeſſion, after his death, of all his eſtates and domains, in the roman and neapolitan territories, ſo long as ſhe ſhould not enter on a ſecond marriage; but, in caſe ſhe ſhould think fit to marry, ſhe was to have nothing except her dowry, which amounted to 4000 ducats in money and jewels. He died about the year 1528. after having lived with her a ſhort ſpace in unconſummed marriage, at leaſt as the general report at that time went.

Palliano, a town in Campagnia di Roma, was the place of her reſidence. Her confort had here ſcarcely cloſed his eyes, than ſhe found herſelf in imminent danger of being ejected from her inheritance by Aſanio Colonna, and Napoleone Orſini, abbot of Farfa, who both formed pretenſions to this lordſhip. But pope Clement VII. protected her againſt the artifice of the former, and Lewis Rodomonte, her brother, who ſerved in the imperial army, which had ſhortly before pillaged Rome, drove out the latter with the imperial troops that were already in poſſeſſion of the town of Palliano, and had taken priſoner Sciarra Colonna with his ſoldiers, whom the pope had ſent to its relief*.

For this very important ſervice ſhe rewarded her brother by giving him her ſtep-daughter Iſabella in

* Jovius, hiſt. lib. xxvi.

marriage, who brought him a portion of 30,000 ducats. She had been destined by the will of her father, either for him, or for Ippolito de Medici, the nephew of the pope. Julia, however, through the means of her brother, the cardinal Pirro, knew how to manage the affair so wisely: that, without offending his holiness, the wealthy bride should fall to the lot of her deliverer and brother Lewis. To Ippolito de Medici it was no hard matter to renounce Isabella; as he at that time entertained great hopes of marrying the incomparably more beautiful young step-mother herself.

He had long been desperately in love with her; though, during the life of her husband, he had never presumed to reveal his passion otherwise than by significant sighs and tears. But now he gave his love free vent. He disclosed it to her both in verse and prose. As he thought he saw a great similarity between the fire of his love and the conflagration of Troy, he translated into rhymeless verse the second book of the *Æneid*, where that event is described, and presented this translation to his beloved Julia; with a dedication that contained a formal declaration of his love*. But she could by no means be induced to contract a second marriage. Her aversion for the nuptial state went so far, that she would have no married woman in her service; and was much displeased when any person left it in order to marry. Ippolito, who could devise no method of conquering her aversion to wedlock, at length gave up all hopes of succeeding; and pro-

* This translation, with the dedication, was first printed in 1538. after the death of the author, under the name of a knight-errant [cavalliere errante] and afterwards with his real name.

cured himself the investiture of the cardinal's-purple from his uncle. His exceeding great love and Julia's gratitude formed themselves into the tenderest friendship; which was never once interrupted till his untimely death.

The fair sex have often been compared to the vine, which cannot support itself without some substantial prop. Lewis, the brother of Julia, and spouse of her step-daughter Isabella, was forced to quit them both on account of his military vocation. Scarcely was he gone in compliance with his orders, when Ascanio Colonna, by force and stratagem, made himself master of the towns of Palliano and Genazzano, with all the estates which had belonged to her deceased husband in Campagna di Roma; and obliged the forlorn Julia to retire with Isabella, to her neapolitan domains. Here they made the town of Fondi the place of their abode; where Isabella, in the year 1531. brought the famous Vespasiano Gonzaga into the world. At the same time death ravished from her, her brother the cardinal Pirro, her principal support at the court of Rome; and, shortly afterwards, deprived her of her protector and deliverer, her other brother Lewis. The pope recalled him from the imperial service, and dispatched him, as captain-general, with his troops, to quell the tumults excited by the seditious Napoleone Orsini. He routed him at Vicovaro, and took from him that strong-hold; but died there a few days afterwards, of a wound he had received in the encounter. Julia was inconsolable on the loss of him. Bernardo Tasso, the father of Torquato*,

* He wrote at that time the elegant poem which he entitled *Salva-*

and other poets, vied with each other in dispelling her sorrow, by poems of various kinds; but this was a wound that admitted of no cure by the charms of poetry.

She was still bewailing at Fondi the irreparable loss of her brother Lewis, while cruel fortune was preparing for her a more severe affliction. The Turks were then at war with the christians. Barbarossa, the admiral of the turkish fleet, found means in the month of September, 1533. to come upon the italian coast without meeting any resistance. The fame of the rare beauty of Julia Gonzaga had penetrated even to the ottoman port. Barbarossa formed the design of carrying her off as a prize for Solyman his master. He landed two thousand Turks in the confines of Procida and Spelunca, who were conducted by some neapolitan renegadoes, across the desert mountains, quite to Fondi. No intimation was had of their approach, till, about an hour before day, they presented themselves beneath the walls of the fortress. They had already forced the gates, and were hastening, like ravenous wolves, to the palace where Julia dwelt. Roused from sleep by the piteous cry of the amazed inhabitants, she sprung upon a horse with the utmost alacrity, and passing through a secret postern, escaped to the neighbouring mountains. The Turks examined every corner of the palace and the town, carried every thing away they could meet with, and omitted no species of cruelty on the inhabitants, on seeing their scheme defeated. In the mean time the half-naked Julia was scampering over hill and dale, in the cold and dismal gloom of day-break, like a hunted deer, which, at every motion of the bushes, seems to feel the murderous

derous teeth of the dogs in her haunches. It is highly probable, that, attended by a few of her most trusty servants, she hid herself in some covert, till they could procure her a decent dress, and convey her in safety to one of the fortresses in those parts.

What Pierre de Bourdeille, lord of Brantome, relates of her, that she fell into the hands of a vagabond troop of banditti, and underwent from these what she was in fear of from the Turks, is confirmed by no contemporary author; and has all the appearance of an idle fiction. This writer does not even know her name, and is ignorant of her being the widow of Vespasiano Colonna. He calls her Livia Gonzaga, wife of Ascanio Colonna, and says: *Mais le malheur de la dame voulut, que, tombant de Scylle en Carybde, vint à tomber en se sauvant parmi les bandoliers et foruscis du royaume, laquelle fut reconnue d'aucuns, d'autres non, je vous laisse donc à penser, si ce bon et friand boucon, tombé entre les mains et puissance de ces affamez, ne fut pas gousté et tasté à bon escient, ainsi que plusieurs n'en doutent point, d'autres si: mais quelque serment et exécution qu'elle peut faire, n'en peut estre creue: car volontiers une si belle et bonne viande ne scauroit échapper impollue de telles gens* *. That he might give his tale a greater appearance of truth, he adds, that he was himself en la ville de Fondi auprès de Naples, and there learnt this fine anecdote; as if Fondi, which is at the distance of 64 Italian miles from Naples, can be said to lie near Naples; and as if the story of some menial servant at Fondi was more worthy of credit, than the testimony

* Mémoires contenant les vies des dames illustres. Disc. vi. p. 272.

of contemporary writers, who uniformly agree, that she happily escaped uninjured from this danger. The anecdote-hunter Varillas transcribes this fiction without hesitation, as an undoubted truth, and improves upon it by a palpable chronological error, by placing it in the year 1537 *. Such anecdotes can pass easily with none but careless readers. Julia Gonzaga had attracted universal attention, as well by her princely rank as her personal merits. An occurrence that so nearly concerned her honour, would not, if the inhabitants of Fondi had certain accounts of it, have been concealed between the walls of that town, till Brantome came there so long afterwards.

The cardinal Ippolito de Medici was lately returned from Germany, whither he had been sent by his uncle pope Clement VII. As soon as the news of the landing of the Turks was brought to Rome, the pontif sent him, with a chosen body of soldiers, to drive them back †. We may easily imagine that this brave warrior would not neglect a moment to avenge himself of these robbers, who had not only plundered the possessions of his dear friend, but had likewise laid wait for her personal liberty and honour. The Turks, however, got intimation of his coming, and made off with all possible speed. The cardinal had the satisfaction, which to him was perhaps of more value than a roman triumph, of carrying Julia back with him to Fondi.

Amongst the courtiers that accompanied him, were the poets Molza and Porrino; who, captivated with

* Histoire de François I. lib. viii. ann. 1537. p. 255

† Jovius, hist. lib. xxxiii.

Julia's singular endowments, began now to praise her in their poems. At the request of the cardinal, Molza invented an emblematical figure, which was a perfect resemblance of the princess, the representation of the morning-star, with the device taken from Horace: *Micat inter omnes Julium fidus* *. Porrino had, at this time, the good fortune to be taken into her service. How happy he thought himself on that account, the following verses testify:

Io che non vissi riposato un' ora
 Gran tempo a i colpi di fortuna segno,
 Or lei sprezzando e del suo regno fora
 Non è più che mi offenda ira nè sdegno,
 Poichè mi fè del suo numero eletto
 La bella donna che mi scalda il petto †.

Julia thenceforward lived sometimes at Fondi, and sometimes at Trajetto; but let her be where she would, she was ever visited by persons of the finest talents; who universally admired her for her qualities both of heart and mind. Bernard Tasso stopped at her palace, on his journey to Salerno, to enter on his office under the prince of that place. On this occasion it was that he was rapt in that lofty transport wherein he composed the beautiful poem in her praise, which is seen in the collection of his smaller poems.

But no one was so assiduous in his visits as the cardinal Ippolito de Medici. He thought he could not live without her. That at least he might have her likeness

* Dialogo delle imprese, 145.

† Sopra il ritratto di donna Giulia, Ranz. 49.

in his house, he caused her picture to be drawn by Sebastiano del Piombo. This portrait, according to the judgement of Raphael Borghini, was one of the finest productions of that celebrated artist*. On the death of the cardinal, it was presented to Francis I. king of France, who placed it in the palace of Fontainebleau. Molza and Porinno exhausted the powers of their poetic genius in singing its praises, or rather those of its original †.

In the year 1535. Julia had the misfortune to lose her best friend the cardinal Ippolito. We are told by Varchi, that, by his frequent travelling backwards and forwards between Itri and Fondi, where the air in the summer months is sometimes infected by the pestilential exhalations of a lake, he contracted such a sickness that forced him to take to his bed on the second of August, at Itri, a place belonging to him, at the distance of four italian miles from Fondi, but did not prove mortal; for, when his recovery was almost complete, he was poisoned by one of his domestics ‡. Julia exerted herself to the utmost to prolong his life; but, as he could not be prevailed upon to take a counter-poison, or any other medicine §, he died on

* Riposo di Raffaello Borghini, p. 371.

† For the admirers of italian poetry it is to be remarked, that, of the collection of Dolce, and in the new edition of the poems of Molza, which was set on foot and arranged by the abbé Serassi, the second part does not belong to Molza, but to Porrino. The stanzas of Porrino were published singly in 1551. by Tramezzino, at Venice, which edition is become extremely scarce.

‡ Istorie Fior. lib. xiv. p. 537.

§ Serassi, vita del Molza, p. 47.

the tenth of August, and was interred first at Itri, and afterwards at Rome, in the church of St. Lawrence.

It is highly probable that the grievous loss of so faithful and affectionate a friend, was the principal motive to her chusing a nunnery at Naples for the place of her retreat. But she was likewise impelled by another very urgent cause to repair to Naples towards the year 1536. Her step-daughter Isabella, not only laid claim to all the feignories of her father, but even denied that he had settled upon her the 13,000 ducats. Though Julia's deceased husband had secured to her, by will, the possession of all his lordships so long as she continued a widow; yet, for the sake of peace, she was contented to relinquish her right, if a decent maintenance were but allowed her. But, as Isabella would listen to no proposals, the emperor Charles V. being at Naples in the year 1536. appointed a commission to search the will: and to determine the matter according to law and equity. This induced Julia to retire into a convent at Naples. It was not only more easy for her here to wait the issue of her process; but the convent served her as a rampart against all the attacks that her uncommon beauty might draw upon her. To this end she made choice of the convent of St. Francesco. She did not however put on the habit of a nun, nor did she confine herself within the precincts of the cloister. She lived elegantly, though reservedly, with her female attendants; and was condescending and affable to the nuns. She only went out on urgent affairs. None were denied access to her. She received her visitants with the most engaging cordiality. Annibal Caro took a journey to Naples in the year 1538.

more for the sake of seeing Julia, the wonder of her age, than the curiosities of that capital. He pathetically laments, in one of his letters, that he did not meet Porrino there* to introduce him to her. He, however, succeeded; and expresses himself thereon in another of his letters thus: *Di questa signora non posso dir cosa che non sia stata detta, e che dicendosi non sia affai men del vero*†.

How the process was terminated, with her step-daughter, who had married the prince of Salmona, is unknown to me; but it could not have been decided entirely to her disadvantage, as she continued to live in princely state, and left behind her an annual revenue of 30,000 ducats. In 1540. she lost her father, the marquis Lewis Gonzaga; who, in his testament, gave in charge to her the education of the young Vespasiano, his grandson, on whom the continuation of the family depended. By this circumstance she was involved in a fresh law-suit with Isabella, the mother of the boy by her second spouse; but which was determined in her favour. She caused her nephew to be brought to Naples, where she gave him an education proper for a person of such high expectations. Of the privileges she obtained for him from the emperor, in regard to his fiefs in Lombardy, and which obliged her to make a journey thither in 1546. I shall not now speak, that I may consider her in another point of view, where she shews the greatness of her soul by the contempt of worldly grandeur.

Every one knows to what a height the house of Farnese was raised by Paul III. Peter Aloysius was duke

* Lettere, vol. i. num. 25. 26.

† Id. ib. num. 28.

of Parma and Placentia. He had a daughter named Victoria. Both the duke and the pope demanded that she should be married to the young Vespasiano, her nephew. It was the advice of all her friends, not to slight so splendid a proposal; but, as she was convinced, that her nephew was not in a condition to provide for a niece of the pope and daughter of a duke, in a manner suitable to her rank, no arguments they could use were able to obtain her consent.

When Vespasiano Gonzaga, her nephew, had arrived at the age that capacitated him to assume the government of his domains in Lombardy, she gave him up to his own guidance, bid adieu to all worldly affairs, and shut herself closer than ever in the nunnery at Naples; that she might devote the rest of her days to repose, and what was then called piety. She died the 19th of April, in the year 1566. after having appointed her nephew sole heir of her property; which, after the payment of the various legacies, amounted to a yearly revenue of 30,000 ducats. One thing is remarkable, that, in her testament, she commends her soul to God and our Saviour, without mentioning the mother of God and the saints; and that, of all her numerous legacies, there is not one that relates to monks and masses. I shall not conclude from hence that she neither believed in masses nor in saints: but it agrees perfectly with what Thuanus writes of her, that she and Victoria Colonna were thought to be secretly attached to the protestant religion. He relates, that Pietro Carnesecchi, who in the year 1566. was at Rome condemned to the flames, as a heretic, was adjudged to that miserable death because he had con-

tracted friendships with heretics in Germany, and in Italy was known to be on an amicable footing with Victoria Colonna, widow of the marquis of Pescara, and with Julia Gonzaga, who were suspected on account of religion. Convictusque, says he, quod cum sectariis in Germania, et in Italia cum Victoria Columnia, marchionis Piscarii vidua, et Julia Gonzaga, lectissimis alioqui feminis, de pravitate sectaria suspectis, amicitiam coluisset *.

AN OLYMPIC DIALOGUE.

Jupiter, in a reclined posture on a couch bestrewed with roses; Juno, sitting at his feet.

Jupiter.

AND is this all, dear Juno, thou hadst to ask of me? Hadst thou even requested somewhat impossible, I would have tried, in order to please thee, whether it might not have been rendered possible.

Juno.] Thou art very galant, Jupiter!—I shall never require any thing unreasonable of thee.

Jupiter.] The kings and the nobles of the earth have ever belonged to thy department; and it is the least thou canst expect of my tenderness, that I leave thee to act undisturbed in thy own sphere.

Juno.] My wishes extend no farther. For, as I know thy present maxims, it would be exacting too

* Jo. Aug. Thuan. Hist. tom. II. lib. xxxix. p. 48.

much should I require thee to take up the cause even of kings in a more spirited manner.

Jupiter.] Thou wouldst imply, as it should seem, that I incline too much to the popular side? It may in some measure be the case; but in fact it is only because it is one of my first maxims of government, always to be of the side, that at last is right. The present time is not favourable to kings; it is now the people's turn, and I am much afraid, my love, to do ever so little for thee and thy clients; at the same time I swear to thee, that I will put no obstacles in the way of the measures thou shalt take to their advantage.

Juno.] The inhabitants of the earth have not yet brought matters to such a pass, as, in order to be independent on us, to dare to imagine that we have no longer any authority over them!

Jupiter.] As I said, thou mayst try. I leave thee at full liberty. I only foresee, that, as matters are, thou wilt have but little cause of joy from the event.

Juno.] I had rather thou didst not foresee it. If I were inclined to be suspicious —

Jupiter.] That thou hast always been a little, so-vereign of my heart! But for this once thou wouldst do me wrong. It is my fixed determination to keep my promise; by leaving the mighty masters of the earth to thy powerful protection, and to — their fate.

Juno.] I confess, Jupiter, that I do not rightly comprehend, how the king of gods and men can be so indifferent to the cause of kings; and see, without moving a finger, his subdelegates gradually changing into theatrical princes and kings of cards.

Jupiter.] To that it will not so easily come, my dearest!

Juno.] To that it is in part already come; and to that it will at last come altogether, if we remain idle spectators much longer.

Jupiter.] Out of a card-king we shall not indeed make a man, such as Henry the fourth of France or Frederic of Prussia; and he that makes a card-king of himself, deserves to be nothing better.

Juno.] That is a mere evasion, my lord and spouse. Thou knowest well, that such kings as thou hast named, are exceedingly rare productions of nature and circumstances, and it is so much the better that they are. Kings are in fact only our vicegerents, and to that end they are always good enough, if we do not let them fall.

Jupiter. The compliment thou there intendest me, is, I own, not very flattering. But, basta! we will not dwell upon it. I shall not let my vicegerents, as thou termest them, fall, so long as they can but stand on their own legs. My office is to suffer no one to be oppressed — when I can prevent it. But, my dear lady, let us never forget the grand truth: that kings are for the people, and not the people for kings.

Juno.] That, with thy permission, my lord, is an old canting phrase; which, like most wise speeches of the same kind, seems to say a great deal, and in reality says but little. Kings are, that they may govern the people, and the people ought to let themselves be governed by them! — This is the true state of the case, and so old Homer understood it when he makes the wise Ulysses say to the ignorant rabble of the grecian army:

Οὐκ ἀγαθὸν πολυκοιρανίη. εἰς κοίρανος ἔσω,
Εἰς βασιλεὺς,

and, lest any one should imagine, that the sceptre depended on the will of the people, he wisely adds: that it was Jupiter himself who delivered this ensign of sovereign authority to kings. This is truth, and I know nothing greater.

Jupiter.] I am very much obliged to thee and to old Homer! But, to speak honestly, what may have passed for truth in those rude ages of the early infancy of the world, is so no longer, when we are speaking of a people, that has at length, by experience and civilization, attained to that point, where, master of its reason, it is become strong enough to shake off the yoke of old prejudices and idle conceits. Nations have their infancy and childhood, as well as individuals; and, so long as they are as ignorant, as weak and irrational as children, they must be treated as children; and be governed by blind obedience to an authority, which is not accountable to them. But as individuals do not always remain children, so neither do nations. It is a trespass against nature, to endeavour, by force or fraud, or (as is commonly the case) by both, to keep them in perpetual childhood: but it is folly and wickedness at once, to continue to treat them as children, when they are already grown up to maturity.

Juno.] I grant, Jupiter, that a higher degree of civilization demands a different kind of government, from what is most adapted to a nation still rude, or still in the first periods of civilization. But all the philosophers of the earth will never be able to cause that

ten millions of persons, who together compose a nation shall have two millions of Epaminondas and Epictetus at their head; and so that always remains true which Ulysses said:

Οὐ μὲν πως πάντες βασιλεύσομεν ἐνθάδ' Ἀχαιοί.

Οὐκ ἀγαθὸν πολυκοιρανίη· εἰς κοίρανος ἔστω·

Εἷς βασιλεὺς*.

Jupiter.] Granted. Only, that every nation, when it has arrived so far as to understand its rights, and to be able to estimate its forces—to which in fact the commonest common sense is competent—is at liberty to look after its own political œconomy—[*Juno shakes her head.*]—I mean that it may commission such of its own body as it thinks possessed of most sagacity and integrity, to make such regulations, as that the arbitrary will of the One and the Few, who have had the art to obtain their favour and confidence, be hindered from doing harm, from wasting the resources of the state, from corrupting the public morals, from making it criminal to be wise, virtuous and sincere, and to speak aloud what is held to be true; in short,—

Juno.] Oh, there thou art perfectly right, Jupiter! This kings ought not to do! They should be restrained by religion and laws; that is to be naturally understood. They should know that they have received the sceptre from Jupiter, only—

Jupiter.] My dear wife, do not harp upon this matter any longer, if I may be so bold! I know best how affairs go; but if they were as thou sayest, the

* We Greeks cannot all by any means reign here--a government of many is not good; let one be ruler, one be king.

people would be but poorly off, if kings had no superior but me. I should be obliged every moment to be reminding them of it with thunder and lightning, or they would rule just as if there was no Jupiter over them; even though they should every morning, in person, sacrifice whole hecatombs to me, with the greatest solemnities.

Juno.] Neither do I require that religion should be the only thing they should respect.

Jupiter, somewhat choleric.] The worst kings would always respect us most. It is just they who have exalted the maxim of the great Ulysses, that kings receive their sceptre from me, into a prime article of faith; and made the implicit obedience founded on it, the most sacred of all duties to the people.

Juno.] I still say, that they ought to rule according to laws framed for the public good.

Jupiter.] The public good! — Fine words! — And who is to give them these laws?

Juno.] Oh, they have been long ago published by Themis over the face of the whole earth! Where is there a people so barbarous, as to be unacquainted with the universal laws of justice and equity?

Jupiter.] Thou affectest a sweet simplicity, my child! — And what if only kings and their tools, or vice versa, the imperious courtiers and ministers, and their obedient tools, the kings, notwithstanding old Themis, and her musty laws, should yet rule solely by their will, and — since they have the power, and cannot be called to account, — do as much harm, or suffer as much to be done (which to the people is the same thing) as they please? How then?

Juno.] That is exactly what we should prevent,

Jupiter! or to what purpose have we any thing to do with the world?

Jupiter.] We!—Now there indeed, my jewel, thou art in the right. Only that the rational part of the human race see the matter in another point of view. We, think they, are at last the only people, that have suffered under the government of the world as it has hitherto been managed; we *can* help ourselves; therefore we *will* help ourselves! He that lets that be done for him by others which he can do for himself, and in which no one is more concerned than he, is like to be always badly served.

Juno.] How thou talkest! If the race below did but hear thee speak in this manner?—

Jupiter.] We are speaking between ourselves, my charmer!—If we should not see clear!—However, I should have no objection, if all men knew, that I, for my part, always side with them that do their duty. I might well endure that people should be more discreet. There was a time when they did me the unmerited honour of placing to my account all the misfortunes that befell them by lightning; and the whole heaven knows what nonsense I have been obliged to hear when it darted against my own temple, or passed by a crew of rascals, to knock down some poor harmless being. Now, since honest Franklin has found out, and since they know, that metals, high trees, lofty spires, and the like, are natural conductors to the lightning, my bolts are less and less dreaded, without my taking a fit of jealousy about it.

Juno.] We are imperceptibly beginning to moralize, dear Jupiter.—

Ju-

Jupiter.] And, thinkest thou that morality has nothing to do with politics?

Juno.] Not altogether: I think only that politics has its own morality; and what is rule of right for the subjects, is not always so for monarchs.

Jupiter.] I know the time when I thought so too; it is a very convenient and agreeable way of thinking for kings! but the times are changed, my love!

Juno.] If we do but continue firm, there is nothing to fear.

Jupiter.] Hear me, Juno! thou knowest that I have the prerogative of seeing somewhat farther forwards than the rest of you. Thy importunate manner obliges me to disclose more to thee than I at first intended.

Juno.] And what sort of a secret can that be that makes thee look so thoughtful?

Jupiter.] All, my dear Juno, is subject to the eternal law of change. It is now the turn with monarchies, and [*in a lower tone of voice.*] our's is drawing to its end, as well as the rest. The damage will not be great: it was only patchwork.

Juno.] Thou speakest as in a dream, Jupiter.

Jupiter.] First reigned Uranus and Gea; then came the kingdom of Saturn; that made place for mine — and now —

Juno.] And now? — Why, thou wilt not resign thy kingdom to the national convention at Paris?

Jupiter, with the utmost coldness.] And now — the kingdom of Nemesis is come on.

Juno.] The kingdom of Nemesis?

Jupiter.] The kingdom of Nemesis! So it was declared to me by an antient oracle, long since forgot-

ten

ten both by gods and men ; an oracle of Themis, while she was still in possession of the delphic soil, and which the present times recall to my remembrance. “ When, “ said the oracle, after a long revolution of ages, there “ shall be a kingdom on the earth, wherein the tyranny of kings, the haughtiness of the great, and the oppression of the people, keep equal pace with the cultivation of all the faculties of man, and both at length shall be so near their utmost height, that in one moment, every oppressed eye shall open, and every arm be lifted up for vengeance : — Then will the inexorable, but ever righteous Nemesis, with her adamantine curb in one hand, and her hairbreadth compass in the other, descend from the throne of Olympus, to humble the proud, to raise the oppressed, and to execute the severest retribution on every insolent transgressor, who has trampled under foot the rights of men, and in the intoxication of his arrogance would own no other law than the licentious demands of his passions and caprices. Contented to rule in subordination to her, Jupiter himself will then be nothing more than the executor of the laws that she shall give to the nations of the earth. A more golden age than the saturnian will then arise to the innumerable races of better men ; universal harmony will then render them all one family, and mortality alone will be the distinction between the felicity of the inhabitants of the earth and those of Olympus.”

Juno, smiling.] That sounds nobly, Jupiter ! — And thou believest in this lovely poetic dream ; and art resolved,

solved, as it appears, to wait with folded hands for the accomplishment of it.

Jupiter.] I am resolved to submit to the only power that is over me; and if thou wouldst take my advice, thou wouldst follow my example, and quietly let that come, which yet will come, though we could all so far forget ourselves as to endeavour to prevent it.

Juno.] Oh, I will certainly let that come which I cannot prevent! But why therefore remain inactive? Why neglect to use the power we have, for the sake of an old oracle; and not rather summon all our forces, to controul the dæmon of sedition and fury that has gone abroad among the nations? I abide by my old homerical oracle: The government of many is not good! The people should enjoy the sweets of freedom under a paternal government; nothing can be more equitable: but they ought not to govern themselves, not throw off the indispensable yoke of subordination and duty, and endeavour to introduce an equality which is neither in the nature of man or of things, and which can only make the deluded people happy for the moment their intoxication lasts, that, on awaking they may more sensibly feel their real misery.

Jupiter.] Be easy, my precious! Nemesis and Themis will know how to reduce to its proper standard whatever is at present too much or too little, too precipitately or too partially done.

Juno.] However, I have no intention to give up my share in the government of the world to another; I feel that I have still spirit enough to discharge my office myself; and if thou always sighest with those that
do

do their duty, I shall promise myself thy concurrence. At least I have thy word for it, that thou wilt not work against me.

Jupiter.] And I swear to thee, by the adamantine curb of Nemesis, that I will keep it, so long as thou art wise enough to keep a bridle on thyself. Do what seemeth good to thee, but do not compel me to do my duty, my love!

Juno, embracing him.] Let the beautiful Antinous fill thee thy large bowl with nectar, Jupiter, and betake thee to rest. Thou shalt be satisfied with me.

MORE ON THE SUBJECT OF MIRACLES.

IN pursuance of what I have heretofore said on the subject of miracles, I think I may venture to propound some principles, the result of long and careful investigation, which, though not detrimental to the essentials of religion, and only destructive to superstition and legendary credulity, yet seem to me nowhere sufficiently elucidated.

An action of a man, which is related to us as a miracle, must either really surpass the power of the man who is seen to do it, or at least must seem to us to exceed it.

In the former case, the transaction would be a real miracle, but in the latter only a seeming miracle.

First case. If an act, which, according to the relation, is said to have been performed by some man,
really

really exceeds the measure of power in this man, or even in all mankind: then, the cause was not proportionate to the effect. Now, it is a general, and even an absolutely necessary law of nature, that the cause must always be proportionate to the effect.

Therefore we must utterly reject, as fabulous, a relation, which pretends an exception from this law of nature, for this very reason, because the matter related is absolutely impossible, *à priori*, that is, without regard to any present witness. The reason of the rejection of this witness is taken from the nature itself of the matter witnessed, that is, from its clearly known impossibility. Testimonies, though ever so apparent, cannot make what is impossible to be possible, or real. Besides, transgressions of the moral law, not to lye, are much more frequent and usual, therefore always sooner to be supposed, than a breach or removal of the physical laws of nature, to the uniformity and constancy whereof universal experience bears witness.

Nor can the credibility of the related miracle be saved by this, that we must overleap the confines of the sensible world, and get into the intellectual world, whereof the related transaction, for being perceptible to mankind, must have been a part, that we may call to our assistance an invisible power.

Such supernatural explanations of solitary events that happen in the succession of phænomena, such recurrence to the divine will, are altogether unsatisfactory.

The idea of cause and effect is only applicable to phænomena, to objects of possible experience, therefore only within the confines of the sensible world.

Spinoza calls the appeal to the divine will in the explanation of phænomena, an *asylum ignorantiae*.—

Second case. An act which, as is related, some man has performed, merely seems to surpass the proportion of power this man possesses. In this case the transaction is only a seeming miracle. Indeed if the effect was here entirely proportionate to its cause, i. e. to a finite or natural power, and our astonishment at the result was merely founded on the extraordinariness of the matter, and on our ignorance;

Then the miraculousness might be defined in exactly the same terms as Baumgarten has defined magic: *Scientia, per minus cognita præstandi quid extraordinarii*. —

Miracles are either immediate operations of omnipotence, or they were wrought by men through the co-operation of superior finite spirits.

Miracles, in the former sense, are not at all demonstrable, as an extramundane hyperphysical being can be no object at all to human observation.

Miracles which are wrought by the assistance of superior finite spirits, cannot be believed so long as we have no conviction of the infallibility of the eye-witnesses and relater of such a miraculous transaction.

For: so long as we must presuppose—as is always the case—that the pretended eye-witnesses or the relater may have erred, it is at all times presumable, when they relate miraculous transactions*, that they actually have erred, because to err is human, but to work miracles superhuman; the existence of superior

* Therefore facts which are deficient in human probability.

spirits is only supposititious, not matter of fact, and their effective influence on the things of this sublunary world is only hypothetical, which to this very day, has never been verified by any incontestible experience.

Monuments, authorities, testimonies, can only demonstrate natural, not supernatural facts.

It cannot be often enough repeated: The argument whereby we grant our belief to any relation is mostly drawn from the similitude of the related matter with what has commonly passed under our observation in the ordinary course of nature; that is from its agreement with the known and stated laws of nature. The more a fact that is related to us is in opposition to these, the less is it to be believed, insomuch as we cannot be sure of the infallibility of the witness.

DISORDERED EYES.

IN gratitude to providence for the restoration of my eyes to a very tolerable degree of serviceableness, I think I cannot do better than draw up a faithful statement of what I suffered, and the means I employed in recovering their use to a degree altogether unexpected, for the comfort and benefit of those who find themselves in the same situation. — Let the youth who is hurried on by a restless and ardent curiosity to the immoderate pursuit of nocturnal studies, behold in my

story;

story, as in a living mirror, the fate which attends him; and recoil from the practice with horror! But you, unhappy martyrs to this so generous an impulse, to whom my warning voice is too late addressed; and who already perhaps think yourselves the most wretched of your fellow-sufferers, peruse the history of my past afflictions, and take comfort from the thought that they have exceeded yours — perhaps both in magnitude and duration exceeded yours — and yet were possible to be borne; and yet finally were capable of very great alleviation! But let all who read these pages be reminded, in every affliction, of this consoling truth; that no evil is so great as to justify us in despairing of the possibility of being freed from it, either entirely, or to a very tolerable degree! But to the business.

The first link of the uninterrupted series of pain I suffered for almost twenty years, in the eyes, was occasioned by the small-pox. With this distemper I was attacked in the fourth year of my age. Both my eyes were closed with tumours; and from that time forward all the heterogeneous humours of my body seemed unable to find any other issue than by the eye-lids. Hence arose on them, from time to time, little painful ulcers which usually bear the name of styes. To heal these, rags dipped in warm wine were laid upon them. True indeed, these ulcers, as is commonly the case, went away by degrees: but, from after experience, I have reason to believe, that the warm wine did more harm than good to my eyes.

About my tenth year, the pus of one of these ulcers which had settled exactly in the middle of one of the lower eye-lids, notwithstanding the application of the

warm wine, hardened itself in such a manner as to become a corn, like those which arise on the toes. As this hard excrescence, in its growth, continually extended towards the inner eye, it caused me to feel great pain at every motion of the eye-lid; and the whole eye, by the constant friction of the corn at every opening and shutting of the eye-lids, was inflamed without intermission. Several emollient and dissolvent medicines were tried; but without effect. The corn grew constantly greater; and with it my pains increased. I was obliged to keep the eye day and night bound up with linen, only to prevent the moving of the eye-lids.

My good parents were much grieved, and looked about for what assistance they could procure. But the physicians and surgeons of our part of the country had exhausted their art upon me; the corn continued, and was increasing. At length I was sent to a famous surgeon who resided in a town at some distance. He thought an operation necessary, and I must resolve to submit to it. He cut the corn, with its root, which was pretty deep, out of the eye-lid; and a swoon into which the excessive pain occasioned me to fall, gave him time to do it at his ease.

The cutting was painful, but the healing of the wound it had caused was nearly as much so. For now I was forced day and night to wear a plaister on the eye-lid, whereby the inner eye was rubbed, at every the smallest motion of the eye-lids, still more than before by the corn. And, as the plaister would seldom lie smooth on the wound, the cure went on but slowly and badly. There remained on the place where the corn

had been cut out, a little red spot, which one while was less and almost unobservable, and then again somewhat larger; but there always continued to be a very small opening, from whence a purulent humour flowed into the eye. By the natural combination of the nerves and vessels of the two eyes, the left eye must participate in what was defective in the right; and as often as this was enflamed, the other was likewise red.

Before I proceed in my narrative, it is necessary for me to remark, that my eyes themselves, in regard to the proper faculty of seeing, whether near or at a distance, were to be reckoned among the strongest. I can even now as readily read a tolerably small writing, held to me at the distance of three paces, either by a candle or in a light room, as if it were close before me. I have frequently, while a boy, made the foolish attempt to look steadfastly at the sun for a minute together at full noon, without ever feeling any other effect from it than that the figure of the sun kept dancing before my eyes for some time after. Oft have I read by clear moonlight whole chapters in a very small print greek new testament, and in the little hebrew bible of Reinneccius; and even now I can distinguish objects at a distance better with my naked eye than a common eye can do by the help of a telescope. The organization therefore of my eyes themselves is, in reality, as good as it need to be; only the inclosure of them, the eyelids, have not a proportionate perfection.

My childhood was now passed, in an almost incessant pain in the eyes; as seldom a week went by without my eyes being more or less enflamed anew, or infested with little ulcers. Notwithstanding the ordinary thought-

lessness

leanness of youth, I began so early as my twelfth year to make melancholy reflections on my condition. I cast, from time to time, a look into futurity; and it made me shudder!—My elder brothers had devoted themselves to commerce and a life of business; and my parents frequently expressed their wishes, that I, their third son, would addict myself to study. But the example of my brothers, and an anxious concern about the consequences of the infirmity of my eyes, in the choice of a calling in which a man has more need of his eyes than other people, inspired me with an aversion for study, and at the same time a great inclination to trade. Of the business of a counting-house in great mercantile houses, I had not then an idea, and imagined to myself that a merchant might transact his affairs with very indifferent eyes. But my parents entertained such good hopes of an improvement of my eyes as I advanced in years, as likewise that I should gradually acquire a greater inclination to the sciences, that they continued me at school.

The latter ensued; I acquired a disposition to study; but my eyes remained just as they were. Yet, as it now concerned me more than ever to attend to their perfect cure, I left nothing untried that was recommended to me as an approved remedy. Purging, bleeding, cupping, and blistering, were so often repeated, that my constitution must have been entirely spoilt, if my body had not been previously rendered exceedingly robust and hardy by a natural and free education in the country. Bleeding and cupping were sometimes of service to me: but the benefit accruing from them was very transient; and in a week or a fortnight after, my

eyes were commonly as bad as before. Bathing in the river, which I repeated as often as I could in the summer season, was undoubtedly the most salutary of all the remedies I had recourse to; and in some measure repaired the damages which the frequent purgings, bleedings, and cuppings, had necessarily occasioned.

In my seventeenth year my eye-lids actually began to be somewhat less frequently inflamed; and it was just at that period that I attacked the scholastic sciences with all the raging ardour of a lover; and at once became insatiable in that species of pleasure which the study of them procured me. Were I to relate the series of my immoderate occupations on each successive day, my reader would be no less surpris'd than I am myself, how the body of a lad of sixteen or seventeen years of age, and still growing, could support itself under such unremitted and unnatural exertions; and he would find the consequent deterioration of my eyes very comprehensible. But as that detail might be disagreeable by its prolixity, I confine myself solely to the relation of the general state of the case; that I seldom allowed myself above five hours, frequently no more than three or two, for sleep, frequently even watched out the whole night without any sleep; and even by day but rarely indulged myself in an hour of relaxation, except that which was set apart for dinner.

In defiance of the prudent œconomy of nature, to cheer my drooping spirits in my nightly studies, I used to take tea the whole night through; and was simple enough to imagine, that this was a sufficient nourishment to my body, would recruit my spirits, and afford a competent supply of invigoration to the powers I was so prodigally consuming by the midnight lamp. For
allaying

allaying the pains of my eyes, and for keeping them open, I had a tumbler of water at hand, with which I moistened them from time to time; and when, notwithstanding, they were oppressed by weariness and sleep, I not unfrequently would take the eye-lids with two fingers and forcibly hold them open for a length of time. — Thus passed the three last years of my being at school, in which I never (unless by chance upon a holiday) could take above five hours, but frequently even a still less space, and often none at all, of the sleep so necessary at that period of life.

Accordingly, my whole body bore witness to this immoderate, this incessant exertion. I was indeed grown tall, but so lank and meagre, that I seemed scarcely any thing but skin and bone. Happily, I had received from nature so sound a constitution, which had been confirmed by the hardy manner in which I had at first been brought up, that though my forces were exhausted for a time, yet, like an abundant stream, they could not be entirely drained. Therefore, as often as I could prevail on myself to take a little recreation only for a couple of days; immediately a natural freshness and healthy colour returned to my wan cheeks; which regularly disappeared again the following day, on recommencing my former excessive application.

My life at the university was not much more easy. For, as the greater part of my paternal estate had been ruined in the war which brought so much distress on Germany and particularly the parts about the Weser; I saw myself destitute of all the necessary means of a studious life, and obliged to supply this deficiency by more lucrative labours.

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This, together with my ever-increasing thirst of learning, necessitated me to continue my excessive exertions. I at that time made the explanation of the Bible, and consequently the hebrew and greek languages, the main object of my study. A hebrew Bible, and a greek New Testament, both in very small print, which I, mostly during the hours of night, have written over from beginning to end, with explanatory latin words, so fine that the writing is scarcely legible to the naked eye, still testify how industriously I then plied this study; and what unremitted pains I took to complete the ruin of my poor sore eyes.

Accordingly the punishment due to this intemperance did not fail to follow. If I had heretofore pains of the eyes that were barely tolerable, they now arose to so high a degree of sensibility, that my condition was indeed very deplorable; though I had afterwards reason to wish for it back again. The first sacrifice I was now forced to make to my ruined eye-sight, was a renunciation of the hebrew and greek literature which had hitherto been the source of so much pleasure to me. In their stead I began to apply myself to philosophy, for the sake of preparing myself for the afflictive period, which, alas, I had now to expect; when I should be totally deprived of the use of my eyes! The second resolution I was forced to take, to my great grief, was to avoid, at least for a time, all reading and writing by the evening lamp. I went early to bed; but I rose up so much the earlier in the morning, as I found that, when my eyes had been refreshed by sleep, I could work with less pain by the candle.

About

About this time I quitted the university, and passed the winters in Berlin, and the summers on a little estate near that city. My attachment to philosophy was increased in the familiar intercourse with some of the most celebrated philosophers of this place; and the first philosophical performance I ventured to give to the public, was meditated in the evenings in a dark room, and committed to paper from three to six every morning; for my time during the day was so much taken up with the proper labours of my vocation, that I had no leisure to pursue my own studies.

This continued application early in the morning by candle-light gave the last stroke to the use of my eyes; which was before exerted with such sensible pain. And now began a period of my life that lasted for four years; which I can never call to mind without horror, though at the same time not without casting a grateful look towards heaven.

For now the nerves of my incessantly inflamed eyes, were become so irritable, that it was almost impossible for me to endure being in a room that was but moderately enlightened. Thus was I reduced to the sad necessity of passing the long winter-evenings in a dark room, without society and without employment. The horror of my then situation I think I have no need to describe. Every reader will in some measure form a conception of it, by representing to himself what a young man of twenty-four, who, from his otherwise healthy frame of body had no probable hope of an approaching death, had to suffer, while, day after day, from four in the afternoon till nine or ten at night, he was sitting in a corner of his dark apartment, with-

out a comforting friend or any cheering companion, without any other occupation than that of feeling the incessant shootings of pain in his eyes, and of wandering in melancholy thoughts over so black a futurity to him! Till now I had been able to employ myself in reflecting on philosophical subjects, whenever I could no longer read or write: but now the gloomy thought of what it might reduce me to, lay so heavy and oppressive on my heart, that all desire and capacity for thinking on any thing else was entirely gone. The impression which all this made upon my mind, will never, I am afraid, be quite effaced.

I called in the advice of some of the most skilful physicians and surgeons of Berlin. Of whom one prescribed me lenitive, another strengthening, and a third cooling medicines. One while I must hold my eyes over the steam of boiling herbs; then I must drop into them camphorated water, and then stroke them with a refrigerating ointment of quinces. But the first of these medicines was of no other use than to debilitate in a higher degree the nerves of my eye-lids, already so extremely weakened; the second increased the inflammation, and the third was of no farther benefit to me, than that, during the moment I was applying it, it procured me an agreeable sensation of coolness. The worst of all was an eye-water, impregnated with camphor, which a famous surgeon in Berlin had invented, and the salutary effects whereof had been extolled to me by numbers that had used it. With me the consequence of using it, was, that my eyes were continually more sensible to light and air, notwithstanding they were so much accustomed to the refreshments of
this

this remedy; so that I had great trouble, even by day, to keep open the eye-lids, unless I caused this water, from time to time to be dropped in, for thus inciting afresh the torpid nerves by procured irritation.

After I had alternately tried these and similar remedies for about a year, the state of my eyes grew gradually so very much worse, that even the day-light was extremely painful to them. Accordingly, I was now unable any longer to read or write even by day without being tormented with the acutest pains in my eyes. To work by candle-light was utterly impossible to me, and I had already long bid adieu to it for the rest of my life.

What rendered my lamentable condition still more wretched, was the increasing sensibility of my eyes towards air and wind. As often as I exposed myself to but a gentle breeze in the summer, my eye-lids were chapped by it, and I was ever obliged to turn back with inflamed eyes. Ere I heard of a remedy to preserve my eyes against these effects, I was reduced to the necessity of keeping my chamber frequently for a week together; while others were enjoying the delightful scenes of nature in the vernal season. At length I procured myself a pair of spectacle glasses set in leather which covered my face, from the forehead to the middle of the nose, and secured the eyes against the wind. But this method too had its inconvenience: for, to see through glasses required a greater exertion of the ocular nerves, which was always connected with pain, and followed by an additional dimness afterwards.

Now, as all external applications and methods were so fruitless, or had only served to augment the malady,
recourse

recourse must be had again to internal remedies. Some of my doctors laid all the blame on an acrimony of the blood; and therefore nothing was administered for a length of time, but detergent medicines and purifiers of the blood. Others ascribed it to plethora; and so we came round again to cupping and bleeding. At the same time I must have leeches applied about the eyes; which occasioned me greater uneasiness. For, when the leeches are fallen off, the blood by their sucking having acquired so strong an impetus through the wounds they have made, it cannot be stopped for a considerable while, and the patient must consent to continue in a very uneasy position to let it drop away at leisure. Others again were of opinion that the complaint in my eyes might perhaps proceed from a weakness of nerves: for which reason I must drink quinquina and chalybeate water; but, after all these prescriptions, my eyes remained just as they were.

Meanwhile, my hair-dresser had told me of a domestic application, which he and his brother-puffs, whose eyes were so frequently inflamed by the particles of powder that flew into them, had habitually recourse to, and which was found scarcely ever to fail. He said, I must take a slice of new white bread; and, after cutting it in two, throw both the halves into cold water, where they must lie and soak for a couple of minutes; and then be put with the cut side on the eyes. This, added he, draws out all the heat, and makes the eyes both clear and strong.

Some of my physicians had before recommended to me the use of cold water; and advised me to keep the eye open in a glass of water, or a china eye-bath, as
it

it is called. But the trials I had hitherto made of this method were unattended with any good effects; partly because my eyes were too tender to admit of it, and therefore were only the more enflamed at every attempt, and partly because I had not yet made sufficient experiments for understanding all the little artifices and precautions, which, as I learnt afterwards were necessary to be employed. These I shall describe by and by; at present I return to the advice of the friseur just mentioned.

I accordingly adopted the method prescribed of the white bread soaked in water; and soon perceived that it did me good. However, not till after I had made various less useful attempts, did I experience the benefit of this remedy to its utmost extent. One while I failed by leaving the bread too long upon the eyes, and thus increased the inflammation by the pressure of it; at another I discovered that I had laid it on too early in the morning, omitting to wait till the eyes were completely cleansed from the moisture they had collected during the night. Then again I defeated the effects of this remedy by committing prejudicial mistakes in the way and manner in which the eyes were afterwards to be dried. All these circumstances had likewise formerly been the cause of my perceiving so small and frequently such noxious effects from the bathing of the eyes in cold water.

A continued use of this remedy made me by degrees more expert in the mode of applying it; and, as I became richer in experience, and governed myself accordingly, the benefit I received from it proportionably increased. I reckon it a duty incumbent upon me circumstantially

cumstantially to describe, for the benefit of my fellow-sufferers, the whole process which by insensible degrees I found to be the best.

At first getting up in the morning I carefully avoided all light, and passed at least a quarter of an hour in total darkness. With a moist piece of fine linen, during this time I wiped my eyes as gently as possible; and then let as much light into the chamber as was just necessary for distinguishing one object from another. As soon as my eyes were completely dried, I found I could bear somewhat more light. I then let a good hour elapse ere I applied the bread steeped in water. If it happened that I did it sooner, it infallibly followed that I had inflamed eyes for the whole day; attended with great pain. I now took the pieces of bread from the middle of the roll, about a quarter of an inch deep; that, on being laid on, they might better fit the whole eye and fill every part of it at once. When they were competently soaked in the cold water, I laid the two pieces on both eyes at the same time; holding them on with my hands. As soon as I perceived that they were become warm by the heat of the eyes, which happened in about two or three minutes, I took them off. This done, I dipped a fine handkerchief in cold water, and drew it gently to and fro about my eyes, for wiping away all the particles of the bread that might remain in the corners and on the lower eye-lids, as well as for washing off the purulent moisture that had in the mean time been collecting in the extremities of the eyes or were adhering to the lower eye-lids. As surely as I neglected this absterfion, so surely had I inflamed eyes the whole day long.

It behoved me to take great heed, that, for some time after the application of the bread, I did not go into a place, where I should meet the sun beams. If at any time I was unmindful of this rule, the rays struck like sharp pins upon my eyes, and they presently became inflamed.

Every evening, shortly before retiring to rest, I went through the same process. Only then I was obliged to take the precaution, not to let it be more than about eight minutes after the laying on of the wet bread, ere I lay down in bed and closed my eyes. If I sat up longer, or went to bed immediately after the application of the bread, with eyes still wet; I might lay my account that they would be inflamed the next morning.

After I had pursued this method for a considerable time, I perceived a remarkable alleviation of my sufferings; though what still remained to me was always great enough to seem intolerable to any other person less enured to patience than myself. For now, with moderate pain, I could stay in a room lighted by a dim lamp shaded with a screen; a happiness to which I had bid adieu for the remainder of my life. Indeed I could neither read nor write by the feeble light of such a lamp; but I could yet beguile the long winter evenings in a less melancholy way; either by philosophical meditations, or by familiar and improving conversation with a friend.

I therefore proceeded the more cheerfully and attentively in the use of the sole remedy that had produced this happy alteration. I gradually made attempts to hold my eyes in cold water, and to open them in it.

At first the preffure of the water on the internal eye was insupportable; but, as I immediately afterwards perceived a great mitigation of it, I continued the practice; and always regularly, after the bathing, wiped my eyes, with a wet cloth, in the manner above described. At length I brought the matter so far, that I could easily keep the eye open in water for the space of five minutes; and, upon this, I left off the use of the bread, and in its stead bathed the eyes daily twice at least in cold water.

By the continued use of cold water, in the same method I had formerly observed with the bread, my eyes gradually became so strengthened that I was now able to read and write not only by day, without extraordinary pain, but in the evening could bear to be in a room enlightened in the usual manner. At length I had even the unexpected happiness of being capable of writing in the evening by candle-light, having a green shade between the candle and my eyes; which for several years past had been utterly impossible for me to do. But all reading by candle-light I am obliged carefully to avoid even at this day. The reason whereof is plainly this, that the eyes in reading must be strained by a greater and more continued attention, than in writing.

In this better state, my eyes have now remained for three whole years, by means of the continued use of cold water. From what I have suffered, I have been taught to be cautious and temperate in the use of them. To reading in the night-time I have bid adieu for ever, and when not compelled to it by the most urgent necessity, I do not willingly continue writing after
eight

eight o'clock in the evening. I indulge my body and my eyes, in at least seven hours of sleep, and with that they both serve me sufficiently well. From all excesses in eating and drinking I keep constantly on my guard; as every disorder in the body, arising from a vicious diet, has immediately a pernicious effect on my eyes. I find it necessary regularly to continue to bathe them twice every day; since, whenever I neglect to do so, a redness again comes on. Sitting up late by candle-light, especially in a well-lighted apartment, I am also obliged sedulously to decline. In general, I observe that my eyes are proportionably well and serviceable according as I keep to a simple, natural, and regular mode of life.

During all the time I have pursued the water process above described, my eyes have continued totally free from ulcers. They are also by this practice hardened against wind and weather.

I must yet add this remark, that I have found river water better for the purpose of bathing the eyes than spring water. Artificial eye-waters, and all other medicines, as well of outward as inward administration, I have no less carefully avoided, since I am become acquainted with the beneficial effects of natural water, than bleeding and cupping. In their stead I accustom myself daily to wash my head all over in cold water, and in summer, as often as I can to bathe in the river. By these means, my body, which was reduced, by the frequent use of various kinds of medicines, to a great degree of weakness, was visibly regaining strength; and of this general invigoration the eyes in course partook.

Ere I close this paper, I must give vent to the fullness of my heart by making the grateful confession, that I have cause to reckon all the sufferings I have undergone from distempered eyes among the greatest benefits conferred upon me by divine providence. Had they not befallen me; had my eyes always remained serviceable in proportion to the insatiableness of my thirst after knowledge; I should in all probability have long ago fallen a sacrifice to the excessive ardour in which it is likely I should have prosecuted my studies. Whereas thus I see myself forced humbly to retreat within the bounds prescribed by nature to finite beings, which I foolishly attempted to overleap, and to reduce the degree of my exertions to a due proportion with that of my powers. Therefore, that I am still alive — or, at least, that, by an immoderate application, the faculties and health of my body are not entirely destroyed; that I have not yet lost all my feelings towards the charms of nature and of friendship, and towards all the animating and innocent pleasures of social life; all this I eventually owe to the wise dispensation, which at the time it befell me made me almost doubtful of the unbounded goodness of the great parent of mankind. Let every man reflect whether all the misfortunes he has gone through have not had a similar tendency.

For no other reason than that such of your readers, as may any way be interested in this matter, may know who is their voucher for the truth of this relation, I subscribe my name,

CAMPE.

ACCOUNT OF THE CITY OF HIERES, AND THE
CIRCUMJACENT COUNTRY.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A LITERARY GENTLEMAN.

I WAS fortunate enough, the very day after my arrival, to hire a neat, new-built and convenient country house; for which I paid only forty livres the month. I therefore immediately got into it, and made the proper dispositions for a stay of a couple of months. I brought from Lauzanne a letter of recommendation to M. Alhiet, one of the most considerable inhabitants of Hieres. On hearing that he was at present gone to his estate about an hour's journey from the city, I directly sent him the letter by a messenger. He had the civility to come to town the following day, and assisted me in making the little arrangements I found necessary, with great politeness. One discovers on such occasions the high value that ought to be set on complaisance and friendly officiousness. But for the assistance of this worthy gentleman I should have been exceedingly at a loss, as I was perfectly a stranger to every person in the place, and had not a word of the language; for the provenzal dialect which is peculiar to these people, seems to have scarcely any resemblance whatever to the french. He settled my whole household, and procured me a cook-maid, who was perhaps the only one in all Hieres that could speak french. I presently had occasion to think, that sincerity and officious kindness were the native virtues of the inhabitants here. The few

persons with whom I had any thing to do, possessed both of these good qualities in an eminent degree; and have left in my mind a pleasing recollection of them in conjunction with the sentiments of gratitude and esteem. On my arrival I went into a wretched inn, before the gate of the city, and remained in it only one night. Consequently the people did not make much money by me. However, I found during the time of my stay there, as much friendly officiousness from the landlady, a good old creature; the daughter, an agreeable girl, and the son, who is the cook of the house, as if I had been their nearest relation. I had nothing to do but to make a sign for what I wanted; and they immediately set about doing their utmost to procure it me. It was the same with the cook-maid that had been hired for me; a tender, delicate girl of about 20 years of age: the same with the people who lived in a small building adjoining to the house in which I dwelt. No where have I met with so much hearty officiousness as here.

I cannot refrain from giving one more instance of it; for, trifling as these things may appear, they nevertheless are really to be classed among the most remarkable observations of a traveller. I had one day gone out upon a walk, attended only by my servant, and had rambled to a pretty considerable distance from the town; when all at once I found myself so entangled among the hills, that I no longer perceived any outlet before me. From the summit of one of them I looked down and saw a little cottage; which I attempted to reach, that from thence I might discover some good way to the city. It was very difficult to descend the

side

side of the hill; as at various distances I came suddenly upon steep rocks over which it was impossible to pass. At length however I scrambled to a cultivated field which seemed an appurtenance to the cottage abovementioned; across this field I was to pass and work my way through the vines which cover it, every now and then obliged to hold fast by the bushes, to save myself from falling down the steep. Suddenly I perceived a man who seemed to be the proprietor of this spot of ground. I was somewhat fearful lest he might be offended at meeting two persons, entire strangers to him, who had entered his grounds by so unusual a way; and were in some sort committing a trespass by clearing a path to themselves. But I was agreeably and affectingly surprised on seeing him come up to me with a friendly countenance, to offer me his arm where the declivity was alarming, and help me to descend. I could understand but little of what he said; but his signs and looks were very intelligible. He pressed me, with the utmost cordiality, to enter his cottage and take some refreshments. As it was nearly noon, and I was hastening home, I was obliged to decline the acceptance of his offers. He then turned to my servant, and begged that he at least would taste of his wine and bread. I confess that this philanthropical behaviour affected me exceedingly. But I found it universally among all the owners of the garden-grounds, which I was very often obliged to cross by a path of my own making, for regaining the road, from my ignorance of the common way. In many other countries, strangers, in such situations, would be treated in a very different manner. But here I found the in-

habitants every where civil and obliging; and I have brought away with me the most advantageous ideas of the honest and amicable character of the natives of these parts.

The country about Hieres is a low and level plain, inclosed by mountains, excepting on the south side, where it is bounded by the sea. This plain is about five english miles square. From the middle of it, it seems so entirely furrounded by mountains, that there can be no outlet to it. However there is one to the west, along a narrow vale which reaches to Toulon. This plain is watered by the little river Gapaud, which takes its rise northward among the mountains and flows into the sea, dividing it into two equal parts, whereof the western side, or the right hand of the river, is particularly fertile.

The mountains that furround this little territory are split into a great multitude of hills of various magnitudes and forms. Many of them are naked rocks; others are grown over with the pinafter and different kinds of shrubs. All these mountains are every where rugged and steep. The lower part of them is mostly built upon; but to this end they are all divided into terrasses. Yet all the parts of these mountains that are built over, are very rough and stony. Only the olive tree, with which they are every where richly planted, will come to any perfection here.

The low land extends gradually to the sea; and is so boggy that it is only in few places possible to get quite to it. Opposite to this district, at the distance of a couple of leagues from the shore, lie pretty high above the sea, the islands of Hieres, between which and the
firm

firm land, is a spacious, but moderately deep and very safe harbour. Only in two places is the main sea to be discerned between the islands.

It should seem as if this whole plain about Hieres had formerly been a bay of the sea. M. Busching, in his geography, says, that heretofore there was a haven close by Hieres; and that afterwards the sea retired about two thousand paces. We may easily guess what sort of a retreat of the sea this was, as well as those perhaps which are said to have happened in various other places. The bay was very shallow; and has been gradually filled up by the stones and earth left in it by the river, which swells to a great height after heavy rains. There is therefore no doubt but the water has retired; since it was forced back by the earth and the stones. The like filling up of shallow bays, into which rivers flow, must necessarily in process of time be less frequent; because, after swellings of the rivers many thousand times repeated, the streams flowing into them from the sides, all the stones and earth on the shores have been carried away, so that those streams and rivers at present have solid banks. It still happens, that, after long and heavy rains, or the sudden thawing of the snow collected on the mountains during the winter, the river overflows its banks, and deluges the country round to the height of five or six feet. But, as it now forces but little quantities of stones and earth before it in its course, so such inundations leave no considerable tract of land behind.

Besides this river, here and there are several small poor streams issuing from the narrow vallies that run between the mountains, which gradually collect into a rivulet;

rivulet; and, after serving the industrious inhabitants in watering their gardens, run across the plain into the sea.

On the north-west side of the mountains that surround this little country, exactly where the narrow vale running towards Toulon comes to an end, stands the city of Hieres; built on one of the highest mountains, very steep, and quite pointed at top. Directly over the city the mountain rises into a sharp rock, quite naked, which at some distance might be naturally taken for the walls and towers of a citadel built above the city. When seen from the plain, the city makes a good and even magnificent appearance, on account of its steep elevation, and the numerous churches and other edifices, which from this eminence agreeably strike the eye below. But, nearly surveyed, and seen within, the place is very disagreeable. It contains indeed lofty and substantial houses; but the streets are narrow, and therefore gloomy; and in some places extremely steep. The upper part of the city stands on a high rocky ground, very difficult of ascent. Here is a nunnery of noble ladies, and a collegiate church of twelve choristers. The inhabitants consist of several noble families and opulent burghers; but by far the greatest part is composed of husbandmen, mechanics, and shopkeepers.

Not only extraordinaries, and what are deemed articles of luxury, are not to be bought here, but even the common necessities of life must be fetched from Toulon; which lies at the distance of three leagues from Hieres. However, there are good regulations in
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this particular; as a conveyance is to be met with almost every day. I engaged a woman to be my *pourvoyeuse*, to whom I delivered three times a week a list of the things I was in want of; and they were regularly brought to the house. By way of recompence I gave her each time, at my own discretion, a few pence; with which she was always perfectly satisfied. In this manner all kinds of provision, such as meat, fish, fruit, coffee, sugar, oil, &c. are fetched from Toulon. Even ink I could no where buy in Hieres. But all sorts of garden stuff are here to be had in great abundance; and the bread is the best I ever tasted. Wood is somewhat scarce; and is sold by the hundred weight; the hundred weight at nine sous.

Downwards to the plain, and on the plain itself, particularly in the narrow vale that runs to Toulon, the city is surrounded with innumerable gardens and orchards; in each of which is a *bastide*; that is, a dwelling-house, of different dimensions, according to the circumstances of the owner; but always substantially built. The orchards lying nearest the city are mostly planted only with lemon and orange trees, and are inclosed with lofty walls. Between these walls run a number of lanes and allies in all directions; so that the whole is like a great labyrinth, through which a stranger does not easily find his way. This renders his rambles about the town rather difficult, since, before he can get into any open place, he must extricate himself as well as he can from this labyrinth.

These orange and lemon orchards are mostly cultivated with a view to profit; and therefore the trees are planted as close together as possible. That in which I
lived

lived was covered over with nothing else than such trees. They all stood at the distance of eight feet asunder; so that it was impossible to rove about for pleasure in it, as there were no spaces left for walks. Accordingly, I was never in it but once, and then only for a couple of minutes. The gardens that lie farther from town are upon a better plan; being divided into quarters, with proper walks between them. There the orange-trees are planted just as fruit-trees are with us, in our orchards, and room is afforded likewise to other trees, as apples, pears, almonds, figs, and cherries; but the country around is appropriated to the purpose of growing culinary vegetables. In all remoter places the orange is but little cultivated, and the grounds are chiefly laid out in greens for the kitchen and flowers. Pleasure gardens, or little spots destined merely to amusement and recreation, are not to be met with even in the largest possessions; all are occupied and cultivated solely in a view to profit. For pleasing the eye, one now and then, indeed, sees a pair of tall and melancholy cypresses in the entrance to an orchard; and, where the proprietor designs to appear truly magnificent, a couple of date trees.

A considerable trade is here carried on in oranges and lemons. All are packed up in cases and sent away from hence. The produce is very great. I was shewn an orchard, which I should reckon at nine, or at the utmost ten acres, each of 180 square roods; from which are sold, in moderate years, lemons, and oranges to the amount of 8000 to 9000 livres; but in years that may be termed abundant, the produce of it has fetched 14,000 livres. And yet this fruit is sold
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at no more than one livre, or ten pence sterling, per hundred. But even gain arises from the blossoms that fall off. They are collected, and sold to the perfumers; for at Marseilles and all the great towns of these coasts, are a number of manufactories of perfumes and sweet-scented pomatums. For this purpose, they keep also in their gardens several kinds of odoriferous plants and flowers; as the jasmine, the acacia mimosa, the flowers of which emit a very fragrant smell, &c.

Likewise in culinary vegetables and flowers they pursue a very lucrative commerce. All the various kinds of cabbages are very delicate here; and whole fields are devoted to the growth of artichokes. Almost the whole of these are sent to Toulon and Marseilles, as well as the flowers that blow here at a season when none of them are to be had in places less warm. From all which it follows that the art of gardening is here a very considerable means of subsistence.

Almost all the gardens and orchards are capable of being watered. It is pleasing to see how ingeniously artificial contrivances are made for turning to profit the little running water of the region. Every where along the garden-walls are seen small bricked aqueducts which are so contrived as that a man can let the water into his garden, or leave it to run by, as he sees occasion.

The greatest part of the flat country consists of corn-fields and meadows; the soil whereof is apparently good and fertile. The arable land, as throughout the whole province, is divided into narrow stripes, which are alternately planted with vines and sowed with corn. Besides these there are some that are copiously planted
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with olives, figs, and sometimes almond-trees. The vines here are not fixed to props. They consist of old thick stems, about half an ell in height. These annually put out shoots, which are then pruned to two buds. The countryman is so expert in the management of this, that young bearing wood is always pushing out, without suffering the thick stem to grow upwards.

In the vineyards we frequently meet with square spaces about ten feet every way, paved with stone, and then done over with mortar; so that the ground is firm and even. On three of the sides of such a place are little walls about three feet and a half high; on the fourth they are open. The bottom, from the open side, is somewhat sloped towards the hinder wall; and in the middle of the hinder wall, close to the ground, runs a small bricked canal through the wall. This place is the receptacle for the clusters as they are cut off in the vintage. From hence they are afterwards fetched away on the backs of asses into the town; where they are put under the press. The cavity in the back wall, as may easily be conceived, is for the purpose of letting off the juice that is expressed by the weight of the bunches lying thus in a heap; for the reception whereof a vessel is placed under the spout, on the outside of the wall.

Where the plain comes in contact with the mountains, and on the lower part of the mountains themselves, the country has a wilder aspect. Here it is divided into terrasses of various breadths; and these are mostly appropriated to the culture of the vine. Beyond these, all the higher ground is abundantly
stocked

stocked with olive trees. Here and there are to be seen corn-fields; on the heights, which, though somewhat broad, are not very steep. The summits of the mountains are either bare rocks, or are overgrown with trees of no value; namely low and stunted pinasters and fundry kinds of oaks, intermixed with shrubs and little bushes, juniper, rosemary and cythus.

That part which lies beyond the Gapaud is less cultivated, but richly planted with olive-trees; and a considerable portion of this plain is comprehended in the extensive salt-mines, of which I shall take notice afterwards, and the adjacent morasses.

The whole region is in general very agreeable, and during the winter particularly healthy. Hence it is that a great number of valetudinary persons come hither annually from other countries. For those who are strong in their feet, there are very pleasant walks; but in bright weather they feel a want of shade. A foreigner that chuses to make some stay here, and is accustomed to butter and milk, will do well to bring with him a cow and a good stock of butter; for butter is not at all to be had, and there is no other milk but that of goats. Cows are extremely rare, as well as horses. The only cattle they have are asses and goats. In a very remote place I once saw a few oxen grazing in a meadow. Beside the beautiful spots, and the diversified prospects that render these walks so pleasant, I found a particular pleasure in meeting with a great variety of trees and vegetables, which in England we are obliged to keep in hot-houses. By the roads, and in general where there are any eminences, we chiefly meet with the following shrubs: the pomegranate-tree, the mastic [*lentiscus*], the large-leaved myrtle, the

the yellow jafmine, the honey-fuckle, various kinds of ever-green rofe bufhes, and many others. But the greateft pleafure in thefe walks is the fmell of the bloffoms of a fhrub that grows in amazing plenty in all the hedges [*fmilax aspera fructu rubente*, c. B.] with which in autumn the whole atmofphere around is perfumed. Not lefs delightful to the eye is the rufcus, growing among other thick bufhes in dampifh places. It is a fmall fhrub, with fmooth leaves as tough as parch-ment, of an excellent green, which fhews more deep in contraft with the ftrong red of a large round berry that grows out of the middle of the leaf.

On the upper and lefs cultivated part of the mountain, grows the above-mentioned pinafter, the holly, and the cork oak, the outer bark whereof is the common cork; but which here is not very large. Among the fmall bufhes, the ftrawberry tree [*arbutus reneo*] is particularly agreeable. Late in the autumn are feen bloffoms, and fruit at various degrees of maturity, all at the fame time, and producing a fine effect. The ripe fruit has the appearance of a large ftrawberry, with nearly the fame tafte, though lefs delicate and fomewhat acid. They hang on long ftalks, like cherries. The full-grown but yet unripe fruit are of a beautiful yellow colour. The juniper fhrub thrives alfo here, and bears fine large berries of a lively brown.

I mentioned above the great falt-work which lies at the diftance of feven or eight miles from Hieres, at the fouth-eaft extremity of this plain, and will here give a defcription of it. It confifts, in the main, of feveral refervoirs dug in the earth, not far from the
I sea,

sea, that may be filled with sea-water, which, on being exhaled, leaves the salt behind. The whole inclosure belonging to this establishment is a large square, of seven or eight miles in circuit, and is guarded by a deep ditch filled with sea-water, together with a wall, to prevent people from clandestinely entering it. The entrance to this square is by a gate, adjoining to which are various buildings for the workmen.

This wall incloses all the reservoirs, each of which is surrounded by its particular dam, consequently holds its water without letting any run off. Close to the dams are again every where particular canals, by means whereof the people can row about in little canoes on each of the reservoirs, for fetching off the salt. Farther, between every two reservoirs is a place whereon a number of water-wheels, half sunk in pits, are constructed, and which are worked by horses. The use of these is to draw off the water from one reservoir into another.

From the canals the reservoirs are replenished with sea-water; where it stands, to evaporate. But, for the sake of gaining so much the more salt at once from a reservoir, the brine, when the water is evaporated to a certain degree, is increased by the admission of a new supply of water, till it is thought strong enough; when it is left for complete evaporation. When this is over, the salt left behind is collected and laid in heaps in dry places; and then the reservoir is filled anew with water. When the water is mostly evaporated, and the salt already there, great care must be taken that no rain falls upon it; as that would dissolve it again. This is prevented by covering the salt on such occa-

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sions with new brine. This does not dissolve what is there already, neither is it so thinned by the rain as to be at all dissolved itself.

The salt is now carried from the heaps into the magazine. This is a very long building furrounded with strong walls, like a quadrangular fort, and stands close by the sea. From hence it is put on board of ship, and transported for consumption.

Here are made annually from 90 to 100,000 minats of salt. The minat contains exactly a hundred weight. The king, or rather the farmers-general, pay the proprietor of this work 5 fous for each minat. For which he must deliver the salt on board of ship, and take the charge of carrying on this expensive undertaking upon himself. The expences, or yearly disbursements, amount to 14,000 livres; consequently, there remains to the proprietor no more than 1000 livres annually net revenue from this fine establishment. The farmers-general sell for a louis-d'or what costs them five fous. Perhaps some reader of this paper may ask, whether the forefathers of the present owner, who planned the work, would have taken the pains to execute it, if they could have foreseen that their descendants would be permitted to take only the hundreth part of its produce.

An officer lives at the magazine, who has a few men under him, for keeping a strict eye upon the works.

Concerning the mountains which surround the plain at Hieres, I have yet a few remarks to make. Those on the north side consist of a smooth slate, grey with somewhat of a reddish cast, which feels somewhat greasy, and will not endure the open air. The earth,
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with which these mountains are but thinly covered, seems to be merely of this mouldered slate. Its laminae are for the most part very thin; not thicker than a sheet of paper. I found here too, what I have frequently observed in several slate-mountains, that here and there a layer of quite a different stone appears, of the quartz or flint kind, and that in these quartz layers are stones diversely shot out into crystals. It is not easy to guess how these heterogeneous strata came under the others.

The mountains lying towards the south, on the sea coast, are not quite so high as those on the north side, and are entirely of another species. Their substance is chalky, either mere limestone, or greater and less portions of fine marble. Here and there are quarries, where it is broken. The commonest of these marble-kinds are dark grey and but half fine; the best is white and spotted with red. This is very hard, and takes a good polish. The layers of this stone are from three to four inches, to as many feet in thickness. Between the layers runs a fine red bolus-earth, in which neat spath-crystals are found.

On one of these southern mountains, in a part perfectly uncultivated and stony, I found a piece of fine white salinitic marble lying among the rubbish occasioned by the pieces that at times detach themselves and fall down from the rock; it was manifestly a fragment of some antique work, as it plainly appeared to have architectonic members carved upon it. Otherwise there are no traces of any decayed structure to be seen.

At the beginning of these remarks on Hieres I spoke in commendation of the good dispositions of the inhabitants of these parts. I shall here add, that they seem to me to be an industrious and frugal people. Early in the morning one sees whole families going out of the town to labour in the fields. The mothers carry their sucking children with them in a cradle on their heads, and in the evenings return to town in the like manner. On their little parcels of land, they have small stone buildings, in which they repose in the middle of the day, and where they find a shelter from the heat and rain.

The fields are well-cultivated throughout; and are turned up by the spade, on account of the deficiency of cattle. They are very attentive to collect and make use of every thing that may be employed as manure. On the mountains I very frequently found spots newly grubbed up, and disposed for agriculture.

It often struck me to draw a comparison between these people and the inhabitants of smaller towns in Switzerland and different parts of Germany; and the comparison never terminated in favour of the latter. These, who mostly have considerable possessions in common, whereof a part at least of the produce comes to the burghers, are by far not so laborious as the burghers of Hieres. One frequently sees whole troops of them standing idle in their streets, or sitting over their drink in the wine-houses. They prefer living indigently at home, to the bettering of their condition by industry and labour.

We may hence conclude that man, in the state of uncultivated nature, hates work and is fond of idleness;

and that necessity alone, or reflection, can impel him to diligence. Necessity is the most ordinary means to this end. As for reflection, a man must have gone some lengths in it, before he feels, that a regular application, and the benefits that arise from it, are the best means for leading a contented and pleasant life.

There are politicians who maintain that heavy taxes, and imposts scarcely to be borne, are good methods for compelling the common people to work. Men oppressed by taxes certainly work more out of necessity, than a still irrational people that can satisfy their wants without much labour. So far this assertion holds good. But the true means of exciting an intrinsic and lasting impulse to diligence, is by calling forth the sentiment of good living and the agreeableness of abundance. He who once properly feels that regularity and labour will not only free him from penury, but likewise procure him a kind of plenty, from whence an easier and more chearful enjoyment arises, together with a continual increase of the means to it, will certainly find a satisfaction in his work. And surely the diligence of this man is preferable to his who is driven to labour by dire necessity.

FRAGMENT ON THE LAWS OF NATURE.

THE means of nature, as far as they are known to us, may be deduced, according to the theory of the

count de Buffon *, from two primitive powers, that which causes gravity, and that which engenders heat.

The force of impulsion is subordinate to them. Attraction is an universal, a stated, a continued effect. Collision is, however, in most bodies, only a particular, neither stated nor continuing effect, and depends on attraction, as a particular effect on a general one.

If all collision were removed, attraction would nevertheless continue and operate. But if attraction should cease, collision would lose its existence.

This essential difference subordinates the impulsion of attraction.

But still more immediately and universally does impulsion depend on the energy which produces heat, according to the simple and elevated theory of the french Pliny. Impulsion pervades organized bodies principally by means of heat. By heat they are formed, they grow, and expand. From attraction alone we may derive all the operations of unorganised matter, as we may deduce, according to Buffon's apparently well-founded theory, all the phænomena of living matter from the same attractive force, in connection with the force of heat.

That great philosopher — unquestionably one of the greatest this century has produced — teaches, that not only all animals and plants are to be comprehended under the head of living matter, but also all living organised particles, *moleculæ*, which are scattered among the ruins of organised bodies, together with the prime

* See particularly Buffon's *Introduction à l'histoire naturelle des minéraux*, in the chapter on Elements.

substance of light, of fire and heat; in short, all matter active of itself.

On this matter he makes the very just remark: that it always tends, from the central point, to the circumference, i. e. acts with expansive force; whereas, rude unorganised matter tends from the circumference to the central point, i. e. the law of gravity, or the attractive power.

The directions of these two powers are opposite to each other, but they preserve the equipoise, without ever disturbing it. From the combination of these two constantly active powers, all the phænomena in the world result. It should even seem as if the expansive power may be repelled by that of attraction.

All the powers of matter are dependent on one sole primitive power.

It is very easy to conceive, that attraction is changed into repulsion, as often as bodies come so very near together as to feel a friction or a reciprocal shock.

After seeing the little that Buffon has delivered on this head, it would not be amiss to read the *Theoria philosophiæ naturalis* of pere Boscovitch, the ragusan geometer, who, as Bettinelli, the mathematician at Parma, once wrote to Algarotti, has shewn to demonstration the necessity of a repulsive power in nature.

Boscovitch, in the passage where he treats of the transition of attraction into repulsion, proves, *repulsi-ones ejusdem esse seriei cum attractionibus, a quibus differunt tantummodo ut negativum à positivo*. Even this active power of the element, which shews itself by attraction, is in the least distances, in *minimis distantijs*, repellent.

The expansive power is an effect, resulting from the attractive force, and always exhibits itself, when bodies mutually flock or rub. It is the reaction of the attractive power, which arises when the primitive particles of matter—that constantly act in reciprocation—would pass into the state of immediate contact. Heat, light, and fire, are the greatest effects of the expansive power which are at all times produced, when, by nature and art, bodies are divided into very small parts, which meet each other in opposite directions.

The flock itself, then, according to Buffon's principles, is dependent on attraction. The expansive power is nothing but the attractive, in so far as this latter is become negative. Light, heat, fire, are no more than particular modes of the being of matter. There exists but one force, and but one matter, always in its parts striving to attract or to repel, according to circumstances.

The attractive power is that of which count Algarotti, in his excellent dialogues on Newton's optics, speaks thus: "Attraction, far from being an occult quality, is a very evident property of matter. We should not confound this term, on which the demonstrative explanation of numberless phenomena depends, with those words to which no idea is connected, and which later philosophers have invented, to enable themselves to give a chimerical reason for certain phenomena. It is an universal principle, which all things must follow, from the volatile atom, to the immense orbs of the planets. Its laws are assigned, and its effects enumerated even to the smallest

“smallest particular. Supported on accurate observations and profound meditation, Newton saw the necessity of acknowledging the attractive power as an original property of matter.”

According to Kant's philosophy*, only two moving powers can be conceived in matter, attractive and repelling power. From these, as Kant expresses himself, every moving power in material nature may be deduced.

That is: all the movements in nature are effects of attractive or of repulsive power.

Matter is impenetrable, by its expansive power. But this is the consequence of the repulsive power†.

Pere Boscovitch in like manner founds the impenetrability of bodies on the repellent power of the elementary parts.

The grand, simple, eternal laws of attraction and repulsion, to which, what are for the most part unknown to us, the particular law, of chymical affinities, of electrical and magnetical phenomena, may in all probability be reducible, explain to us the origin of the physical world.

Observations have made us acquainted with an active matter, which has motion, and, as Boscovitch says with reason, is never, for one instant, in a state of absolute rest. All in the physical world is nothing but metamorphosis. It is only the forms which alter. The quantity of matter remains ever the same. The same substance passes successively through all the three

* See Kant's metaphysical principles of the science of nature, p. 35.

† See Kant's metaph. princ. of the science of nature, p. 43.

kingdoms of nature. It appears now as mineral, then as plant, now as insect, as bird, as beast, as man. Buffon and professor Fabre at Paris teach : that what we call element is capable of perpetual transformation, by the inherent motions, attraction and expansion of matter ; and that every animal, every plant, may be considered as a small central point of heat or of fire, which appropriates to itself the air and the water that surround it, and assimilates itself to them, for vegetating, or for nourishing itself, and for living on the products of the earth, which themselves are nothing but previous fixt air and water. It appropriates to itself at the same time a small quantity of earth, and as it receives the impressions of light and the heat of the sun, and likewise that of the earth, it changes each several element in its substance, works, compounds, unites them, places them, in certain circumstances, in opposition to each other, till they have entered the form that is necessary to its developement.

An active fluid animates the world. This fluid is no other than the ætherial matter, which by the movements of attraction and expansion is modified in various ways.

We discover by the microscope, says a great observer of nature *, in the infusions of animal and vegetable substances, active, self-moving particles. It is credible, that these are nothing but the ætherial matter, which from a grosser substance is become fixt to a certain point.

* M. Fabre, in his ingenious *Essai sur les facultés de l'ame*, Amsterd. and Paris, 1785.

To return once more to the attractive power — it is it, which in heaven and on the earth, in infinite distances, and in bodies which closely surround us, manifests itself by a thousand undeniable displays. It regulates the motions of Saturn, as well as causes an apple to fall from the tree. This simple, but at all times invariable cause, is the foundation of the order and harmony of the world.

The conviction of the simplicity and necessity of the laws of nature, which, in fact, are the laws of God, and bear the impress of his immutability, is, by the way, of great advantage to us, in disposing us to reject, as fabulous and absurd, *a priori*, all accounts of miracles, pretended to be wrought in one place or another.

Whether we hold these great laws of nature, whereof every phænomenon is a consequence or result, to be the work of God, and, if I may so speak, the physical expression of his unchangeable will, or believe these laws to be founded in the intrinsic, but to us unknown nature of things, yet are they in all cases invariable. A miracle, that oversets these laws, would destroy the order and harmony of the physical world.

From millions of examples of this, we will adduce only one.

The Roman annals mark the ascent of Romulus to a place among the gods; and Seneca cites a later but similar event.

Suppose a thousand witnesses should deliver their attestations of this fact, a man would immediately reject it, without making any account of the number and the good characters of the witnesses, as a fiction

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at variance with all the laws of nature, and consequently destitute of every degree of probability. For the physical impossibility of the fact deposed is susceptible of the strongest demonstration. The falsehood of the witnesses in behalf of this fact, follows then naturally of itself.

Let us suppose the ascension of Romulus or of that other person whom Seneca mentions, to involve at the same time a translation of these men from the earth into a remote planet, or one of the fixed stars.

Undoubtedly their journey through the air is still change of place; is motion.

But every motion, at the end of the attractive or repulsive force, is by its natural effect repelled. It is now at first sight clear, that the attractive force of our globe permits none of its pertaining bodies to get loose from it, and to rush in rapid flight to other spheres, to increase their mass. We are fastened by an iron chain to this vortex, the motions whereof we are obliged to follow.

Should, however, some attractive power, operating from afar, be able to bear away a human body from our earth, and waft it in the boundless regions of space?

Reflect on the monstrous consequences which such an event must necessarily have been attended with to the whole globe!

How could that power so astonishingly act on but one part of the globe, and overcome the contrariwise labouring pull of the earth, without proportionably acting likewise on those atoms which lay nearest to those drawn off, and bringing them into succession? —

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This must have happened the rather, as the distance of the atoms which lay next to those carried off, compared with the distance of those very ones drawn away, gives a difference, which is to be regarded as infinitely small, and hence in respect to the effect of the force which severed those atoms from the globe, could have caused no remarkable difference at all. Never once can the earth be deprived of whatever belongs to its individuality. Every loss of its atoms would lessen its gravity. Thus shaken in its course, it would soon be unable to preserve its equilibrium in regard to the rest of the spheres; and thus its destruction must unavoidably ensue. The earth's mass of force can nowise be diminished; which yet, by the loss of the smallest substance, it would inevitably be.

Besides; whence came that monstrous, remotely acting force, which operated, as it were, but for a moment, on a certain point of our ball, and then — existed no more? Sprung it from nothing to snatch away an inhabitant of our earth; and then, after a momentaneous agency, to fall back again into its primitive nothing?

The mathematical philosopher perceives that the ascent of those two persons mentioned in the annals of Rome, could not have happened without a violation of the laws of gravity; that this miracle would have spread confusion through all the spheres, even to the Almighty's throne, and would have shaken the firm foundations whereon the order and existence of the physical world is built. The total silence of history on the great consequences such an event must necessarily have produced on the globe, is a sure demonstration that these transactions in reality never happened.

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I do not expect that such events, which are manifestly in the rank of locomutative motion, will be pretended by any one to be immediate operations of the divine will. It is not allowed, according to rational philosophy, in the explanation of particular events, which are parts of the sensible world, to take refuge in the will, or the immediate agency of an hyperphysical being. Besides, it can only with great impropriety be said of the Supreme Being that he has volition. The conclusion from the foregoing considerations arises of itself. The first requisite to the credibility of a fact is its physical possibility. When this is wanting, the relator of such a fact can have no claim whatever on our acceptation and belief.

The reason for our rejection of his testimony is drawn from the nature of the matter itself, i. e. from its physical impossibility.

This reason then is fully decisive. When once we have attended to it, Proculeius may exclaim as loud as he pleases: “Romans, this prince, whose death you lament, is not dead. He is ascended into heaven, where he now sits by the side of Jupiter.” The annalists may assure us to the end of time that Romulus appeared to more than a thousand persons. More assured of the justness of our axioms than of the veracity of their witnesses; taught by a thousand experiences of the mendacity of mankind, but not even by one, of their ability in miracles *, we might reply to such a relator, in the words of Diderot: *Tous les peuples ont de ces faits, à qui, pour être merveilleux, il ne manque*

* That the spirit or soul of Romulus might take its flight to live and operate in another sphere is easily conceivable; the matter here is only with his body.

que d'être vrais ; avec lesquels on démontre tout, mais qu'on ne prouve point ; qu'on n'ose nier fans être impie, et qu'on ne peut croire, fans être imbécille.

AN ATTEMPT TO DEMONSTRATE THE EXISTENCE
OF GOD, FROM THE FORMATION OF MAN.

METAPHYSICS, according to the confession of the greatest philosophers, are unable to give us complete conviction of the being of God. The following popular proof, which is almost totally independent on metaphysics, has always seemed to me the most convincing.

The point from whence I set out is this : Our earth has been for several thousand years alternately the sport of fire and water. The proofs of this assertion are innumerable. We need only to consult the writings of those who have made it their business to pry into nature.

Had the globe been, as Leibnitz and Buffon assert, at any time a glowing mass, then it is clear, that at that time no men nor animals were upon the earth.

The eternal seminal eggs, which some atheists have had recourse to as their last resort, could never have withstood the continued glow, but must have been utterly destroyed.

How is it possible, that, from this mass of dross, of ashes, of molten and then indurated metallic substances, of calcined stones, &c. that from this enormous

mous lump of minerals, which we call the earth, the first men and the first animals of every kind, could have arisen?

The globe was as unable to produce of itself its first inhabitants, as at present a desert island, in the midst of the southern ocean, is to people itself with men, and living creatures.

But it is doubted whether ever this terrestrial body has been a mass of glowing fire, whether Buffon is in the right? This, at least, must be confessed, that the sea has formerly covered the whole surface of the globe, that only the summits of the highest mountains appeared above the all-involving ocean. This is evinced by a thousand and a thousand proofs.

According to the judgement of the greatest researchers into nature, this great deluge must have lasted very long — probably some thousands of years!

During that period the globe could not have been inhabited by men and land-animals. Can it be believed, that our race was ever of the nature of a mackarel or a sprat, and inhabited the watery element? Certainly, as little as it can be imagined, that mackarel and sprats have ever been the inhabitants of dry land!

Telliamed's fish-men can only be considered as fictions of the absurdest class.

Neither could mankind have supported themselves on the pinnacles of the loftiest Alps, which remained dry during the deluge. For the tops of the loftiest mountains of the globe are barren rocks, where nothing grows, or nothing proper to the nourishment of man.

But

But how did elephants, and other animals of ponderous bodies, climb them? How could those animals who are peculiarly adapted to the torrid zone, endure the cold air of the highest mountains?

If then, as it cannot be denied, the surface of the globe was, for a long period of time, overflowed and uninhabitable for land-animals, the idea of an infinite series à parte ante of fathers and sons must necessarily fall to the ground, and the series of propagation in the human race, and in the other animal races, must have had a beginning.

Whence, now, did the first, therefore unengendered, men, the first beasts of every kind, proceed? Not from eternal feminal-eggs — because whatever is eternal, is likewise necessary and unalterable.

Where are these eggs at present? — Why do we not see in our times young elephants creeping up from these eggs in the deserts of Africa? — How were these eggs rendered capable of subsisting so long under water without corruption?

Just as little capable was the earth of bringing forth spontaneously the first living creatures. If it ever possessed this procreative power, it must still possess it. Still should we see, half or whole formed men, horses, &c. proceeding from the slime which the sun had heated.

For, if the nature of the world be eternal and unalterable, how could that procreative power forsake it and go out? What can be more childish, than the sentiment of la Mettrie, that the earth is like an old hen that has left off laying? — Columella thought more justly. In the foremost pages of his book *de re*

rustica, he refutes those who maintain, that the earth, the common mother of all things, is, as in human creatures, become unfruitful by age. But that the globe spontaneously brought forth men and beasts, can only be believed by those who find it not impossible, for a garden, by its prolific and plastic energy, to produce its gardener, and a field the oxen that plow it.

Who can believe, that the frozen soil of Lapland originally produced its reindeer, or that the arid sands of the Lybian deserts were the parent of lions, tigers, ostriches, and monkeys?

If then the supposition of eternal feminal-eggs be groundless, — if this terrestrial ball, which, excepting its living inhabitants, is nought but an enormous lump of lifeless minerals, destitute of all means for procreating man or beast — if, at the same time, we must necessarily admit, that the succession of propagations in the human and the animal races must have had a beginning — is the production of the first parents of our race, and the first beasts of every kind, to be accounted for by any mechanism of the corporeal world? Is it then absurd to call in the immediate agency of a higher, of a superhuman, a superterrestrial being?

The formation of the first men, of the first animals of every kind, is absolutely inconceivable upon the notion of a mechanical agency. It is justly said by professor Feber, that, by the intellect machines have been produced, this we know assuredly from experience. But that the intellect could ever be produced by a machine, however artfully constructed, of this we have not the testimony of one single experience.

Whoever

Whoever can admit, that men once sprouted up like funguses from the earth, or that slime, heated by the sun and set in fermentation, at some period long remote, became men, horses, fowls, &c. the same person will not find the metamorphoses sung by Ovid, nor any of the miracles of superstition, nor any antiphysical accounts, nor events contradictory to common experience, at all improbable.

For he ascribes to the earth a generative faculty — to the accidental commixture and combination of the particles of earth, water, air, and fire, an effect, to which, as experience shews, they are not competent.

How great reason therefore has Schloetzer for saying:
 “ Man is the product of immediate creation. The ac-
 “ cidental apparition of man and beast from slime,
 “ animated and enlivened by the heat of the sun, the
 “ men sprung from the earth, of the Greeks, the fish-
 “ men of Anaximander and Telliamed, are all, ac-
 “ cording to our modern perceptions — nonsense.”

LETTER FROM A FRENCH OFFICER IN THE
 ISLAND OF CORSICA.

Bastia, 1781.

YOU are too well versed in history to make it necessary for me to carry you back to the remote periods of Corsica. Here they have a tale of a lady of Liguria, by name Corfa Bubulca, who brought a colony to this place. To the natural inconstancy of these

islanders it is owing, that they have so often changed their masters. Corsica has been successively the property of the Ligurians, the Phocæans, the Tyrrhenians, the Hetrurians, the Carthaginians, the Romans, the Goths, the Saracens, the Pope, the Genoese, the Pisans, and the kings of Arragon, Sardinia, and France. They chose themselves a king in the person of the famous baron Theodore, a German, who was afterwards expelled, then recalled, and again driven out, till at length he died in trouble and distress at London; where Paoli, either more discreet, or better supported by circumstances, at present enjoys a handsome maintenance, though without the hope of ever regaining the esteem and confidence of his countrymen. The Corsicans, finding the yoke of the Genoese utterly insupportable, that republic saw itself compelled to cede the island to the crown of France, which has been at the expence of much blood and treasure to secure its possession.

Notwithstanding the ill opinion that is generally entertained of Corsica, yet it appears to merit the attention of the crown on two considerations.

In the first place, because the possession of it would put the enemies of France in a condition to do great damage to her trade and navigation, by cruising to the heights of Antilles, Toulon, Marseilles, &c. Secondly, because this place is so excellently calculated to be the prime staple of the Levant, and the magazine of the whole mediterranean trade. Antilles is no more than forty french miles from it.

Considered in this point of view, and without paying any regard to what it has cost or still costs, it should

almost seem as if the political interest of France made the keeping of it indispensably necessary, were it only to prevent other nations from making their uses of it. Consequently, the little produce of the island does not come into the account; which, in proportion to its magnitude, is but very moderate. I will specify its productions according to the provinces, beginning from the southern promontory.

The cape Corso produces wine: but to that sole article its whole produce is confined. It would be well if the vine plants and the grapes were better cultivated and managed. At present none can be exported but what are first boiled. This branch of commerce is moderate. Cape Corso has neither woods nor mulberry-trees, few olive-trees, but little corn, and chesnuts almost none at all. The soil of this province is dry and bare. It yields gold, silver, copper, lead, markassites, roch-allum, antimony, loadstone, and marble. They collect the leaves of the bushes which they sell in bread to the Genoese for curing their raw hides. This traffic however is no great matter.

The province of Bastia is better cultivated; it has corn, wine, flax, olives, mulberry and other fruit trees, but especially chesnut-trees in abundance in the district of Ampugnani. Touch-stone is found in the river Gelo, which is dry in summer, and roch-allum in la Cazinca, a little territory bordering on the province Aleria.

Aleria would be the best province of the island, if the air were but wholesomer. The soil is deep and fertile. The sea-slime has manured it, and it bears excellent wheat. But all that lies to the sea is swampy, and there arises such a pestilential vapour, particularly in June,

July, and August, that a man risks his life by passing a night in these flats. The air at Fiumorbo, the mountainous part of the country, is healthy, and the ground covered with fine woods. At the village Isolaccio are hot springs, which were very famous in the time of the Romans. We still see the remains of the baths that were built there. Half a mile from the sea we perceive the ruins of an antient city which bore the name of Aleria. They consist of decayed walls and the fragments of some houses. The four walls of a church are still standing, but the architecture shews it to be of no remoter a date than the fifteenth century at the utmost; whereas, we know that Aleria was existing in the time of the Saracens. It is asserted that it contained sixty thousand inhabitants. Not far from this, in the opinion of the historiographers, stood the city of Accia; of which, however, there is not the smallest vestige remaining.

Bonifacio and Porto-Vecchio contain vast tracts of land that might be excellently employed in agriculture; neither is there any scarcity of wood and water; but only the districts about the inhabited places are cultivated.

The air at Porto-Vecchio, on account of the neighbouring marshes, is very unwholesome during the summer; this is owing to the negligence of the inhabitants, who suffer their haven, where it incroaches on the land, to get choaked up with mud. The cleansing of the haven would render it one of the finest and best in all the Mediterranean, and at the same time make the country more salubrious. Porto-Vecchio is only a
wretched

wretched village, notwithstanding it is honoured with the title of a city.

Bonifacio is situated on an eminence on the southern point of the island, overagainst Sardinia, and is tolerably well fortified. Hard by are several caverns, remarkable for their petrifications: they remind me of Claudian's fine description of these natural productions, in one of his epigrams, though they properly do not belong to that department of poetry:

Possedit glacies naturæ signa prioris:

Quæ fit parte lapis, frigora parte negat.

Sollers lussit hiems, imperfectoque rigore

Nobilior, mittis gemma tumescit aquis.

Sartena carries on a commerce in wine and corn, but the cultivation of either amounts to no great matter. We meet here with chestnuts. This province lies conveniently for trade, as the gulf of Valinco extends far into the country. The inhabitants of Sartena have taken it into their heads, that they are all of noble race, and ever since they have given admission to this charming dream, they pass their lives in idleness, and have filled the whole district with proud and poor inhabitants. The neighbouring hills abound in marble.

The province Ajaccio possesses all the advantages of an easy traffic, as its golfo is very deep, its circumference considerable, and its soil well watered and covered with forests. At the same time this province is among those that are the worst built upon. The city of the same name is very elegant; the streets are all in right lines, and tolerably well built. It is the only one that has the look of a french city.

Vico contains the finest forests on the island. The golfo di Sagona, on the one side, and that of Porto on the other, facilitate their commerce. This province is shaded by numerous chestnut-trees and olives; its vallies are richly supplied with water, and yet agriculture is in a very poor condition. Vico is but a village, and at Guagno, not far from it, are warm baths.

Corte, the centre of the island, is in the same bad state, notwithstanding the high road from Bastia, and its abundance of water, woods and vallies, which might so easily be turned to profit. Gold, sulphur, and talc, are found here. The city of this name, which was formerly the capital of the island, is a miserable open spot, lying on the declivity of a lofty mountain, and from its foot looks like an old forsaken swallow's nest. A certain Strangelo, who has published a map of Corsica, mentions, in the historical part of it, that, from January 1767. to March 1768. no less than 47,000 foreigners settled at Corte, which has not room to contain 4000 persons. Probably it is an error of the press; three nullo too much! et sic de cæteris.

The province Calvi is least adapted to agriculture, excepting some glens that lie towards the sea. The city of this name, built on a rock, is tolerably strong. The inside is quite in the corsican manner.

Algagliola and Isola Rossa are two small villages on the sea-coast, which carry on a petty commerce.

Belagna, so much extolled for its fertility, is limited in that and its wealth to the single Pieve Tuani. Oil forms the chief branch of its commerce; but it is considerable. Many almond-trees are seen here. This Pieve Tuani is a small vale, two miles long and four broad,

broad, and may be called the garden of the island; but, on leaving this vale on whichever side we will, Corsica resumes its sad and arid aspect. We come to bare unfruitful mountains, especially towards Nebio. But they yield very beautiful porphyry: from hence was fetched the whole quantity used for the chapel of the annunciation of Mary at Florence. In the river Caccia is found red-ocre.

Nebio has nothing good but its dale, which is bounded by the golfo of St. Florence, and at present is quite defenceless; but it is of great importance to the island. Whoever should make himself master of this golfo, may easily penetrate into the dale, and without any impediment take possession of the heights that extend over the provinces of Bastia and Belagna, and from thence overrun the whole island. Accordingly, the Corsicans gave up all for lost, on seeing that we had once secured this pass.

Saint Florence is a wretched town on the golfo of that name. The air is here very unwholesome from the same cause that necessitated the inhabitants to desert Porto-Vecchio. It might here be corrected with as little trouble as there; and, in my opinion, this ought to be done before they begin to work at the fortifications; in the mean time they pass the whole year at Saint Florence, and the present commandant has long made his abode at this place.

From this short description, you may perceive that the commerce of the island, at this moment, is not in the most flourishing condition. Accordingly the balance is eighty thousand livres per month against us,

as

as so much goes out of the island for necessaries of all kinds.

The duties are fifteen per cent on foreign, and seven and a half per cent on french imports. Doubtless the crown had the wisest reasons for this regulation; it wanted the Corsicans to dispense with foreign assistance, by causing them to pay somewhat dearer for it. But perhaps a general liberty of trade would have made it flourish more in the corsican ports, whereas too much interference of government always scares it away. A simple charge for anchorage, would perhaps have brought in as much as the duty: the neighbouring nations would have been accustomed to visit Corsica, and it is more than probable that this island would by this time have been one of the seats of commerce of the mediterranean sea, and the foremost staple of the Levant; and perhaps I may be mistaken.

The only tax in Corsica is the assessment. It relates principally to landed estates. The crown thought to give a spur to the inactivity of the Corsicans by laying on this tax: and it would have succeeded with any other people; but this forms an exception to the rule; the assessment seems to have quite overpowered them; accordingly, it has been thought fit to alter the plan.

I am persuaded that we should have a thorough knowledge of the physical part of a country and the genius of its inhabitants, before we proceed to new impositions, especially in a nation that has but lately been subjugated, and has been accustomed to anarchy and civil dissensions.

The Corsican cannot do without a master, but he that becomes so is sure of his hatred. His laziness is a
fault

fault of his temperament, which the climate increafes, and a confequence of his puftillanimity, which again is the fruit of his intestine broils. We fhould therefore go gently to work with him, if we would gain his friendship, and imperceptibly infpire him with an inclination to work, as he will never fubmit to be abruptly burdened.

The only objection of any confequence, is, that the revenues of the crown will be leffened, and the expences which it muft neceffarily be at for Corfica increafed. But to this it may be answered, that there are more fimple and eafy methods as well to leffen this expence as to fupply the deficiencies arifing from this abolition of the two kinds of impoft, and at the fame time be a relief to the nation. It is the bufinefs of the crown to think of thefe methods.

One circumftance efpecially muft never be loft fight of, that the Corfican is accuftomed to live frugally, that he confequently knows but few wants, and therefore has no inclination to works that would bring him in more money than he has occafion to fpend in the indifpenfable neceffaries of life. Such a nation puts a flop to all the calculations of politicians. The beft project at this moment would be to induce foreigners to settle in Corfica. But in this we muft go prudently and œconomically to work, and particularly act with firmnefs towards the natives.

To judge from the ftate of affairs in America and Europe, and the vifionary ideas of the Englifh which make them forget that it is a folly to lavifh money and troops in conquering an open country, which may as eafily at any time be loft again; to judge from this conduct,

conduct, it should seem as if Corsica was the only country in Europe on which that nation can wreak its vengeance, by making a diversion against us. Why else should they continue to pay Paoli his pension of two thousand pounds sterling? his name indeed is now no more than a tattered scarecrow, no longer of any great service; the utmost it could do might be to stir up some enthusiasts of Niolo to throw us into disturbance, if we were not too strong in the island.

Niolo is a basin of two miles in breadth and four in length; it lies between the provinces Vico, Calvi, and Corte, and is in a manner confined by the latter. It has the figure of a boat. All its inhabitants have a savage look, and their manners are much more rude than those of the other parts. They lead a pastoral life, roving about the island the whole year through with their flocks and herds, which their own district is as little able to support as themselves. This channel, however, is of great utility in time of war; as it has but four entrances, where any one with a handful of people might defend it against an army of 10,000 men. These posts then must be first secured in case of an attack. These entrances are extremely difficult. They are narrow passes hewn in the rock, leading to steep overhanging precipices. The Corsicans are fully sensible to the advantages of this tract of country. It was here where the last insurrection happened. It might have been productive of bad consequences, had not the Niolense begun their attempt before their project was ripe for execution, and that without first taking possession of the four passes; so that when they would have

have done it, our troops had already made themselves masters of them.

Corfica might be made a place of refuge to the unhappy schismatical Greeks, who labour under so many oppressions in the Levant, and have long been fighting after a secure and quiet abode. The colony of Carghesa would be the fruitful parent of numerous settlements, and the example of activity and industry set by these fugitives might be a spur to the emulation of the other Corsicans, or rouse them at least from their present indolence and sloth.

The poor Acadians, who adhered to the crown of France, and refused to bend their necks to the yoke of England at the last treaty of peace, languish in Poitou and are a burden to the government, without any certain support. Certain privileges granted them would enable these distressed families to render the desert tracts of Corfica populous and productive.

The island abounds in excellent firs and pines, of large growth, and inferior to none for the purposes of ship-building. The forest of Aiton is an inexhaustible plantation of beautiful trees. They had this reputation so long ago as the time of Dionysio Affro: witness the following verses:

Nulla tamen tellus latissima robora sylvæ
Sic habilis generat.

Better treatment and better culture; and Corfica would yield good wine and excellent oil. The mulberry-tree thrives here to admiration, and silk of a pretty good quality is made. Formerly the Corsicans paid their tributes in wax; the culture of bees is therefore

fore understood in the country. Formerly too they made salt; why should they not make it still? The growth of corn might likewise come again into practice, if more attention was paid to the draining of the morasses.

In Corsica there are neither wolves nor rabbits; but foxes are here in plenty, strong enough to worry and devour young lambs. All species of animals are smaller here than elsewhere, and seem as if degenerated. The hogs, quails, and pigeons, are excellent; fowls and game are moderately large, excepting the wild-boar, which is neither large nor wild. The fish of the Mediterranean are not to be compared with those of the ocean. They bear the same relation as pond fish to river fish.

Corsica contains between 130,000 and 140,000 inhabitants, as well natives, as French and foreigners.

The island produces gold, silver, copper, iron, lead, sulphur, antimony, basalt, chalk, rochallum, zinnabar, jasper, porphyry, and marble of various colours; likewise yellow topazes, both of the pyramidal and cubic forms.

The best stone for building is called travertina. It is very hard, and so disposed that it makes the whole thickness of the wall. There is plenty of crystal in the mountains of Cagna, Cazinca and Niolo.

Along the coast grow white and red corals. The black are imperfect madrepores. The rocks of cape Corso are covered with corallides.

The species of pine, called here carricio, is a sort of cedar, which is highly prized both on account of its beauty and its goodness. This tree grows to the height of
of

of 130 feet, and is as straight and smooth as a reed. Its resin is fine and transparent, its wood very hard, and is exceedingly well adapted to the purposes of ship-building and the construction of houses. Fruit-trees are but indifferent, except the fig, almond, and chestnut, which succeed every where.

Cagna and Graddaccio are the highest mountains of Corsica. On the latter is a lake of considerable magnitude; the circumjacent territory is covered with wood. If you would get a notion of the horrors of the Thebaic deserts, you should visit the vale of Cruzzini; but not as I did, who had nearly paid for it with my life, as I fell with my horse down a steep of more than twenty toises, among nothing but rocks.

After the investigations I have made into the nature of the terrain in the parts about Antibes, into the species of the woods, stones, strata and even the products of the soil, I am more and more confirmed in my hypothesis that Corsica, has been severed from Provence by one of those violent convulsions of the globe, which must have frequently happened in the remote ages of antiquity. But the analogy extends not to the character of the inhabitants; for the Provençal is as active as the Corsican is slothful.

GRIMALDI.

A TRUE STORY.

DURING the civil war of Genoa, an Italian, of the name of Grimaldi, fled to Pisa. Money was the only thing in the universe that could boast of his friendship and esteem. He maintained, that fortune ought

ought to be pursued in any way and at any price, and that no means were disgraceful but such as did not succeed. He that has a great store of money, he used to say, has but few stings of conscience.

We may readily suppose, that a man of such maxims had formed a settled plan to become rich. Accordingly he began very early to labour at the edifice of his fortune, and even in his youth he merited the appellation of an old miser. With the talent of acquiring riches, he united the far more extraordinary art of keeping them. He lived quite alone. He had neither dog nor cat in the house; because he must have found them in victuals. Neither did he keep a servant; to spare himself the necessity of paying wages. Moreover, he was in continual fear of being robbed; and theft was in his estimation a crime of blacker dye than parricide. He was universally the object of hatred and contempt; but when he felt himself insulted or abused, he went straitway home, cast a look at his dear strong box, and was comforted.

The frugality of his meals, and the poverty of his dress, were no deception to the public on the true state of his circumstances, as is usually the case with misers. The cloak of artifice under which they think to conceal their affluence, frequently serves but to swell it in the eyes of other men, and their avarice is only a sign hung out to invite the thief to enter.

One evening when he had supped in company, (it may be easily imagined that it was not at home,) he was returning to his house very late and alone. Some one that had watched his steps, fell upon him with the intention to murder him. Grimaldi felt himself stabbed
with

with a poignard, but had still so much strength as to take to his heels. At the same time came on a dreadful storm. Faint with his wound, his affright, and the rain, Grimaldi threw himself into the shop of a goldsmith, which by chance was still open. This goldsmith was in full pursuit of wealth, like Grimaldi, only that he had fallen upon a way less promising than that of usury. He was in search of the philosopher's stone. This evening he was making a grand projection, and had left open his shop for moderating the heat of his furnace.

Grimaldi's entrance seemed somewhat rude. Fazio, for that was the goldsmith's name, immediately knew the man, and asked him what he did in the street at such an unseasonable hour, and in such terrible weather? Ah! sighed Grimaldi, I am wounded! As he pronounced these words, he sank into a chair, and expired.

Fazio's confusion needs not to be described. He ran up to Grimaldi, tore open his cloaths that he might have freer room to breathe, and used every means he could think of to recall him to life, but all in vain; he was dead. Fazio examined the body, and perceived that Grimaldi had a stab in the breast; the wound had closed of itself, so that the blood could not flow out, and he died by suffocation.

Fazio, at this accident, found himself in the greatest distress. The whole neighbourhood was asleep, or had shut up their houses on account of the bad weather. He was quite alone in the house, as his wife and two children were gone to visit his dying father.

All at once a bold thought came into his head, which under these circumstances seemed easily practicable. He was certain that no one had seen Grimaldi come into his shop. In such continued rain and thunder there was no temptation for people to be gaping at their windows. Besides, by denouncing Grimaldi's death, Fazio himself might be brought into suspicion. After weighing maturely the whole of the affair, he shut up his shop, determined to turn the adventure to his own advantage; and, in conformity with his passion for transmutations, to make an experiment whether he could not transmute misfortune into fortune, as he had been trying to turn his lead into silver or gold.

Fazio knew of Grimaldi's wealth, or had always suspected him to be rich. He began by searching his pockets, and found, together with some coin, a large bunch of keys. Good! thought he to himself, this is a mark of the favour of heaven; the finger of providence is manifest in it! That such a terrible storm should come on this night; that my shop should be standing open, that Grimaldi should be wounded, and die in my chair; all this could not happen without a particular dispensation from above. He has no relation, and perhaps even no friend. One stranger is as good as another stranger, and Fazio as good as another heir. I have even one right more. Had it not been for me, he would have died in the street, and have lain in the wet the whole night; who knows whether he did not come into my shop in order to constitute me his heir. His visit supplies the place of a formal testament. I will quietly take the executorship upon me; that will be the wisest and the safest way. For, should I even

go and relate the whole event to the magistracy, I should not be believed. Grimaldi's body is in my house, and every man would account me his murderer; it would cost me a great deal of trouble to prove my innocence. Whereas if I bury him privately, there will be nobody to blab, as nobody will have seen it. And truly between the scaffold and a full coffer it is not very difficult to chuse. Eureka! I have found what I have been so long hunting after; I have found the philosopher's stone, without the help of my cursed crucibles, and my smoky heintzel*!

Armed with a dark lantern, he set out on his way. The rain fell in torrents from the clouds, the thunder rolled in dreadful peals, but he neither felt nor heard any thing of it. His mind was full of Grimaldi's hoards. He tried his keys, unlocked the doors, opened the sitting room; it was not large, but well secured. It had incomparably more locks than doors. We may easily imagine what he first looked about for. Against the iron chest he directed the whole battery of his bunch of keys, and he almost despaired of carrying the siege; as it alone had four or five different locks without side, not to mention those within. At length however he took the fort; in it he found a casket full of gold rings, bracelets, jewels, and other valuables, and with it four bags on each of which he read with transport the words: Three thousand ducats in gold. He trusted implicitly to the epigraph, taking it for granted that all was rightly told.

* The name of a chemical furnace.

Quivering with joy, he seized upon the bags, and left the jewels behind, as there was a chance that they might betray him. Being a great friend to order, he carefully replaced every thing in its former state, shut again every lock, and happily came back to his house with the precious burden, without being met or seen by any one. His first care was to put his four bags in a place of security; his second, to take measures for the interment of the deceased. He lifted him, easily as a feather; for the bare touch of the bags of gold, by its native energy, had imparted to him a strength which astonished himself. He carried Grimaldi into his cellar, dug a deep grave, and tumbled him in, with all his keys and cloaths. This done, he filled up the grave with so much caution that it was impossible to discover that the earth had been opened.

Having finished his work, he hastened to his room, untied his bags, and began, not so much to count as to feed his sight with the gold. He found that all was exactly right, not a single piece was wanting; but he was dazzled and giddy at the sight of so much money. First he counted it, then he weighed it; his extasy increasing every moment. He deposited the whole heap in a private closet, burnt the bags, and did not quit them with his eyes till the last atom was consumed, when he threw the ashes into the air, afraid lest even these might betray him. At last he retired to rest; for labour and joy had conspired to fatigue him.

Some days after, as nothing was seen or heard of Grimaldi, the magistracy ordered his house and his chamber to be opened. All were surprised at not meeting

meeting with the master; but much more at not finding any money in the house.

Three months elapsed without any tidings of Grimaldi, either as dead or alive. As soon as Fazio perceived that there was no longer any talk about his sudden disappearance, he on his part began to let fall a word or two concerning his chemical discoveries. Shortly after he even spread a report under hand about something of a bar of gold. People laughed at him to his face, as they had already had so many examples of his having been deceived in his operations. But Fazio for this time stood firm to his assertions, prudently observed a certain gradation in his discourses and exhibitions of joy, and at last went so far as to talk of a journey to France for converting his bar into current coin.

The better to conceal his real design, he pretended to be in want of cash for his travelling charges, and borrowed a hundred florins on a farm, which he had not yet sent up the chimney. Fifty of them he kept to his own uses, and fifty he gave to his wife, at the same time assuring her of his speedy return. This information threw her into a tremor. She feared it was the ruin of his fortune that forced Fazio to fly his country: she never expected to see him again, and thought of nothing but the being shortly reduced to the extremity of distress, and left forlorn, with her two fatherless children, destitute of bread. She begged and conjured him not to travel. She spoke with so much eloquence and pathos, that Fazio was affected to that degree, as no longer to be able to conceal his secret, notwithstanding his resolution to keep it for life. He

took her gently by the hand, led her into his cabinet, disclosed to her the transaction with Grimaldi, and shewed her his golden treasure. Dost thou now entertain any doubt of the truth of my ingot of gold? added he with a smile.

We may judge of the satisfaction this gave to Valentina; for this was the name of Fazio's wife. She fell upon his neck, and thanked, and flattered him as much, as before she had teized him with reproaches and objections. A multitude of plans were struck out of future happiness and glory; and preparations for the journey were made with all speed. But when the very day fixt for his departure was come, Valentina, on whom Fazio, as we may easily imagine, had inculcated the profoundest silence, Valentina, I say, did not fail to make common cause with the rest of the family, and remonstrated against the journey as before. She pretended as if she still had her doubts, was lavish of her prayers and intreaties, and was almost dissolved in tears, without feeling the least uneasiness. Fazio passed for a fool. The whole town made game of him, and he laughed at the whole town in return.

While he was on the way to Marseilles, his wife, whom he had left behind at Pisa, continued to play the part she had begun. She was incessantly complaining of her poverty, while in private she had plenty of all things. For her husband had left with her a sum of money which was more than sufficient for defraying her necessary expences. Every one lamented her fate, and yet she had no causes for pity but what she was forced to affect.

Fazio

Fazio placed out his pieces of gold, for which he got good bills of exchange on an eminent banker at Pisa, and wrote to his wife that he had disposed of his ingots of gold, and was already set out on his return. Valentina shewed the letter to her relations and acquaintance, and to all that were willing to see it: and every one that saw it was filled with surprise. The majority still doubted of the reality of Fazio's good fortune, when he arrived in person at Pisa.

He appeared with a triumphant air, distributed his embraces on the right hand and the left, and related the success with which his chemical labours had been crowned, to all the world; not forgetting to add, that his bars on being assayed, turned out to be the purest and the finest gold. He corroborated the verbal testimonies of his good fortune, by speaking and substantial proofs, and fetched from his banker's nine thousand gold dollars in specie. To this kind of demonstration no objection could be made. The story was told from house to house, and all men extolled his knowledge in the occult science of the transmutation of metals. The very man, who but a few months before was pronounced a confirmed fool by the whole city at large, was now elevated by that very city to the rank of a great philosopher; and Fazio enjoyed at one and the same time, the double advantage, of being honoured as both learned and rich.

There was no longer any need of concealing his wealth, and therefore he gave scope to his desires. He redeemed his farm from the mortgage, bought himself a title at Rome, for connecting respect and riches to-

gether, he procured a magnificent house and a couple of estates, and made over the rest of his money to a merchant at ten per cent.

He now kept two footmen, two maid servants, and, according to the prevailing mode of the times, two saddle horses, one for himself, and the other for his wife. In this manner they enjoyed the pleasure of knowing themselves to be rich; a pleasure that is far more sensibly felt by such as have formerly been in want. Valentina, who was now a woman of too much consideration to look after the affairs of the house herself, took home to her, with the approbation of her husband, an old and very ugly relation, with her young and beautiful daughter.

For living to the top of the grand style (probably it was then the fashion at Pisa, as it is now with us in capital towns) Fazio resolved to keep a mistress. He cast his eyes on the daughter of the aged relation, who, as was said above, was extremely handsome. She was called Adelaide, and was in the age of love and coquetry, either of which alone is sufficient to lead a man into folly. Adelaide lent a very willing ear to the overtures made by Fazio, and soon entered into so intimate a correspondence with him, as to occasion a disagreement with his wife. But ere Valentina had time to penetrate the secret, or to convince herself of her husband's infidelity, Fazio had already spent a considerable sum of money on his dear Adelaide.

Valentina was jealous of her rights to the last punctilio, and it grieved her much to see herself under the authority of an usurper. Discord broke in upon their conjugal union. Valentina, according to the ordinary
course

course of things, became fullen, and Adelaide imperious. One day they quarrelled so violently, that Valentina turned the old housekeeper, with her daughter, out of doors. Fazio, on returning home, took this procedure very much amiss, grew so much the fonder of Adelaide, and hired a suitable lodging for her. Valentina, who was very violent by nature, could no longer moderate her fury.

Fazio, having in vain tried every method to pacify or to deceive her, retired to his estate in the country, and had Adelaide brought to him. This no sooner reached the ears of Valentina, who in her jealousy was more like a fury than a woman, than she meditated the most horrid revenge. Without once reflecting on the melancholy consequences, she resolved to impeach her husband, before the magistrate, as the murderer of Grimaldi. She put her dreadful scheme in execution on the spot; and Fazio, who was dreaming away delicious moments in the company of his fair-one, never thought of the storm that was gathering over his head.

The judge, in the first place, examined into the circumstances delivered in by the informant, and then dispatched persons to dig up the ground in Fazio's cellar; where, finding the remains of Grimaldi's body, Fazio was seized in the arms of Adelaide, and carried to prison. At first, he denied the charge; but, on being confronted with his wife, and she appearing as his accuser, he immediately exclaimed: "Wretch as
" thou art, had I loved thee less, thou wouldst not
" have been entrusted with my secret; I was weak
" from my love towards thee, and thou hast brought
" me hither." The torture, which at that time was so dan-

dangerous to accused innocence, extorted from Fazio a confession of all he had done, and even of what he had not. He accused himself as the murderer of Grimaldi, although he was not; and was sentenced to forfeit his possessions, and to suffer death at the place of public execution.

Valentina, on being dismissed, would have returned to her habitation, but was not a little surprised at finding it beset with officers of justice, who had even turned her children out of it. No more was wanting than this fresh misfortune for completely rendering her a prey to despair. The stings of conscience already wrung her heart: for, her revenge being satiated, she had opened her eyes, saw the rashness of her conduct in all its extent, and had a full presentiment of her future misery. Pain and remorse now arose to their height. In frantic mood she ran about with dishevelled hair, and implored the judge to set free her husband, whom she herself had delivered up to the hangman. The sight of her children redoubled the pangs of her soul.

The whole city resounded with this melancholy event. Valentina, who was a horror to herself, had not even the poor consolation of exciting compassion. Relations and acquaintance hated and avoided her like a ravening beast.

Fazio, in the mean time was awaiting his deplorable doom. He was led to the place of execution along the principal streets. He ascended the scaffold with great composure, avouched his innocence, and cursed the impetuous jealousy of his wife. He was executed; and his body, according to custom, was exposed on the scaffold

fold as a terror to the beholders. Rage and despair had in the mean time transported Valentina to the dreadfullest of all imaginable deeds. She took her two children by the hand, and hurried them with hasty strides, and continually weeping, to the place of execution. She pressed through the croud, who made way for her to pass, and loaded her with execrations.

But Valentina was deaf to all that passed. She reached the foot of the bloody scaffold, and mounted with her children the fatal steps, as though she would once more embrace the body of her spouse; Valentina led her children quite up to the bleeding corpse, and bade them embrace their deceased father. At this doleful sight, and at the cries of these poor children, all the spectators burst out into tears, when suddenly the raging mother plunged a dagger into the breast of one, ran upon the other, and stretched him dead beside his dying brother. A universal burst of horror and dismay ascended to the skies! The populace ran to lay hold of her — but, already she had stabbed herself with the poignard, and fell lifeless on the bodies of her husband and children.

The sight of the two murdered children, and the mother wallowing in their blood, filled all that were present with detestation and terror. It was as if the whole city had met with some general calamity. Astonishment and dejection took hold of every mind and heart. The inhabitants roamed up and down the streets in gloomy silence, and the croud was incessantly renewing round the scaffold where the blood of the children and the mother was mingling with the blood of

of the innocent father. Even the hardest hearts were melted into pity and compassion.

The judge, affected by the relation, granted leave to the family to inter the bodies of the father and mother in a place without the walls. The two children were buried in the church of St. Catharine. The tradition of this melancholy event has been preserved at Pifa to the present day, and it is still related there with visible concern.

OF THE REPUBLIC OF GENOA.

IT is well known that the government of this free state is perfectly aristocratical. The doge is only the first member, and his office continues but two years. Their little territory extends along the coast of the Mare Ligusticum. The want of the products for the supply of their first necessities, obliges them to have recourse to the purchase of them for ready money or the produce of their industry. It is experimentally seen in this people, that commerce in a country commodiously situated for it, increases in proportion as it is unfruitful by nature, and that necessity is the best instructress of mankind.

Genoa and Venice have made themselves as famous by their rivalship and bloody wars, as Athens and Sparta. They contended three hundred years for the sovereignty of the sea; and, though at present they
have

have long lived in tranquillity, yet they mutually entertain a bitter grudge, which will ever be kept up, so long as they recollect the calamities that each has occasioned the other. Of the nine wars that have been carried on between them, the last was the longest and most cruel. The republic of Venice then stood on the brink of destruction. Pietro Doria, admiral of the Genoese, held its downfall to be so certain, that he answered the venetian secretary of state, who was sent to him at Chiozza concerning the peace: “ I am not
“ sent hither by my republic to enter into a peace with
“ you, or to have pity on you. I even have orders,
“ after I have taken Chiozza, to make myself master
“ of your capital, and to put you all to the sword;
“ that the very memorial of you may perish for ever.
“ Therefore, turn back with your prisoners*: I will
“ not have them; for in a few days we shall be at
“ Venice, and take them ourselves out of prison.” Having said this, he turned his back on the ambassadors, and left them†. This haughty answer threw the Venetians into such a rage that they took the general resolution, either to die or to conquer the arrogant and implacable enemy. With the remains of their ships, they made so brave but desperate an attack on the enemy’s victorious fleet, that it was entirely destroyed. Doria himself was killed by a cannon ball. Since this time the Genoese have never ventured to engage in open hostility with the republic of Venice.

* The venetian ambassador had six or seven genoise prisoners along with him.

† A manuscript chronicle.

Intestine wars and feuds have gradually diminished the ancient splendour of Genoa.

In the present century it has suffered two very sensible shocks. For maintaining the possession of the marquisate of Finale, they entered into a convention in 1745. with the house of Bourbon, and by this measure were brought to the uttermost verge of ruin. The Austrians made themselves masters of their capital; and their liberty was as good as lost; when it was unexpectedly restored by the courage and bravery of the citizens, who were driven to desperation by the cruel extortions of the hostile commander, and by the imprudence of that very commander in leaving the arsenal, which was full of arms, in the hands of the people.

The second alarming shock it has received during the present century, is the loss of the island of Corsica. Pope John XIX. about the commencement of the eleventh century, gave the sovereignty of that island to the Genoese and Pisanese, if they could take it from the Saracens, who, at that time, were masters of it. With the assistance of the Pisanese they were so fortunate as to succeed; they got possession of the island, and shortly afterwards had the art to exclude the Pisanese from any share in the sovereignty. The Corsicans, a ferocious, turbulent, and fickle nation, have ever since been one while aiming at freedom, and then entirely submissive to the Genoese: and the Genoese have expended much treasure and blood to maintain a royal authority over this unfruitful soil. Seeing however, that their own force was insufficient to this end, they called in the aid of the emperor Charles the Sixth; but with the handful of soldiers that they obtained, they were able to effect only little or nothing.

At

At length the Genoese took a step that was more suitable to the character of their populace than to that of the nobility. As they could neither maintain their sovereignty, nor grant the Corsicans that liberty they were so valiantly contending for with the loss of their blood, they made over their tottering supremacy to the crown of France. It was impossible but that the Corsicans must at last be subdued by this far superior power; and it appears almost incredible to the world, how much it cost the kingdom of France in troops and money to take possession of this glorious present. Nor has the island ever yet produced so much as to repay the possessors their annual expence. In regard to this expence, it is a real benefit to the Genoese that they got rid of this sovereignty.

Genoa stands on the declivity of one of the Apennine hills, in the form of an amphitheatre, on a spacious bay that forms a semi-circle with its thick and abundant groves of orange-trees. The whole city rises gradually to the eye, and affords a beautiful and stupendous prospect towards the sea. The fronts of the magnificent houses are painted either with architectural pieces, or figures of animals. The most elegant streets are the Strada Nuova, Strada di Balbi, and the suburb S. Pietro d'Arena. The rest of the streets are narrow, steep, and an actual labyrinth to a stranger. The most populous quarter of the city, is that which has its name from the Porto Franco. Here stands the exchange, where the nobility and merchants meet every day. In the Porto Franco [Freeport] itself, are long and ornamented rows of houses, where magazines for
all

all sorts of commodities are to be hired. The harbour is very deep, and commodious for the landing of goods.

There is no city in Italy where are seen so many noble edifices faced with marble, as at Genoa. That of the family of Doria, is superbly distinguished from the rest. It is provided with a magnificent garden, in which is a colonade of 250 feet in length; making an agreeable walk in rainy weather. The other sumptuous palaces are those of the noble houses of Balbi, Brignoli, Durazzo, Spinola, and Palavicini. As the hills about Genoa are rich in marble, it is no wonder that many of their buildings are of that material. But they are likewise adorned with picture galleries that are well worthy the inspection of the curious, and with fresco paintings by the most celebrated masters. Almost every house has its garden on the terrace, by which it is covered instead of a roof. Here is the orangery, with flowers of all kinds in pots and tubs, frequented every evening by the inhabitants for the sake of enjoying the fresh breezes from the sea. Hence it may be said of Genoa, as it was of Babylon, that their gardens hang in the air.

Public magazines of corn, wine, and oil are kept at Genoa, which are at all times furnished with a stock sufficient for one year. Every inhabitant must take his provision from these. As these articles of life are almost all brought hither from Africa, Sicily, and Lombardy, and a peculiar magistrate who has the superintendence over them, must be maintained, they are here much dearer than in other parts of Italy; which may be likewise a main reason of the frugal mode of living in practice among the inhabitants.

The revenues of the republic are but small. But so much the wealthier are the inhabitants. In the exigencies of war, the expences are advanced by them. To this end, it is always the custom with the rich to consume no more than the half of their income, and to lay up the rest. By a treaty with France, Genoa is allowed to keep no more than four gallies, and a few other armed vessels against the african corsairs. On the other hand, 30,000 men can be completely armed at any hour, from the arsenal of this place, though no more than 2500 regular troops are maintained.

The government is very lenient towards the people. Only the great crimes which disturb the public peace and security, are punished with extreme severity. The cicisbeature is only customary among the noblesse. The common citizen is much disposed to jealousy. Whoever should attempt to play the part of a cicisbeo with the wife of a burgher, would not do it without the hazard of his life; and the laws are favourable to the resentments of jealousy. The nuptial tie is easily dissolved under the pretext of natural sterility on one side or the other; and a separation from bed and board is granted on every slight pretence. It is a singular circumstance, that in this republic the office of judge is entrusted only to foreign lawyers. In civil causes there are three of these judges, and in criminal causes four. Appeals however are made to three advocates that are born in the country. With the court of inquisition it has not much to do; as that consists of a dominican friar, and two senators, without whose approbation the former can undertake nothing.

The city of Genoa is not so very populous as the magnitude and the number of the palaces and the crowded streets should seem to promise; for numbers of the spacious edifices give lodging to very few people, and to fill the narrow streets no very great multitude is requisite. Besides, in a commercial and maritime city, like Genoa, a great part of the inhabitants are always walking the streets. They are reckoned all together to amount only to 80,000 souls. The populace are covetous, cheating, quarrelsome, and revengeful. When a foreigner first arrives at Genoa, he immediately has some small proof of the character of the people. At the door of the inn where he alights he is surrounded by a parcel of the rabble. Every one of them is eager to carry his baggage into the house. There presently arises a sharp scuffle with fists; and whoever gets the better carries the trunks into the inn. The nobility, who here think it no disgrace to engage in mercantile affairs, are, like all capital merchants, polite and hospitable: commerce is the source of their wealth, and this way of thinking redounds much to their honour. Their gains and their savings they lay out in elegant buildings either in the city or the country, or put it by for the exigencies of the state. Their parsimony, which is too sharply censured by other Italians, is directed to the noblest purposes, and is changed into magnanimity and liberality whenever a foreigner that is recommended to them, is to be entertained, or an opportunity occurs in which they can do honour to their family and their country. They would receive even kings in a royal style. They so well know how to dignify nobility by commerce, and commerce
again

again by nobility, that they have acquired a great respect by that means among all nations.

The ladies of Genoa will not dispute the palm of beauty with the fair of some other parts of Italy. They are deficient in a fine complexion; but then they know how to supply this defect, partly by art, partly by their natural vivacity, and always by their engaging manners: yet they do not in general so easily transgress the bounds of propriety, as some travellers, particularly Mr. Sherlock, pretend. One cannot hear them speak in their dialect without being disgusted. But there are numbers of them who talk Italian and French very well. For this they are indebted partly to a better education, and partly to conversation with men of letters. — With men of letters! I think I hear you exclaim, in a place whose sole welfare consists in gain! Philosophy and lucre do not suit well together. The former would scarcely get a rag to put on amidst usurers. — You are in the right, my dear friend, if you speak of a pack of haughty blockheads; who, not only at Genoa, but in all other great trading towns, make gold their idol, to which philosophy and the arts must bow the knee. Neither are you in the wrong, if you mean such literary men, who, like useless drones, suck the honey from the flowers, without contributing any thing to the general good. But the learned, who unite the arts and sciences with useful activity, and thereby promote the public welfare, find at Genoa, as in all polished countries, many friends and patrons. The most famous among their learned men now living, is the marquis di Lomellino, formerly ambassador at Paris; a great mathematician and a good poet. He has

translated Watelet's art of painting into italian verse; and has excelled the original. Chiabrera, the italian Pindar, was born in the genoese territory, and the abbé Frugoni, a celebrated poet of our times, came into the world at Genoa. The flourishing university of this place, degli Addormentati, holds out encouragement and opportunity both to young and old, to exercise themselves in the liberal arts.

The superior clergy have great revenues, but the common secular priests are very poor. Hence it is, that they submit to the lowest offices in the houses of the great. Neither are the generality of them, from their extreme ignorance, deserving of a better fortune. The monks imagine themselves to be much superior to the secular priests. They have such a sway among both the nobles and the vulgar, that they are almost the only persons that hear confessions, and have snapped up all the profits from the secular clergy. Numbers of the latter have scarcely a garment to cover them. A part of them go, under various pretences, to beg in France and Italy; and, with the money they thus obtain, lead a loose and disorderly life, both on their journies, and after their return. The principal of their ecclesiastical festivals is that of the benediction of the sea, which is celebrated annually on the Sunday before Whitsuntide. It is held on the sea, in the old Molo, and the ceremony is performed by the bishop, attended by the whole body of the clergy, the doge, and the nobility in much pomp. The voices of a great number of young women, accompanied by a fine band of instrumental music render the ceremony very agreeable; the whole city keeps holiday on this anniversary. The
churches

churches are splendidly decorated, and the houses in the streets are hung with elegant tapestries.

The chief article of commerce is their velvet, particularly the black, which is fabricated not only in the capital, but also by the peasants in the country. It is the best and handsomest in all Europe. The damask and flowered silks, are more esteemed for their intrinsic value, than on account of any superior taste in the patterns. What they fabricate besides in the greatest abundance, are silk stockings, ribbands, motley-coloured papers, which they send to the East Indies, and soap for Spain and Portugal. They likewise carry on a considerable trade in dried mushrooms, morels, and truffles, especially to Spain, in unwrought marbles, of which the alabaster of Sestri, the green and red of Polcevera, and the white of Carrara, are the most valuable species. Their slates, which are dug up at Lavagna, and their fine lackered boxes, pass through all Italy, and even much farther. But there is no doubt that the profits arising from their trade in foreign commodities, such as sugar, cacao, indigo, italian, french, and spanish wines, and oil, levant wool and cotton, english, french, and dutch cloths, german woollen stuffs and worsted stockings, dried fish from Holland, and many other foreign articles of commerce, greatly exceed what arise from their own. The Genoese in general are very acute merchants; and no occurrence that is advantageous to trade can happen in any one of the four quarters of the world, but they know how to turn it to account. They even build ships of war and trading vessels for foreign nations, though they have not the proper timber for that purpose of their own

growth. What they gain by the exchange of money is very considerable. The nobility engage particularly in this business.

The chief support of the republic and the general credit of the Genoese is their St. George's bank, [la casa di S. Georgio]. It has a revenue of more than ten millions, and pays three per cent. At various times, on urgent occasions, the republic has relinquished a part of its public revenue. It forms a little republic, almost independent, the members whereof are the proprietors of stock, having its own magistrates, laws, and councils. In the year 1746. it advanced the republic nearly five millions of dollars, and the loan which it then took up is said to be already paid. In 1751. it was near upon breaking; but not only the senate, which laid an additional capitation tax on the subjects for the space of twenty years, and made over to it the receipt of the duties and other tributes, for paying the loan at that time contracted, and to give the creditors a competent security, but likewise the nobility, who supported it with great capitals, perfectly restored it to its former credit. However, with all this, Genoa will never rise again to its antient prosperity and vigour,

ANECDOTE OF BOISSY.

I THINK it may not be unserviceable in our times once more to call to mind and to relate the following history; as an admonition to young people who
start

start aside from their serious studies; and rush into the arms of the muses — to starve in raptures.

Boissy, the author of several dramatical pieces, that were received with applause, met with the common fate of those who give themselves up entirely to the arts of the muses. He laboured and toiled unremittedly — his works procured him fame, but no bread. He languished, with a wife and child, under the pressures of the extremest poverty.

But, melancholy as his situation was, he lost nothing of that pride which is peculiar to genius, whether great or small; he could not creep and fawn at the feet of a patron. He had friends, who would have administered relief to him; but they were never made acquainted with his real condition, or had not friendly impetuosity enough to force their assistance upon him.

Boissy became a prey to distress and despondency. The shortest way to rid himself at once from all his misery seemed to him to be death. Death appeared to him as a friend, as a saviour and deliverer; and gained his affection. His tender spouse, who was no less weary of life, listened with participation when he declaimed with all the warmth of poetic rapture of deliverance from this earthly prison, and of the smiling prospects of futurity; and at length resolved to accompany him in death. But she could not bear to think of leaving her beloved son, of five years old, in a world of misery and sorrow; it was therefore agreed to take the child along with them on their passage into another and a better.

They were now firmly resolved to die. But what mode of death should they adopt? They made choice

of the most horrible — of starving: accordingly they waited, in their solitary and deserted apartment, their dear deliverer death, in his most ghastly form. Their resolution, their fortitude were immoveable.

They locked the door, and began to fast. When any one came and knocked, they fled trembling into the corner, and were in perpetual dread lest their purpose should be discovered. Their little son, who had not yet learnt to silence the calls of hunger by artificial reasons, whimpering and crying, asked for bread; but they always found means to quiet him.

It occurred to one of Boissy's friends, that it was very extraordinary he should never find him at home. At first he thought the family were removed; but, on being assured of the contrary, he grew more uneasy. He called several times in one day: always nobody at home! At last he burst open the door. — Oh what a sight!

He saw his friend, with his wife and son, lying on a bed, pale and emaciated, scarcely able to utter a sound. The boy lay in the middle, and the husband and wife had their arms thrown over him. The child stretched out his little hands towards his deliverer, and his first word was — bread! It was now the third day that not a morsel of food had entered his lips.

The parents lay still in a perfect stupor; they had never heard the bursting open of the door, and felt nothing of the embraces of their agitated friend. Their wasted eyes were directed towards the boy; and the tenderest expressions of pity were in the look with which they had last beheld him, and still saw him dying.

Their

Their friend hastened to take measures for their deliverance; but could not succeed without difficulty. They thought they had already done with all the troubles of the world; and were suddenly terrified at being forced into them again! Void of sense and reflection, they submitted to the attempts that were made to restore them to life. At length their friend hit upon the most efficacious means. He took the child from their arms, and thus called up the last spark of paternal and maternal tenderness. He gave the child to eat; who with one hand held his bread, and with the other alternately shook his father and mother; his piteous moans roused them at length from their deathlike slumber. It seemed at once to awaken a new love of life in their hearts, when they saw that their child had left the bed and their embraces.

Nature did her office. Their friend procured them strengthening broths, which he put to their lips with the utmost caution, and did not leave them till every symptom of restored life was fully visible. Thus were they saved.

This transaction made much noise in Paris, and at length reached the ears of the marchioness de Pompadour. Boissy's deplorable situation moved her. She immediately sent him a hundred louis d'ors, and soon after procured him the profitable place of controller du Mercure de France, with a pension for his wife and child, if they outlived him.

SITUATION, GROWTH, EXTENT, POPULATION, AND
VIEW OF PARIS.

Paris, June 7, 1789.

MY dear friend, I know not whether you will approve of the plan I have chalked out to myself during my stay at Paris; but it is this: I propose first to reconnoitre the inanimate city; that is, its site, its extent, its streets, its houses, palaces, churches, gardens, and environs; then to make myself acquainted with the living city, I mean its inhabitants, its supplies of provisions, and its wants, its profits and its pleasures; and afterwards proceed to the study and analysis of its character: but in all those objects to examine and to arrange the features by which these particulars are to be known.

I thought this way would not merely tend to a complete knowledge of the whole, but likewise render my abode in this place less dull, and from the beginning less irksome in regard to social intercourse. For, to find oneself all at once in an entirely new world, and to bring nothing but the ideas, conceptions, and knowledge of my particular country, to their entertainment and my own; would be thought, if not pride or ignorance, yet at all events ennui, and that is a vice for which there is no forgiveness here. Accordingly, it is a very allowable piece of artifice to endeavour to entertain the Parisians about Paris, in order to gain their good-will through their self-love, and their communicativeness through their patriotism,

Such

Such is my plan. For the execution whereof I shall need only two or three weeks; in which I intend no more than to get a thorough knowledge of the exterior of Paris, and at the same time to investigate all the discernible features of the nation previous to my intercourse with it. All distance and reserve are soon removed between strangers, when once they know how to treat each other.

Not till after this period will I deliver my letters; and they will then be of twice as much service to me as if I had delivered them immediately on my arrival.

Therefore think of me, my dear friend, as I wander about from street to street, with my map in my pocket; and, after a wearisome walk, spread it forth upon a table in a coffee-house, to see all the places I have been traversing, and in what corner of the enormous mass of houses I am at that time. To travel in this manner gives me great pleasure; and I often forget to eat and drink in the pursuit of it. It is amusing to me, frequently through dirt and all sorts of smells, to take a survey of the locale, as accurately as perhaps ever was done by any native parisian. The first two days I took only two broad, long, and busy streets; but to day with the intrepidity of a hero, I forced, stole, and wound through the little, dark, dirty, narrow, and crooked ones. What parts of Paris are antient are narrow and dismal.

The small island in the Seine, called the cité, is the oldest spot in Paris, or rather, this formerly was the whole of Paris*; and this is the narrowest, gloomiest,

* Labienus Lutetiam proficiscitur, id est oppidum Parisiorum, positum in insula fluminibus Sequanæ. Jul. Cæs. de Bell. Gall. lib. vii. cap. 57.

and dirtiest part of the city. Those lying nearest round this are already somewhat brighter, the farther ones still more, and the farthest of all are the brightest, handsomest, and most inviting. The cité may be compared to the root of a monstrous tree, which, watered by a stream, and, planted in a happy climate, has shot forth enormous branches both in height and breadth. The suburb St. Germain, the military academy, the hospital of invalids, the palace Bourbon, the Tuilleries, the champs élisées, and a thousand other works of the like nature round about, are the outward ends of this fanlike tree, the palais royal is the summit. What a difference between the city which the emperor Julian termed his dear Lutetia, and which Louis XVI. calls his good city of Paris!

It has been highly entertaining to me to advert to the gradual growth of this huge city, with the assistances I have in hand; and to transport myself back to the time, when first a colony of fishermen and mariners, who gradually became traffickers, inhabited the small isle, which now, that it is extended by art both in length and breadth, contains no more than four hundred and seventy toises in its greatest length, and fifty in its greatest breadth. Cæsar is the first that mentions this island; and after him it is quite lost in history, even to the very name, till the time of Julian, who was called from hence in the year 360. of the common æra, to be augustus. The scite of the town pleased him, and he speaks in raptures of it, of its climate, of its inhabitants, of the vineyards, and of the culture of the fig-trees around it. It was not then any larger than in Cæsar's time. It lies, says he, on an island in the middle of the Seine, and it is entered

by two bridges. — On the eastern and southern side, beyond the Seine, were the rising grounds; whereon were many single houses, and a temple of Isis. To this extended the courts and gardens of a palace the construction whereof is ascribed to Julian, and of which a vault forty foot high is still remaining; which, with its adamantine cement, seems to bid defiance to eternity. It was inhabited even by the kings of the first race. It is called, Palais des Termes, and stands in the rue la Harpe. It is entered through a house, denominated from the holy cross. I found a cooper in possession of it. It was from top to bottom crammed full of casks and pipe-staves, piled on a crazy wooden scaffolding; which, as I clambered over, particularly at top, cost me some palpitation of heart. The cooper, a good-natured complaisant citizen, knew the history of this vault; and had probably picked up from some antiquary the trite sentence he with much solemnity pronounced to me, as I stood mute awhile employed in contemplating the black arches: *Sic transit gloria mundi*. In fact I had the same thought at sight of the quantity of empty casks. The daughter of Charlemagne lived here in exile, for some little failings of the tender kind, which her father, from the great love he bore her, had connived at; but which Louis le Debonnaire thought himself obliged to punish in her and her two lovers, whom he caused to be put to death.

Paris was somewhat more famous from the time that Clovis, in the year 510. declared it the capital of his conquered countries, though it was no larger than before; and even at the extinction of the second race of kings, it had but few inhabitants. The kings Pepin,
Char-

Charlemagne, Louis le Debonnaire, &c. only staid there during their travels. It had no suburbs on the opposite shore of the Seine. The cathedral [at present Notre Dame] formed its boundary towards the east, a strong tower [now the grand chatelet] towards the north, another [le petit chatelet] towards the south, and the royal palace [now the palais de justice] towards the west. Its whole circumference might be about a thousand toises, or somewhat less than a league. Mark this circumstance, that you may be a little surpris'd, when I come to give you the present circumference of Paris according to the latest plan.

There, then, where now the boulevards, the palais royal, the Louvre, the Tuilleries, &c. appear in so much state, was at that time nothing but marshy woods, or bogs, or fields, or meadows, with outworks of no consequence scattered among them. Through these wastes access was had to the northern bank of the Seine, on which some small houses stood; and, forming dirty streets, were overlooked by a strong citadel [le grand chatelet] defended by a great bridge [now the pont au change], which led to a little isle, inhabited solely by priests and a few merchants, and from which on the southern side, another smaller bridge [now Petit Pont] conducts again to the opposite shore; where was another tower, [le petit chatelet]; and three or four hundred houses stood scattered along the shore, among vineyards and gardens. The houses were round, very small, built of wood and plaister, without bricks, and covered with straw and rushes. Such was Paris so late as under the kings of the third race, till the twelfth century.

It

It was a general prejudice in those times, to prefer living in a detached and scattered manner, to being pent up in cities; rather to pass their days in arms than under the beneficent protection of the arts of peace. Many of the means of sustenance, by which thousands are maintained at present, were then entirely unknown. The profession of the law and its dependancies, the clergy, the court, with its avenues to covetousness, ambition, and prodigality, these three powers, which in a large metropolis, always mediately or immediately support and employ the half of its inhabitants, were then only in part, or not at all in being; they were but beginning to take up their settlement. The kings were still merely judges, determined simple affairs by the rules of plain mother-wit, and referred the intricate and perplexed to the event of single combat. The priesthood was not so numerous, yet already mixed very much in temporal matters, for the sake of meriting something more than heaven. The nobility lived dispersed in the country; and, whenever they were obliged to remain a while in town, they wore boots — to distinguish themselves from the yeomanry. The monstrous fortunes now acquired by so many in managing the farms, will hardly allow us to conceive that their predecessors, for example, under Louis le gros, were only ten in number, and that at the two gates of Paris only about twelve livres were taken annually; consequently scarce so much as makes a fifth of the monthly pay of an officer of the farms at present. By these particulars, judge of the simplicity of manners, but likewise of their rudeness, of the contentedness of the inhabitants, but likewise of their poverty. The arts
that

that minister to conveniency, to luxury and ostentation, which have established themselves in the present Paris, were not then even in bud. A son of this very king died by a fall from a horse, under which a number of swine returning from the fields had run, even in the midst of Paris, and who trampled over the prince as he lay. We can now, hardly imagine it of the son of a burgomaster of some petty town in Germany; an instance, at once, of the rusticity of the place, and the poor attendance of the prince.

Not till under the reign of Philip Augustus did Paris begin to make any considerable figure. This prince, who was fond of galantry, and all the arts relating to it or that are fostered or required by it, when it is in powerful hands, was likewise (as is always the case with princes of his stamp) a great promoter of real learning; and men soon began to perceive that the fruits of the head and of luxury are more conveniently reaped, than those which must be sparingly extorted by the hands continually employed. All flocked nearer to the king and his residence; and the wastes on the right and left banks of the Seine were gradually built on and peopled. The schools became famous, so as to attract young persons from the other provinces and even from abroad; while the condescending and amiable king found means of drawing the less haughty vassals imperceptibly from their fond spouses, about his person and his court. Thus, in the space round the little isle, house was added to house and street to street; so that even this king already found it necessary to connect the several parts of his residence together by a wall.

He built one, which in constructing took up the interval between 1190 and 1211. consequently twenty-one years; and in fact it included almost a fourth part of the present circuit of Paris. It then struck out a half-circle towards the north, from the present Louvre, along the streets Montmartre, St. Denis, Beaubourg and Rosiers, and the other towards the south, from the present gate of St. Bernard, along the streets des Fossées, St. Victor, St. Michel, St. Germain, and Nesle. The whole circle (for the wall seems to have described this figure) was in diameter about eight hundred toises *, and in circumference five or six miles. However, this circumference was far from being full-built, and still contained here and there large tracts of arable land and orchards. Philip Augustus first caused the streets of Paris to be paved, or rather he compelled his minister of the finances, Gerard de Poissy, in order to make him disgorge a part of the treasure that had gone beside the king's exchequer, to pave it.

Under the successors of Philip Augustus, Paris was not so much enlarged as it was filled out and fortified. Under John it was surrounded with a ditch; under Charles the fifth and the sixth, the wall on the north side was extended. This enlargement employed a space from the year 1367 to 1383. The circuit of the northern semicircle already comprehended a part of the present palais royal and ran along the present old boulevards to the place where now the arsenal stands. The gates St. Antoine, St. Martin, and St. Denis, had already arisen where they now stand.

* I reckon by toises, of which, according to Picard's calculation, 3804 go to a geographical mile.

These walls were lineally interrupted by towers, under or beside which the gates formed a passage through, exactly like those of some of the old strong places in Saxony, Touraine, and Bohemia. In the year 1370. under Charles the fifth, the groundwork was laid of two insulated towers at the gate of St. Antoine. They were intended, like all the rest, to protect the entrance of the city against any hostile attack; and they were called, as were all that were destined to the same purpose, bastilles. Charles the sixth, about the year 1383. caused the other six towers to be erected; which are connected together with very strong walls, the whole to be surrounded with a ditch, and the way to it carried along on the left hand. Thus stood this formidable city, which was at first intended by the king for the protection of his subjects against their enemies; but in process of time became the receptacle of the slaves of despotism leagued together partly to protect the king against his friends, his subjects, and partly—to keep them in awe.

Paris, both within and without, had still a complete gothic appearance till the sixteenth century. A polite and amiable king brought it one degree nearer to civilization. Francis the first was the restorer of sciences in France, and with him again flourished the other arts of peace. A better taste in architecture began to spread itself from Italy, and under its conduct this king caused some of the antient gothic structures to be demolished, new ones to be erected, some streets to be struck out, and others to be widened and improved.

Under his successors, Paris, from year to year, continued to advance in architecture, in taste, and splendour.

dour. Under Francis the first and Henry the second and third, gallantry and luxury arose to a high degree; and thousands of artists and workmen, who wrought merely in these departments, resorted hither, and met with great encouragement. Paris increased in populousness. In the reign of these monarchs the taste for gallantry produced as many artists for convenience and elegance, as two hundred years had done before; the jurisprudence under Philip the fair had enlisted artists in the service of law and justice. Philip the fair had brought the parliament to Paris; and for the next fifty years it swarmed with nothing but plaintiffs and defendants, who flocked thither from all the provinces, and there remained, whether reduced to poverty or raised to opulence by the sentence of the court. Francis the first was at the head of a galant court, and whatever was elegant or could contribute to elegance, was sure of succeeding without trouble. Henry the second, entirely swayed by his mistress Diana of Poitiers, who had been mistress to his father, metamorphosed the court into a fairy-land; making love was reduced to a system and practised as a regular art, which in itself and its dependencies furnished bread to thousands. Love and pride, pride and prodigality, and from prodigality, utility and magnificence, began now to animate a city, which, while its kings cherished frugal and civic maxims, could not rise from its dirty streets nor mount over its humble walls. The foundations of that luxury, which was one day to become the support of this city, could not be torn up by the furious civil wars that soon broke out; and Henry the fourth no sooner saw himself in possession of Paris, than munificence, gallantry,

lantry, and popularity, together with a mixture of vanity, impelled him to labour at its farther embellishment. Accordingly, in one year, three new streets, two regular squares [place royale and place dauphine], a sumptuous bridge, [pont neuf,] and several palaces, were produced. Under his successor, or rather under cardinal Richlieu, the aggrandisement and embellishment of the city was more visible every year; and now the groundwork, as it were, was laid of those gigantic works which were undertaken and finished by Lewis the fourteenth.

This monarch seemed to aim at rendering his capital the metropolis of the world, as he did at extending his kingdom into an universal empire. Whatever confined its circuit was removed. The antient towers and walls which Richelieu had left standing, were pulled down, and the ramparts with the ditch round it, were levelled and filled up, and planted with trees which now overshade the modern palaces of the old boulevards. Love, vanity, and ambition, were again the architects, and they displayed themselves during his reign in their most shining but their most ruinous magnificence. Lewis the fifteenth's government, was in this respect, if not in many others, a continuation of the former; and Paris grew up to a monstrous bulk. What his predecessors had not quite completed he brought to effect, and what he only planned was executed by Lewis the sixteenth. Paris was the foremost, and only city of its kind.

And now, my dear friend, we are come to its new walls. What took up three centuries of continued extension to effect, is to be inclosed and terminated in
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the last quarter of the current century. Unless all appearances around deceive me, the present limits of Paris are at once the limits of the increase of its inhabitants, and the domination of its kings. Both have attained their summit; and, at length, as it is in the nature of things, have set bounds to themselves: Paris by walls; the king by convoking the general assembly. Farewell.

L E T T E R II.

Paris, June 18, 1789.

THE new wall, when quite finished, will be twelve thousand three hundred toises, or about sixteen miles, in circuit. Be the motive for building it what it may, it is an extraordinary work, suited to the extraordinary age in which we live. This monstrous line of stone and mortar, is at certain distances adorned with sumptuous edifices, that might pass for palaces, destined to the reception of the revenues, which the inventive genius of the French for finance, their prodigal kings, and their greedy farmers-general have found means to extort. The vast chinese wall was constructed for the purpose of setting bounds to the incursions of hostile hordes, the parisian to put a stop to contraband trade. We see what they had in those times to guard against and what they would secure in our's. The old Chinese by their's, secured flourishing corn-fields, rich herds and flocks, fruitful gardens, and a cheap consumption; but the Parisians, by their's, are cut off from these things, and crammed together within an unfruitful mass of stone, in which they must pay dearer for

the necessaries of life, than in any other spot in the kingdom. The former is a guard and benefit to the sovereign, as it guards and benefits his subjects; the latter guards the king against his own subjects, is advantageous only to him, and mischievous to them. It is the triumph of oppression when the interest of kings is in opposition to the interest of their subjects.

The wall is eighteen feet high, and two ells and a half in thickness. I wish I could tell you how much this masonry cost by the fathom, for making a calculation of the whole expence. Certain it is, that it costs the public three times as much as it would any private person, since the contractors for the several kinds of materials, the inspector of the workmen, the paymaster, the surveyor of the building and the architect, have all made fortunes by it; as also have the money-brokers and the capitalists who furnished cash whenever the caisse was empty. The patriots bestow their curses upon this undertaking, the citizens sigh at it, and the wits make it the subject of their lampoons. These latter call the wall, with allusion to the nouvelle enceinte, the ceinture d'or de la très chaste ville de Paris.

Perhaps the bureaux, the sentry-boxes and observatories will come to more than even the wall itself, on which they project at all the different entrances of the city or the barriers. On each barriere one, two, or even three of them, all adorned with pillars and statues, which must necessarily communicate a high idea of the city to every comer, unless he have already the other idea that it is all built from the taxes imposed upon him and others. Some of these are actually enormous;

enormous ; as, for example, the bureaux on the side of the fauxbourgs St. Martin and St. Denis. But even this monstrous magnitude, which by its magnificence should stop the mouth of the spectator, only forces from him more heavy complaints, as it can never escape him that they are built on the backs of the subjects ; who, the greater the burden, find it so much the harder to bear ; and instead of calling that magnificence which is intended to pass for it, will perhaps rather bestow upon it the name of despotical arrogance, which causes the massy iron chain to be gilt, — that it may not be burdensome and oppressive.

The taste in which these colossal custom-houses are built, is neither grand, nor neat, nor suitable. One of them is in the shape of a burial-chapel, another has the form of a church, a third the appearance of a prison, a fourth shoots upwards in two monstrous columns, ornamented with trophies, &c. and all in a certain overcharged, unwieldy style, that never allows one to imagine them designed for the use of half a dozen haggard, yellow-looking, vulture-eyed officers of the customs. In all of them there is a great profusion of pillars of all orders ; because pillars are as much the mode here at present, as great shoe-buckles. The former are found in every pimping pavilion, and the latter on feet of the smallest size.

Let us turn from the view of this extraordinary inclosure, and pass on to what it contains.

It may easily be supposed that the space surrounded by the wall, is not entirely built over. On the northern as well as on the southern side the wall includes very considerable pieces of garden ground and arable

lands comprehended within the city. In the quarter of the military academy and the hospital of the invalids, from the rue du Vaugirard to the shore of the Seine, and along from thence to the Chaillot, la ville l'evêque, fauxbourg Montmartre, St. Denis, St. Martin, du Temple, St. Antoine, &c. lie dispersed thousands of square toises, where there is neither street nor house, but only gardens and fields: tracts, which, if they were built upon, would swell the number of houses, streets, and inhabitants to at least a third more. The nearer round about the walls, the more airy is the town, the streets are longer and broader, and the concourse of people less, the inhabitants are more industrious, quiet, and contented, the houses more modern but lower. All Paris, built and inhabited in this manner, could not contain above four hundred streets, and three hundred thousand inhabitants; but as it is at present, particularly about the centre, where the houses and streets are pressed close together, the streets are reckoned at above nine hundred, and the inhabitants, exclusive of foreigners, at upwards of nine hundred thousand.

In Du Laure's description of Paris, the last edition, of 1787. the number of streets is set down at about a thousand *, and the amount of the inhabitants at a million, one hundred and thirty thousand, four hundred and fifty-two. Of these, seven hundred and eighty thousand, four hundred and fifty-two pay the poll-tax, two hundred thousand are excepted as paupers, and the foreigners, one time with another, are estimated at one hundred and fifty thousand persons. M. Du

* The newest plan of Paris gives 943 by name.

Laure asserts, that this calculation is very credible, and made by a man who was long employed in the bureaux of the poll-tax, and had acquired a thorough knowledge in these matters. The geographers, and particularly Busching, are therefore too sparing in the population they apportion to Paris; since none of them give it more than seven hundred thousand inhabitants. You know how indeterminate and deceitful the taxes are by which the populousness of great cities is usually estimated; accordingly I willingly acquiesce in the accounts of each receiver of the head-money; for as to a trifle more or less in this article, it is of no consequence.

The heart of the city is the proper seat of this population. Admitting the palais de justice to be the central-point, then a circle runs round it of two thousand toises or of more than three miles in diameter, which seems to be full-crammed with houses, of which none are under three, and the greatest part above five stories high. This circle peculiarly contains whatever can render Paris the most lively, the most unclean, the most noisy, but at the same time the most splendid and most luxurious city in the world. It includes the antient boulevards, and almost touches the new ones; comprehends the palais royal, the Tuilleries, nine or ten play-houses, ten or twelve large halls, five or six markets, the Louvre, the quays, the fauxbourg St. Germain, the Seine with five of its bridges, four superb squares, ten or twelve of the largest churches, from thirty to forty of the finest hotels, the most frequented and wealthy streets, magazines of all kinds, stored with every article of luxury; and, in short, the choicest

choicest inclosures for every species of low and refined voluptuousness. In truth, this spot called Paris is an unique on the globe of the earth.

The nearer to the aforesaid centre, the narrower and the dirtier are the streets de la Pelleterie, de la Draperie, du Moulin, in which not a ray of sunshine can penetrate the whole year round; not far from these, beyond the Seine, the streets du pet-au-diable, de la Tacherie, de S. Bon, very energetically betray to the nose their jewish origin. The streets that form avenues about the market des Innocens, with the names, de la Cossenerie*, Friperie, Cacatrice, des Dechargeurs, Tibautode, Trouffe-vache, du Mort, de la Fromageries, Brise Miche, des Ecrivains, Fort aux Dames†, des Capucins, de l'Empereur, Saint Fiacre, Fosse aux Chiens, de la Juiverie, de la Limace, Saint Louis, Lamoignon, Mauvaises Paroles, du Pied de Bœuf, de la Savonnerie, Taille-Pain, Tireboudin, Trop-va-qui-dure: all these streets, I say, for the most part indicate by their names, that they exhale all kinds of smells; and indeed no appellatives could be found out more suitable to them. And I am sure, that if a man were brought blindfolded and set down at once in this nest of mostly short, narrow, black, dirty streets, and then, taking off the bandage, should be left to guess where he was: it would be impossible for him to imagine that he was standing in the midst of the finest capital in the world, till he heard the

* It is to be observed, that the delicate Parisians of modern times have changed the *ch* in this word for *ff*. In all the old topographies, it is plainly and bluntly called, rue de la Cochonnerie.

† N. B. De la Halle.

rag-men and beggar-women saluting one another with Monsieur and Madame.

But even the broader and more noted streets in the central part of the town are by no means spacious, and are constantly covered with a jet-black dirt, which is less troublesome when it rains than when the sun has dried it to some degree of consistence. It is then impossible to walk firmly, and one is always involuntarily inclining towards the kennel in the middle of the street, which is perpetually splashing up, as fiacre after fiacre and carts upon carts are in constant succession jolting or trotting along them. Woe to him who has white stockings or a new frock, and cannot afford to hire a fiacre! The famous streets St. Honoré, St. Dennis, Montmartre, St. Antoine, St. Martin, St. Jacques, de la Harpe, Dauphine, &c. are not at all better. This shews the reason that there is such a necessity for the multitude of carriages in this city; and explains at once how so many thousands are enabled to get their bread merely by dirty shoes.

Yet I would not have it thought, that it is not possible to walk dry-shod in all Paris. No; there are squares and streets, which are as pleasant and dry for walkers as the Lustgarten and the Linden in Berlin, the Bastey round Vienna, the Zwinger at Dresden, and the quay at Petersburg. For instance, one may walk with clean shoes, in the Tuilleries, in the courts of the Louvre, in the palais royal, on the pont neuf and the pont royal, on the old and new boulevards, in the champs Elisées, before the hospital des invalides, in the gardens of the Luxembourg, on the places Vendôme, Victoires and Dauphine, &c. even after it has rained for some days successively.

Neither

Neither does the filthiness of the narrow streets proceed from the badness of the pavement. It is much better, and more carefully looked after than I have seen it any where, London and Vienna excepted. The paving stones are in the form of oblong quadrats, nicely fitted together. They decline towards the middle of the street in such manner as to form a gentle descent; which, without any kennel, properly so called, carries off all the water, so as not to put carriages in danger of being overturned. The very solidity of the pavement contributes one half to the keeping of the puddles so long standing, and the other half of the circumstance is, that the sun cannot strike down between the lofty houses to dry them up. For saving the pavement, all heavy carriages are obliged by law to have very broad wheels; and even the fiacres are not allowed to have the small wheels of the remises and carosses.

If the mire be more troublesome here than elsewhere, on the other hand there is no place where one may be freer from the dust than in these streets. Hitherto I have only found one single street where it was dusty in fine weather; and this is the old boulevards. It is broad enough to admit the sun the whole day long; and the thousands of carriages and horsemen which daily pass, contribute at once to keep them both dry and dusty. But even here the dust is layed by machines which I take to be the most convenient and simple that could be contrived for this purpose; and which should be adopted, for example, at Vienna and Berlin*. On a two-wheel cart, drawn by one horse, is

* As they have long been at London.

placed a proportionably large tun, filled with water, which runs into a transverse box behind, pierced all about with holes, from whence it spirts as from a watering-pot, upon the ground, in such manner, that, as the cart proceeds, it waters a stripe of three ells in breadth. Thus, the cart being drawn up one line and down another, the whole street is in a short time watered all over. This operation is performed on the boulevards three times every day, in the morning, at noon, and towards evening; and the very regulation itself contributes not a little to keep up the constant and innumerable croud of carriages and people.

But this croud is very different from that to be seen in the narrow streets. It is mostly made up of creditable persons, as it is a great promenade, and among such as come hither merely pour se promener, are a number of others pushing along about their business by way of stealth, as they have brought dirty shoes and stockings with them out of the narrow streets, which the openness and lightness of this render too conspicuous. On this account, in almost every street that leads to the boulevards, stand shoe-blacks with their benches and brushes, calling your attention to your shoes, in case you should be too much immersed in thought to take notice of them yourself.

On the perpetual bustle in the streets of Paris I have made a number of trifling remarks, which shew, that it is quite otherwise than I found it in other large cities; but they run too much into the insignificant for being otherwise than orally communicated. Suffice, the Parisian sings or whistles, that he may be sure to hear himself, in spite of the tumult of his metropolis; at
Vienna

Vienna it is the fashion to march silently and slowly along to promote digestion; and the Berliner puts iron heel-pieces under his large boots, that he may make a noise along his broad streets.

The agility with which the Parisians of both sexes skip between the people and carriages, and at the same time through the puddles of the streets, is really surprising. It often happens that a group of foot walkers are surrounded unawares by carriages in a narrow street, from which they presently extricate themselves with all the alertness possible. Sometimes again one finds oneself hemmed in by porters, sweating under their burdens, fruit and flower women with their baskets before them, itinerant shops with all kinds of quinquilleries carried between two men, chop-house boys with six dishes on their heads one at top of the other, friseurs with their powdery cloaths, petits-mâîtres superbement frisés, soldiers of the police with their arms, nostrum-venders with their piles of bottles and gallipots, garçons of the coffee-houses with pots and cups on salvers, cripples on crutches and blind-beggars with their leaders: this motly crew is in one minute crowded together in a space of eight paces in circumference, and beset behind with prancing horses, towering whiskies and enormous carts; and in the next minute the whole is vanished away, no frisure is tumbled, no frock dirtied, no cups broken, no flowers destroyed, no blind-man run down, no cripple crushed, no soup upset, no abusive language heard, and no unfriendly shoves any longer felt: every one has saved himself and his appurtenances, and in the third minute no one recollects that he has been in this

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tremendous crowd, that had covered him with a cold sweat, filled him with the terrors of death, and almost deprived him of all presence of mind. Still more wonderful is the whole, when one sees labourers or beggars, or sick persons, lying carelessly asleep in the houses or at the corners of the streets, in spite of all the throng and tumult, with axles of the carriages rattling along scarcely a foot in height above them. This, as in London, is surely the force of habit put to its highest trial !

If we raise our eyes a little from this giddy pool, the scene is no less motly. The lowest story of almost all the houses of Paris, particularly in the busiest streets, is wrought into arches for all sorts of wares and the different kinds of trades. Here hangs a monstrous hair-bag over your head, there a great jack-boot, here stands a terrible hussar-sword, here a couple of hundred wooden sautages hang clattering in the wind, there stands a gigantic coffee-pot ; here pastries and tarts of every kind allure your taste, there some dozens of rich and gaudy watches and clocks, smart buckles, splendid buttons, odoriferous pomatums, fine silk articles, great variety of copper plate pictures, elegant muslins, delicate point laces, commodities in polished steel from England which rival the brilliancy of the diamond, books in magnificent bindings ; and then butter, eggs, and lard, quarters of beef and veal, melons, fruit, greens, flowers ; all tempting you in the most particoloured and heterogeneous mixture ; from which, if you lift your looks a little higher, you meet perhaps a pair of fine sparkling black eyes staring significantly at you, a small white hand beckoning you,

a fine powdered and feathered head nodding at you ; and, over them, half-dried linen streaming in the air on poles ; while, from the yet higher stories, a lap-dog is yelping out at a window, a child is throwing down handfuls of torn paper, boys are sending soap bladders in the air, and overagainst them in the large high windows, ladies and lords, stand surrounded by abbés and chevaliers de St. Louis, alternately yawning and laughing as they look down upon the curious miscellany below.

Thus, my dear friend, you have a sketch of the streets St. Honoré, St. Denis, Montmartre, St. Antoine, and St. Martin, as the liveliest and gaudiest in all Paris.

You may imagine, from what I have said, that the outside of Paris, taken in the whole, can give no very pleasing, though it should afford the taudriest and most diversified view. The houses in the antient quarters of the city are black and smoky, and look more like rocks in which chambers and windows have been cut, than houses constructed on purpose for the habitations of men. Placing myself on the Pont-neuf, and from thence surveying the towering spires and chimnies which surrounded me on all sides, especially at the drawing on of evening ; I immediately fancied myself to be transported amidst an immense group of rocks, invading the skies, which by their black appearance and all the concomitant sentiments thereby excited, caused a very sensible palpitation of heart. I could not get rid of the supposition of an earthquake ; on the first shock whereof this whole mass of stone must be tumbled

bled together, and thousands, without redemption, be buried under its ruins.

The view of Paris from an eminence is therefore the more majestic. There are three main points from whence the city may be seen in its length and breadth, for being convinced of its monstrous extent. The nearest to the city is the hill of Montmartre. On the top of it is a round terrace in the centre whereof stands a windmill. From hence, to the right and left, as far as the eye can reach, one sees roof on roof, gable on gable, and the loftiest steeples look like chimnies striking up from this enormous roofing. No street is to be discerned, no square to be known, no palace to be distinguished. It is one irregular surface of bricks apparently surrounded by an immense terrace, and through which a stream has been conducted that might be crossed at a moderate leap. You look down upon the whole before you, quite as far as the Seine; and beyond this, it rises again in the form of an amphitheatre. It is bounded on all sides by risings and eminencies of various heights, on which are windmills, country-seats and woods, but a part of it entirely bare and sterile. There can be but one such prospect in all the world, since there can only be one Paris in the fore-ground.

Henry the fourth frequently came hither to enjoy this curious prospect. Once, looking at it between his legs that he might give the whole a more perspective effect, he exclaimed in a fallie of his usual good humour: *Que je vois de nids de cocus!* His fool, or jester, named Gallet, directly put himself in the same attitude, and called out: *Sire, je vois le Louvre!*

The king laughed heartily at this piece of naïveté, and often told the story afterwards.

The two other points from whence Paris may advantageously be surveyed, but at a greater distance, are the mount Calvary, and the royal pleasure house Bellevue. But I must not weary you with written descriptions of prospects; nothing can render them tolerable but the medium of the imagination. Farewell.

PHAON.

A DIALOGUE IN ELYSIUM.

Scene, a grove, intersected by several walks, with bowers, arbours, &c. — Interlocutors, Phaon, Nireus, afterwards Sappho, and, at length Anacreon.

Phaon.

HANDSOME stranger — hear me but for a moment.

Nireus.] What wouldst thou have of me?

Phaon.] Tell me sincerely where I am? who I am? and what I am to do here?

Nireus.] What questions! Thou — art in Elysium — who thou art, thou thyself art best able to tell — and what thou art here to do, will appear after a time.

Phaon.] A curious place! that I must confess, and curious inhabitants! If I were not thoroughly conscious that I am Phaon, I should begin to think that somebody had cheated me out of my own person.

Nireus *aside.*] The man is still quite new, I perceive, and has much to be cured of.—*To Phaon.*] And who didst thou think thou wert in the upper world?

Phaon.] I thought myself nothing but what I was. I was unanimously held to be the handsomest young man of my time.

Nireus, *smiling as he looks at him.*] Thou! Thou wert probably a Scythian.

Phaon.] A lovely supposition, by Cytherea! What sort of eyes have you in Elysium? And yet, beautiful as thou art thyself, thou oughtest to know me for a Greek, and confess thy own similitude in me.

Nireus.] Dost thou perceive then thine in me?

Phaon, *looking earnestly at him in confusion.*] This is not to be endured! I had rather be an assistant to Sisyphus in rolling his stone, or to the Danaids in filling their leaky pitcher!

Nireus.] What is the matter with thee, that thou art so disturbed? Thy complexion is every moment growing darker, and thy shape more deformed!

Phaon.] And what is worse, while I look in thine eyes I seem so to myself. Nay, the first person I met in this incomprehensible country had the same effect upon me. I comprehend nothing of this extraordinary enchantment. On whichever side I turn I am surrounded with mirrors that make me ugly; and there are some whose very sight I cannot endure. And yet I am the same Phaon who but a little while ago was thought the handsomest of all the Greeks.

Nireus.] That I shall believe, since thou assurest me of it thyself.

Phaon.] Thou wouldst have had thy own word for it, if thou hadst seen me. I was so handsome, that people could not comprehend how one who was neither begotten by an immortal, nor born of a goddess, and without a miracle, could be so handsome; and therefore they fell upon the conceit, that the mother of Love herself endowed me with supernatural charms in reward for some services I had done her. The multitude of my admirers was so great, as to become a burden to me; all the painters were employed in painting only me; all the women lost their repose on my account; and Sappho, the famous songstress of Lesbos, even her senses. The poor girl, in a fit of despair, at seeing that all her passionate songs were wasted upon me, threw herself headlong from the Leucadian rock; about the craggy cliffs whereof, as it is currently reported, her lovely plaintive voice is still ever heard to reverberate in the silence of the night; and, in feeble sounds, as if stifled by her tears, re-echos Phaon! Phaon!

Nireus.] For this she was obliged to do penance.

Phaon.] My beauty was at length my own ruin. A brute of a jealous fellow who found me where he did not expect me, transported me hither by a stroke of a poignard, where some malicious dæmon has possessed me, and, as I can no longer doubt, has fascinated all eyes, except my own, to my disadvantage. It is a very disagreeable metamorphosis, believe me!

Nireus.] Poor Phaon, I have an idea of what thou must suffer. What thou feelest now, I also experienced on my coming hither. I am Nireus.

Phaon.]

Phaon.] How? Thou art Nireus?

Nireus, whom Aglaë to Charopus bore,
Nireus, in faultless shape and blooming grace,
The loveliest youth of all the grecian race;
Pelides only match'd his early charms;

Nireus.] But few his troops, and small his strength
in arms.

Phaon, *with an air of self-satisfaction.*] I am not so vain as to compare myself with thee — though, by Castor! there was no want of flatterers who called me the Nireus of the age, the second Hyacinthus, and Adonis returned to life. And I do not even scruple to confess that there were moments when I could scarcely trust myself to look into a fountain, for fear of meeting with the fate of Narcissus.

Nireus *aside.*] The nauseous creature!

Phaon.] Let me embrace thee, beautiful Nireus! I seem to perceive myself in thee — let me embrace thee!

Nireus, *drawing backwards.*] Thou art too precipitate, Phaon!

Phaon, *thoughtfully.*] Alas, alas! What a sudden transformation! As I hope for favour from Venus, it is all a mystery to me!

Nireus.] I understand it perfectly.

Phaon.] But didst thou not say, that on thy first coming hither, thou hadst the same experience? Yet thou hast recovered thy pristine comeliness. Oh, tell me, beautiful Nireus, is there then no hope left for me, that I shall again at least become what once I was?

Nireus.] May the good gods preserve thee from it!

Phaon.] Thou art cruel.

Nireus.] And thou understandest me not.

Phaon.] I only ask, whether there be no means whereby I may regain my former figure.

Nireus.] Certainly such means there are. Here in Elysium are means for every thing; for the incurables, if such there be, come not to us.

Phaon.] I adjure thee by the Graces, discover it to me! I burn with impatience till thou tell me what I must do.

Nireus.] For thee I know of but one remedy — Go and find out Æsop, admire him and gain his affection!

Phaon.] What! that little hump-backed, baldpated dwarf, with the broad prominent forehead! with the deep-sunk eyes! with the nose of a faun, and the wide jaws of a grampus! — Who formerly attached himself to the charming Rhodope, and skulked away from me!

Nireus.] How thou describest him! He will appear to thee more handsome when thou art more intimately acquainted with him.

Phaon.] Thou art bantering me. I never could endure that mishapen wretch. Every one here seems infected with his ugliness. I assure thee that in passing by, only one look that he cast upon me, made me think for some minutes that I was transformed into a baboon.

Nireus.] That is already a good sign, Phaon.

Phaon, *with some warmth.*] The advantage thou thinkest thou hast over me, makes thee insolent. I do not know what cause I have given for this treatment from thee.

Ni-

Nireus, *calmly.*] Thou canst not find thyself in any thing here. Have patience! Thou wilt fare better, when thou art more accustomed to us. I thought that my prescription would immediately appear ridiculous to thee. But thou wert determined to hear it. And I repeat it once more; that I know of no other. Farewell. [*Nireus retires.*]

Phaon, *aside, looking after him.*] How handsome he is! If he had presented himself in this form at Olympia, the Greeks would have taken him for Mercury or the ever-youthful Apollo. — I shall grow outrageous! I seem every moment more and more deformed. Some magical arts have been practised upon me, otherwise it could not be possible. — I can endure it no longer. [*He goes deeper into the grove; where he meets with Sappho coming from an arbour.*] But who is the nymph, that with so charming a port, comes from yonder bower, with an ivory lyre on her beautiful arm? — What! do not my eyes deceive me? — Really, by Castor! it is the Lesbian songstress, it is Sappho herself! — I must decline her. — But she advances towards me — she smiles upon me — o certainly she loves me still! — then there is at least one person here in whose eyes I am still the lovely Phaon! — I will go up and accost her.

Sappho.] How! The beautiful Phaon too in Elysium!

Phaon *aside.*] Just as I thought! — Welcome, poetess. Thou didst not expect to see me so soon in this place.

Sappho *smiling.*] Perhaps thou wert caught by some cruel fair, who avenged my cause upon thee?

Didst thou also cast thyself headlong from the leucadian rock?

Phaon.] Pardon me thy death, o charming Sappho!
—I never thought that love would have driven thee
into so serious a despair.

Sappho.] What we called life, above, was a very childish state ! When I now think upon my sonnets, Phaon — [*She holds her hand before her face.*]

Phaon.] Let it not grieve thee, beautiful Sappho!
Phaon regards thee now with different eyes —

Sappho, *cutting him short in his speech*.] O certainly not with eyes more different than those with which Sappho beholds the beautiful Phaon.

Phaon, *alarmed.*] How so? What dost thou mean?
— *Aside*] Gods! I have not surely been flattering myself too much?

Sappho.] Then I am really more agreeable to thee here than I was at Mitylene?

Phaon.] And thou — dost thou find me so much altered from what I was, when thou didst strive, by thy impassioned songs, to melt my heart to love — that heart which Venus must certainly have hardened in her wrath?

Sappho.] Forbear to call them to my mind! It is so surprising to me here — [*She lays her hand on her breast.*] — I find not the least alteration in thee.

Phaon, *briskly offering at the same time to take her by the hand.*] Really not?

Sappho, *holding back her hand.*] I find thee just as fair, with just the same curled locks, the same blue eyes, the same rosy cheeks, the same cherry lips, just as delicate and soft, and just as much glowing with kisses

kisses as ever. — In short, Phaon, thou art so beautiful, that — I am afraid it will go very ill with me. — [*She breaks off a twig from a blooming citron-tree, and holds it before his mouth.*

Phaon.] May the Graces turn their backs upon me, if I understand thee !

Sappho.] I thought I spoke plain enough. — Then, lovely Phaon, I cannot long refrain myself. — But as beautiful gentlemen as thou — have been my daily companions ever since I have been here. There are no less than seven of them ; and always the one more fair, more sweet, more tender, more rosy-cheeked, more spiritless, more insignificant, more empty, more foppish than the other. And only think, that I am obliged to hear them, for seven tedious moons, the whole day long, buzzing about me ; must bear their senseless flatteries, their eternal monotonous chirpings, their thoughtless magpye-chatter, and — dare neither bind my eyes, nor stop my ears, nor run away from them — and all this, beautiful Phaon, in punishment for my having been so silly a thing as to precipitate myself from the leucadian rock out of mere impatience at thy having so little soul. I assure thee, that my condition would be worse than a place in Tartarus, were it not that every seventh day, the hoary Nestor, and the aged Simonides, and the wise Solon, and some other such charming people, have been permitted to visit me, and alleviate my sufferings.

Phaon *aside*.] This drives me almost distracted.

Sappho.] Thou canst not imagine how much this old homerical Nestor has gained upon my heart ! That is a man with whom the hours fly like minutes ! If
there

there be yet one other who may dispute the precedence with him in my affection, it is Anacreon — the most amiable, natural, sprightly, agreeable, and youthful old man in all Elyfium. My good Phaon! these are persons of whom a girl in Elyfium may be proud of being beloved!

Phaon *aside*.] How beautiful she was while talking of those old grey-bearded hollow-eyed river-gods! [*Aloud*: Unless thou sayest all this for the sake of making me mad, the leap from the leucadian rock has effected a strange alteration in thee.

Sappho.] That is the only circumstance in which I am sincerely kind to thee, dear Phaon; and as soon as thou hast gone through thy quarantine, and qualified thyself for a place in good company, thou wilt see no cause to charge me with ingratitude. In the mean time, farewell! — [*She turns about in order to leave him. Aside*: I can no longer bear to be with the disgusting creature.

Phaon.] Thou art very much in haste. — Some appointment perhaps with thy old Anacreon, or great grandfather Nestor? — Thou mayst save thyself the trouble; for if I see aright, the old bacchanal of Teos is coming to thee, from yon side-walk, with a chaplet of roses on his bald head, and the full-flowing goblet in his hand. [*He retires to one side.*

Sappho.] Thou hast rightly seen. — Whence, o minstrel of the Graces, this unexpected meeting?

Anacreon.] The blessed inhabitants of Elyfium have sent me, fair poetess, to introduce thee into their assembly. Thy penance is completed — and in this golden goblet, filled with the water of Lethe, I bring thee

thee an eternal oblivion of all the follies and plagues of thy terrestrial life.

Sappho.] Let me take it! — This I drink to the beautiful lesbian ladies, to Phaon with his golden tresses, and to the nymphs of the leucadian rock! — [*She drinks it up, and takes hold of Anacreon's arm.*

Anacreon.] Come, my love! — [*He sings:*

Ἄι Μῆσαι τὸν Ἔρωτα

Δήσασαι σεφάνοισι

Τῷ Κάλλει παρέδωκαν, &c. *

[*They go off singing, arm in arm.*

Phaon.] And what is to become of me nobody seems to have any concern. — A fine Elysium truly!

A SUCCINCT ACCOUNT OF HERCULANUM, POMPEII, AND STABIA.

WRITTEN FROM NAPLES.

PORTICI and Refina are two places lying contiguous, in a flat country, five italian miles from the south east side of Naples. The royal palace forms the partition between them; the street towards Naples is called Portici, and that which runs on the other side, Refina. The whole together composes a populous well-built city, continually enlarging from year to year; as much money is spent here annually by english travellers.

* The Muses bound Cupid with wreaths of flowers, and gave him to the charge of beauty.

Portici and Refina are built on the lava; and beneath these two places is buried the great roman city Herculaneum. That this is really Herculaneum, and no other city, the many inscriptions and monuments of various kinds that are constantly found there leave no room to doubt. Petronius calls it Herculis Porticum, from whence its present name Portici takes its rise. Lists have been found, that shew there were nine-hundred taverns or public-houses in the city: from which circumstance we are enabled to form some judgement of its magnitude.

In the first year of the reign of Titus, at that horrible eruption of mount Vesuvius, Herculaneum was first covered by the burning ashes of the mountain, and the violent torrents which the ashes drove along with them into the city. Then the fiery stream, or the lava, burst forth, which took its course towards Herculaneum, and formed a kind of incrustation over the whole city, under which the houses and temples lay buried. The inhabitants by that time had been able to save their lives and their most valuable effects by flight.

The first discovery of the city was made about the year 1711. by the prince d'Elbeuf, who was going to build a country-seat on the sea-coast. He caused the lava to be perpendicularly broke through, for the purpose of sinking a well. The labourers came at length to the theatre of the subterranean city, and struck upon the point of the semicircle between two stair-cases. Here stood three excellent statues, which the prince d'Elbeuf, with great pains and expence, caused to be brought above ground. News of this transaction being carried to the austrian viceroy at Naples, count Daun,
(for

(for at that time the two Sicilies were still appurtenances to the house of Austria) he solemnly forbid any farther research by digging; and appropriated to himself, as it was reasonable for him to do, the three images already found, which he soon after made a present of to prince Eugene; after whose death they were sold to the king of Poland for six-thousand rix-dollars.

When the late king of Spain, at that time king of the two Sicilies, had built himself a summer-palace at Portici; that attentive monarch, in the year 1738. had the abovementioned well made deeper and wider: till at length, with inexpressible labour, they came to the middle of the theatre, which lay at the depth of more than one hundred roman palms* under the surface of the earth.

The incredible magnificence of the theatre excited in the late abbé Winkelmann an ardent desire to see it free, and entirely cleared from the fiery ashes which had forced their way into every part of it, and were nearly in a state of petrification. However, he was not indulged in his wish. Whereas those who now travel to Portici, may enjoy that glorious sight. Even the stage, or the place where the actors came on and performed their parts, is at present perfectly cleared of the petrified ashes. It would have been a happiness to Winkelmann, as he often said, if he could but have beheld the entire stage. It is much to be lamented, that the lava is not broken away which covers the uppermost part of the theatre, and that so the whole of the sumptuous edifice, which can now only be seen by the light

* A roman palm contains 12 roman inches; or $8\frac{1}{2}$ english, or $8\frac{1}{2}$ french inches.

of torches and lanterns, might be viewed in open day. This uncovering of it would cost no more than the kitchen-garden of the augustine-barefoots, which lies just over the theatre. But the generality of travellers, when they wish to see Herculaneum entirely uncovered, do not consider that this is impossible to be effected, without entirely demolishing the populous towns of Portici and Refina. The most of the streets of the city of Herculaneum are already dug out; many of the houses stand entirely free, and may be completely viewed on every side. At first it appears very surprising to travellers to take walks about the streets of a roman city, between 60 and 70 feet under the earth, by the light of tapers, with the roman buildings in full view on both sides. However, here and there, a house is crushed or otherwise injured by the weight of the lava.

About twelve italian miles from Naples, seven from Portici, and one from the sea-coast, lies the city Pompeii, in like manner buried and again discovered. This city was not covered by the lava, but only by the fiery ashes of Vesuvius. Accordingly here and at Stabia, every thing is in far better preservation than at Herculaneum; where the heavy load of the lava has disfigured a number of the precious antiques, and entirely demolished others; for instance the magnificent car with four horses harnessed to it, which stood upon the top of the theatre.

The spot where Pompeii was under the earth, has always been known; since it was marked by a round trench which proceeded from the amphitheatre. The beautiful capitolium, as well as the remains of the superb amphitheatre, concur in evincing the great populousness,

ness, the opulence, the power and grandeur of the city Pompeii, which is 3680 paces in circumference. This city is now uncovered, and stands under the open sky; for which a great many vineyards that were over it, were totally destroyed. The main street of the city, running in a direct line through the centre, is found, and dug out from one end to the other. It is quite clear, and has a noble effect.

Here it is that the finest drawings have been discovered, among which the female dancers, together with the centaurs are held in higher esteem than any others. Amongst the numerous quantity of written books, hitherto none have been found but philosophical and moral treatises. However, as there are many rolls as yet unopened, the unfolding of which goes on but slowly, it is not impossible that, in time, we may hear of a discovery being made of the lost books of Livy, of Diodorus Siculus, of Theopompus, or the tragedies of Sophocles, Euripides, &c.

Stabia, or Stabiæ, the third city, lies a great way farther still from Vesuvius; and consequently has suffered the least. It stood exactly where the present Gragnano is. The city was laid waste by Sylla; and in the time of Pliny there were only pleasure-houses at this place. Galen informs us, that the Romans resorted hither for using the milk diet; and at this very day the milk of these parts is in great reputation.

Here are so many remarkable particulars, that the place is highly worth the inspection of every man of taste. But, as Pompeii and Stabia lie at some distance from Naples, they are visited by scarcely any foreigners except the English; whose laudable curiosity in regard

to every object of information makes them flight whatever difficulty may lie in their way. A difference of twelve or twenty italian miles is of no moment to them.

Although much is already done in the three above-mentioned cities; yet discoveries still remain to be made sufficient to employ the coming century. At Pozzuolo, Baia, Cuma, Misenum, and other places, where the opulent Romans were wont to have their magnificent country-houses, as great treasures may probably be dug up, as in these three roman cities; and discoveries may be made at much less expence. But no private man is permitted to make any considerable pit, that all future discoveries may be reserved for the king.

O M A R.

A NARRATIVE; IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

C H A P. I.

OMAR GOES TO A WISE MAN.

IN those times when the mohammedan Arabs were pursuing commerce, agriculture, and the arts of life, and the christian Europeans were dividing their time between theology and rapine, there lived a man near Bagdat who was in high reputation for wisdom. He had formerly had an employment at court, under the califs; but having sent back to the favourite mistress an assignment on the public treasury, he laid down

down his office, travelled to the Indians and the Persians, got instructed in the knowledge of their forefathers, returned from his travels, and now passed his days in retirement in a country house surrounded by fields, meadows, and gardens; took upon himself the inspection of his workmen; called them his children, and annually gave them a feast. He observed the motions of the stars, the wind, the virtues of simples, and the destiny of man. He gave bread to him that was in want, and advice to them that desired it. The calif himself and his officers frequently asked counsel of him; and sometimes even followed it. History is silent in regard to his name; but history often mentions what it ought to forget, and forgets what it ought to reveal. One morning a stranger enquired for him; he let him in; he was a youth in full bloom, of a majestic stature, an ample forehead, and cheeks that glowed with health. “Who art thou, young man, and whence comest thou?” “My name is Omar, and I come from Bagdat. My business is to ask counsel and instruction of thee.” “Sit thee down Omar.” “I have heard, o sage!” said Omar, having seated himself on a persian carpet, “that thou knowest more than those whom the world calls wise.” “Thou hast heard amiss, Omar. I know much less than those whom the world calls wise; and, were I to live longer, perhaps I might know less than I do at present.” “I understand thee not.” “I believe that—but what wouldst thou learn of me?” “Tell me what is the plan of this whole creation?” “Omar, hast thou been in the planet Scham?” “No.” “Or in the planet Nahar?” “No.” “Or in the planet Dschfirah?” “Neither.” “Or in

any of the fixed stars?" "Thy questions surprize me."
"Our calif, on whom may God shower his blessings! keeps eight hundred thousand armed men for the defence of his empire; and the swords of these men are forged at Damascus." "That I know right well, for I have seen them forged." "Hast thou, young man?" "I have, o son of wisdom!" "So much the better — and when thou sawest a sword forged what knewest thou then?" "I knew that it was a sword for the army of the calif." "But didst thou likewise know what the plan of operation intended by the calif, was?" "How, in the name of the prophet, should I know that?" "So, Omar, I know not the plan of this creation." "But tell me then, are men created to be happy in this world?" "That I know not." "Thou knowest not that?" "The Eternal knows it; blessed be the Eternal!" "But wherefore are men created?" "That they may enjoy life and follow after justice." "But many, who enjoy life and follow after justice, are yet pining in misery; whence arises this?" "The Eternal knows it; blessed be the Eternal!" "Then I need not ask thee, how it comes that I am not happy?" "Tell me thy circumstances, Omar, and I will tell thee whether it depends on thee." "I am rich, o venerable sage! I have friends in the court of the calif; I am beloved by the most beautiful maiden of Bagdat. But life is a burden to me." "That is very possible. Thou art in want of every thing, because nothing is wanting to thee." "Dost thou think that my state can be bettered?" "Omar, the fault lies solely in thee." "In me!" "Abstain and enjoy." "Is that all thy advice?" "I have no more to add. Follow me, and the fault will at least no longer be thine."
"Thou

“Thou art an extraordinary philosopher!” “Abstain and enjoy!” Having said these words, the sage arose, leaving Omar sitting.

C H A P. II.

OMAR HEARS HOW A MAN MAY BECOME WISE.

OMAR shook his head, and returned to Bagdat. He pondered the words of the sage, and found them void of all meaning. In the city he met one of his greatest friends; his name was Ali. “Whence comest thou, that thou art so melancholy?” said he. “Is one of thy females faithless.” “I come from yon philosopher.” “What hast thou to do with that hoary sage, young man, thou hast not yet seen twenty winters?” “I have been asking advice.” “May I be so bold as to enquire on what subject?” “I confess freely to thee, that I am not at ease concerning my fate.” “Take hellebore, Omar, to make thee sneeze. Something is amiss in the upper region of thy brain. And what did the wise man say to thee?” “Something that I do not understand.” “Ha, ha, ha! sure as the prophet lives I could have told thee that beforehand.” “Poor Omar! I took thee to be much wiser than thou really art. What wilt thou venture, that in a year’s time I am reputed to be the wisest man in Bagdat?” “Thou, Ali? I think thou hast drunk a little too much wine. But how wilt thou begin?” “I will just do the contrary to all other honest people; will have to drink, yet not drink; to eat, yet not eat; to love, yet not love; and when I say any thing, say it with so much brevity and obscurity as that no one can understand me. I will be content, Omar, to be

for ever excluded from Mohammed's paradise if I deceive not both young and old." "Knowest thou, Ali, what he said to me?" "Well, let us hear this mighty wisdom." "Every thing is wanting to me, because I want nothing; and that I must abstain and enjoy." "Farewell, Omar. May our great prophet take thee and thy five senses into keeping!" Ali went away, thinking himself happy that he was not such a fool as Omar; and this philosopher went to one of his female friends, and came home next morning sick. Omar, on the contrary, walked away leisurely, cursing his miserable destiny; and rose up fresh and healthy.

C H A P. III.

OMAR KILLS HIS WIFE.

OMAR was one of those men who could be called perfect, if ever the Eternal made any mortal perfect. He was young and handsome, and the maidens of Bagdat called him in their songs the rose of desire, the pink of happiness, and the violet of the morning dream. His riches were immense, his palace was indeed less than those of the califs, but it was more beautiful; for their's were rich but void of all elegance or neatness. Omar was strong and healthy; and, what is more than all this, he was pursued by the maidens he loved. No wonder that Omar was not at rest. "Ali is known to be a fool," said Omar at length; but the sage likewise may not be so wise as he is thought to be. "I shall try if I cannot be happy in Fatima's arms." Omar took Fatima home, breathed only on her lips, tasted in full measure the happiness of love, rioted in Fatima's charms,

I

and

and exclaimed a thousand times "I am happy. Fatima, I have found every thing that was wanting to me in thy arms." Omar rioted thus three months, and rioted till he was surfeited. The old were enlivened in Fatima's presence; Omar sorrowfully cast his eyes on the ground. Omar blushed when she touched the hem of his garment; Omar turned pale when she kissed him. Fatima soon observed this coldness, and was afflicted at it. The law of the prophet permitted him to bury his disgust in the arms of another; but he always supposed that he caused a like disgust in Fatima; he resolved to withdraw from her sight for a year or two. "She wants to see me no more, she wishes to wean herself from me; she will become as indifferent to me as I am to her." Omar had two factors, one at Ormus on the Persian gulf, and the other at Haleb in Syria. He had never neglected these factors; but now he wished to go in person. He went with the caravan to the former place; at his arrival, he asked for the accounts, and found that in three years he had been a gainer of two hundred per cent; he went to Haleb, and found he had gained a hundred per cent. The Eternal blesses me wherever I turn my eyes; and yet I pine in misery. In two years he returned, and at a day's journey from Bagdat he met a messenger who acquainted him with the news that Fatima was going to be buried the next day; a secret sorrow having preyed upon her heart during the absence of her husband. For at that time no such wife was to be seen in Bagdat. Omar stood still with downcast eyes. "Great prophet," exclaimed he when returned from his illusion, "I am a man who never afflict any one, and I have been the murderer of the most

lovely creature of this world. Fatima breathed nothing but love and tenderness, and yet she was obliged to languish and die in the bloom of life. The sage is at least right in this saying, that men are created to enjoy life and follow after virtue. But the Eternal alone knows whether or not they are created to be happy."

CHAP. IV.

OMAR OCCASIONS THE DEATH OF AN HONEST MAN.

OMAR buried Fatima, and built a costly monument to her memory. Ali came soon after, and endeavoured to console him! "Always so solitary, Omar?" said Ali, "By heaven thou triest as much as thou canst to make thyself miserable!" "Art thou then happy, Ali?" "If there were no such things as the confounded gout and cough, I would not change my situation with that of the calif:" "But how comest thou by these disorders?" "We shall talk of that by and by. Omar, wilt thou once in thy life follow my advice? thou knowest I do not commonly meddle in other men's affairs; but I can no longer behold thee with indifference. Wilt thou make a trial of my way of life?" "But if I likewise get the gout?" "Thou fool! the gout brings with it its advantages. The day one is free from it is so much the more pleasant. Come, follow me, Omar." Ali did not give Omar time to answer, but took him by the arm into a company, where all those who lived in the highest style in Bagdat were assembled; and who had a great deal of leisure time on their hands. They laughed, they sung, they heard others
sing;

sing; they were contented, or at least they forgot that they were not so. Omar's heart was warmed a little by the rays of joy which sparkled from the eyes of all. He returned home; and confessed to his friend Ali, that society might have its pleasures. In short, he let himself be persuaded to frequent the lively and frolicksome circles oftener and oftener; and, on leaving them the tenth time, he embraced Ali: "I thank thee most sincerely, Ali, for thy advice; now I am sensible how I may enjoy the pleasures of life: my house shall be open to all those who chuse to be gay." The cooks of the empire of the east had then the exclusive privilege of pampering; Omar wrote for cooks to the Byzantine court, and shortly after he never sat down to a dinner with less than twenty covers. One feast succeeded another; and his house was the temple of hospitality, good taste, and jollity. "Now I shall be happy," said Omar. "I am come to myself." He had cooks; consequently, he must have physicians. He observed now and then, that he could no longer sleep so sound as he used to do. He lamented that he often waked with a headach. He confessed, that even in the midst of his good company, he was frequently seized with weariness and languor. Omar in time fasted and yawned while all others were eating. Once he broke the law of the prophet; for he sat up a whole night over some greek wine to please the chamberlain of the calif; in consequence of which he was so dispirited, that the following evening at table he fell into a swoon. The chief judge of Bagdat, who sat opposite him, observed him first, strove to speak; but, being choaked by a fish bone, he was carried to his grave in three days after. All

Bagdat regretted him; for he was a judge who never took bribes, nor ever oppressed the poor.

CHAP. V.

OMAR WANTS TO KNOW, WHY HE HAS COMMITTED
TWO MURDERS; AND IS SHEWN THE REASON
OF IT BY A YOUNG WOMAN.

“ I NEVER torment a worm,” said Omar, in the profoundest sorrow; “ and yet I have occasioned the deaths of the handsomest woman, and the most upright judge in Bagdat.” Omar shut up his palace, took care of himself, and went into the country; where he passed some such moments as had tempted him to put an end to his life, had it been then as much the custom at Bagdat, as it is now on the banks of the Thames, or the lake of Geneva. Omar’s country seat was about six miles distant from the retreat of the sage. He went one morning to see him; and told him that he was the same Omar who had asked advice of him, and now related his adventures. The sage was attentive, sighed, put his finger to his forehead, and deliberated a while. “ Omar,” said he, “ thou livest in the neighbourhood; come hither again at this hour to-morrow.” Omar returned, and found a messenger who acquainted him with the news, that Ali, having overheated himself at a great feast in Bagdat had taken some cooling fruits to refresh himself, died of a fever, and was borne to the grave with the curses of about fifty believers, among which were those of widows and orphans. Omar wrote, that he made himself responsible for all
Ali’s

Ali's debts, thanked the Almighty for having recompensed the injustice of his friend, and went the next morning to the sage. "Omar," said he, "what mode of life dost thou pursue?" "I pray to the Immortal, I shudder when I see my slaves suffer, I give and lend to those who are in want, but still I curse my existence." "The Eternal created thee, Omar, and thou art marked in his books." "But wherefore have I been the death of a woman and a man of a thousand times more value than myself?" "We are the creatures of the Eternal; blessed be the Eternal!" "But what should I do not to curse my existence?" "Abstain and enjoy." "Thou toldst me that before; but I understood thee not." "I will send my granddaughter, to thee, Omar. I have something to say to my workmen." The old man called Zemira, and left Omar alone.

C H A P. VI.

OMAR IS FORCED TO DIG.

"I AM not disposed to day," said Omar, "to keep company with a lady; nevertheless I shall wait for her." Zemira entered. She had a pretty straw hat on her head, and her stuff gown was tucked up, that it might not incommode her in working. "Omar," said she with a modest frankness "my grandfather desires thee to dine with us to day." "Thou wilt have then but a silent guest," said Omar with a deep sigh. But thou wilt first help me to dig a couple of flower-beds?" "Most joyfully." He then followed Zemira into a small garden which she had cultivated with her own hands; and was astonished at the beautiful regularity preserved in it.

They

They began to dig. The sun struck full on Omar's head. And as soon as the first bed was ready, he asked if there was a fresh spring of water at hand. "Thou must not drink, Omar, till we have finished the second bed." Thirsty as he was, Omar was obliged to dig on. At length the second bed was finished. Zemira went and fetched some water from the spring, and gave it him to drink. "Has the water tasted well to thee," said she with a malicious smile? "Better than any I ever drank in my life. But I see three fine palm-trees, let us go and sit in their shade." "Presently, Omar; but we will first walk about the garden." Omar could not conceive what pleasure Zemira could find in walking in the heat of the burning sun; but, that he might not be uncivil, he walked. She entertained him with relating the history of all the flowers she herself had nurtured. At last, when Omar could scarcely walk through weariness, they went and sat under the palm trees. "Is the shade pleasant to thee, Omar?" "So much, that I think it a foretaste of the great Prophet's paradise." "And dost thou think thou wouldst have enjoyed it thus if thou hadst not been tired?" "That is impossible." "And would the water have tasted so well had I given it thee immediately? By the Prophet it would not." At this moment the grandfather came; sent Zemira home to get dinner ready, and sat down beside Omar. "Art thou better, young man," said the hoary sage? "I am, as well at this moment as ever I was in my life. I have fatigued myself, and am here enjoying repose." "Go on in this manner, and thou wilt soon learn to enjoy. If thou wilt receive instruction, thy distemper is curable." "But tell me, o sage! how I may enjoy all things?"

things?" "As thou enjoyest this shade. Mark my words; whoever desires to enjoy, must first abstain. The Eternal has ordained it as a fundamental law. And the greatest voluptuousness is comprehended in this law. Learn to long for a thing, and thou wilt be at ease. Learn to abstain, and thou wilt infallibly enjoy."

C H A P. VII.

OMAR RESOLVES TO BE HAPPY.

ZEMIRA called them to dinner. They went in, and sat down at table. Omar was hungry. The vessels and the table linen were coarse; but exceedingly clean. The dishes were few, but they were adapted to each other. They were wholesome, and were seasoned by the conversation of the wise old man and his granddaughter. They rose up; and Omar confessed that he had never been better entertained even at the calif's. He promised to come and see them pretty often; and he kept his word. Till now Zemira and Omar had seen one another as a friend sees his friend. They had eyed each other freely, had conversed confidentially, and had pressed hands sociably. The old man soon observed that Zemira spoke less in Omar's presence; and that Omar cast his eyes on the ground in her's. The sage once left them alone, in an arbour of roses; he immediately fell on his knees before her, seized her hand, and said in a faltering tone of voice: "Dost thou guess, o Zemira, what I am about to tell thee?" Zemira blushed, ordered him to rise, and let her hand involuntarily lie in his. Omar did not rise till she had confessed to him that she was not angry; he begged

ged and begged a kiss as a proof that he might believe her; but all to no purpose; she remained inflexible. “Thou givest me pain, Omar,” said she; “but I durst not grant thy request.” “And why not?” “Because I—because I—love thee.” The grandfather at this moment came up to them; and Omar was obliged to break off his conversation with Zemira. “Would ever any man think a girl would not kiss him because she loved him?” said Omar to himself. They went in to dinner; the conversation fell on indifferent subjects. The sage remarked, that strangers admired the fine walks and parks which the califs had laid out before the gates of Bagdat; but they execrated the pavement they had caused to be laid in Bagdat; “for example,” continued the old man, “in that street where thy palace is, I have twice dislocated my leg.” Omar sat deeply engaged in thought; and gave an answer not at all to the purpose. “What is the matter with thee, Omar?” said the sage. Omar sighed; considered a little, and then related to him the whole affair. The old man smiled, looked at them both; and, stroking Zemira’s cheek, said, “I thank thee, Zemira, for loving Omar so well.” Omar still intreated, in the presence of the sage, for a kiss; and she at length promised him one as soon as the street in which his palace stood should be better paved. Omar hastened to Bagdat, obtained permission of the calif, hired paviours, took upon himself the chief inspection, employed himself, and forgot his dissatisfaction. In two months he returned, and claimed Zemira’s first kiss. In like manner he was always obliged to do something to deserve a second, a third, and so on. And three years after his first declaration of love, Zemira became

became his wife. He learnt of Zemira to enjoy more and more the goods of the earth; blessed the Eternal, praised his destiny, and forbore to examine into things inscrutable to mortal eye. Zemira now had been ten years his spouse, and still he knew not all her charms. He often asked for more than she gave him; was importunate, was even unreasonable; but Zemira said to him, “Abstain and enjoy.” Omar kissed her hand and was silent. Omar abstained and enjoyed, and was content.

AUTHENTIC HISTORICAL NARRATIVE OF THE WAR
CARRIED ON BY THE OTTOMAN PORT, IN THE
YEAR 1785, WITH THE BEYS IN ÆGYPT*.

PREFACE OF THE TRANSMITTER.

NO sooner did the famous kapudan pasha set out upon his expedition into Ægypt, than he attracted the eyes of all Europe upon him; as every one, who is not quite

* This piece is an extract of a letter to the editor from Trieste, dated the 6th of March, 1788. — The history of the war with the ægyptian beys is by no means lively or entertaining; but is remarkable and interesting, from its relation to the history of Ægypt, to the constitution of the ottoman empire, and to the present course of affairs. We may at least learn from it what sort of people the Russians have to do with, what sort of a man the kapudan pasha is, what the beys are, and what would be requisite to their subjugation.

quite a stranger to the history of antient and modern times, plainly saw, what a vast accession of power must accrue to the Ottoman porte if this antient granary of the Roman empire should once fall into their hands; whereas at present they must content themselves with an imaginary sovereignty which adds nothing to their revenue. This importance of the object received a great augmentation by the then circumstances of affairs, when the two imperial courts of christendom had combined their powers to humble the turkish crescent, and seemed to threaten its downfall with the whole force of their extensive empires. Whoever has perused the accounts of the old constitution of the ottoman government, as they are given by Cantimir, Marfigli, Montecuculi, &c. will be forced to confess, that though the constitution at that time was incomparably better than at present, and the great superiority their numerous armies should have given them, from the experience their commanders had acquired during an uninterrupted war; yet, that all the advantages in battle they gained over the christian troops, were entirely owing to the bad condition of the latter, or to the want of capacity on the side of their leaders. Already in the earliest periods of their history, a feeble hungarian army, amounting to no more than two-thirds of their

The present journal of this war was composed by the writer's brother, who served in the capacity of body physician to the kapudanpasha. It is a faithful relation from one end to the other, and was confirmed by a young gentleman who was always about the person of the kapudan pasha during these transactions, and is now here on affairs belonging to the compting-house of Carlo Rosselli.

on,

own, could entirely rout these seemingly terrible barbarians. John Hunyad, and his crowned son, their greatest scourge, may serve to evince the truth of this fact. In times nearer bordering on our own, Spork, Montecuculi, John Sobieski, prince Lewis of Baden, and the great Eugene, have not less shewn by their conquests, that the Turks, notwithstanding their personal bravery, must always be beaten by regular measures and well disciplined troops. If the last imperial war did not answer to the former, it certainly proceeded from the want of spirit in the generals; and yet the Turks, even then, gained no decisive battle*; for, even at the ridiculous surrender of the cavalry at Crotzka, the infantry quietly retreated. The disgraceful peace by which this ruinous war was terminated, was not in consequence of victories gained by the turkish arms, was no act brought on by necessity. What was it then? That is best known to the then minister, and his patron who was imprisoned at Neufs†.

Varneri, that great officer of cavalry, in his treatise on the Turks, with regard to the transactions of the last russian war,—Baron Tott, an eye-witness, of undoubted ability, evince how bad the internal consti-

* I do not particularly know what the writer calls the losing of a battle; but a battle is commonly held to be lost, when one is obliged to retreat.

† Compare with this what Frederic II. thought of the manner in which this war was carried on, on the part of the Austrians, p. 32—36. and take care not to overlook the passage where he says: *à Vienne on exposoit le Venerable, tandis qu'on perdoit des batailles en Hongrie; et l'on avoit recours aux prestiges de la superstition, pour reparer les fautes de la malhabilité.*

tution of the turkish empire is, how few able men it has to produce, and how much even the little good they might be in a capacity to effect, is prevented by the cabals that reign in the seraglio.

The kapudan pasha has for a long time past stood in high reputation with the politicians of foreign countries, among whom he is considered as the support of the crescent, and beheld as a bold and intrepid warrior. How little he answers to these ideas, the present accurate journal of his ægyptian campaign will shew. It is written by his physician, who never quitted him for a moment during the whole of it, (as may be seen from the notes of the person of whom I received it) in the italian language, of which the following is an exact translation. It will be thence seen, that this renowned idol of the Turks made it his grand aim to plunder both friends and foes; that the kapudan pasha never led on his troops himself against the beys; that he could have destroyed them, and neglected to do it; that he did not humble them by his arms, which absolutely obtained no advantage over them; but that they submitted merely from a desire of being in some degree reconciled with the turkish emperor, which arose from the veneration they entertained for the prophet and founder of that religion of which they acknowledge the sultan to be the head: as being sure, that, after his departure, they should live at their ease, in the country, under the semblance of an imaginary dependency, as before they had always done. If then this kapudan pasha, so trumpeted forth for a great man, appears so little in a just statement of that expedition which has been much misrepresented in the public

public prints; how much less formidable must all the other inexperienced generals of the Turks appear, both great and small, in the eyes of all unbiaſſed men*? This then is the deſign of transmitting to you this original account of a tranſaction, which, as I ſaid above, attracted the attention of all Europe.

Alas, the turkiſh empire is not the only government where miſtakes are made in the choice of ſoldiers and warriors. Even Frederic the great was ſometimes miſtaken in his men; otherwiſe he had never ſuffered a Varncri to have quitted his ſervice: but this ſeems indubitable to me; that, if providence has not viſibly determined otherwiſe, we muſt come off victorious againſt an empire, whoſe troops are as undiſciplined as badly headed. Let the Turks always gain ſome advantage in ſmaller rencounters; they will, they muſt be defeated in all great engagements. The worthy feldtmareſchal, whoſe father ſo ſeverely chaſtiſed them, will purſue the ſame courſe, will crown himſelf, like him, with laurels won from their defeat.

OCCASION OF THE WAR.

IVE SALOVIKI, commander of a venetian ſhip, embezzled certain goods, which he had taken on board at Alexandria, on account of perſons of Aleppo. An european merchant gave the Aleppiners a method of getting themſelves paid by the republic for their loſs. The method was this. They cauſed the venetian con-

* The preſent grand-vizier ſeems to form a little exception to this.

ful to be arrested by a kind of officer of justice, and brought before Amurath bey, at that time commandant of Cairo ; where, by a master-stroke of cunning, he was drawn in to subscribe an obligation, in the name of his republic, to pay a sum that far exceeded the value of the embezzled goods — a proceeding at which all the other consuls testified the greatest displeasure.

Soon after this, the monks of Alexandria built themselves a church, twice as large as they had permission to do.

The bey, on this account, made a demand of 50,000 patafches, by one of his kiafifs, of the consuls and christians collectively. But as the christians refused to pay the sum required, the people belonging to the kiafif began to demolish the walls of the church.

The Franks of Cairo, however, set about means of appeasing the bey ; which at length they effected, through the mediation of the pasha, who is commandant of the fortrefs, and a turkish state-officer of the sultan, and by a present of 5000 patafches.

With this money the bey now reedified the walls that had been pulled down, and bore the monks harmless for a few trifles which the janizaries had robbed them of. To the consuls he made some kind of apology. But they were so very much incensed at the ill-treatment they had received, that in the first heat of their resentment, they each of them dispatched a courier to their several ambassadors at Constantinople, desiring them to lay their complaints before the porte. It is said, that the Alexandrians wrote by the russian consul to his emprefs, imploring her protection, and adding, that they were ready to set up her flag.

The

The minds of the divan were already prejudiced against the beys, as, for many years, they had neither paid their tribute, nor delivered the presents to the Arabs, who conveyed the caravans of pilgrims through their country to Mecca, nor even that to the sultan as commander of Mohammed's tomb, which office he discharged out of devotion, nor for the grand sheriff, the commandant of Mecca, for protecting these devotees on their return from visiting the holy places. They were likewise in arrears of their payment of the soldiers of the sultan, which should lie in garrison at Cairo, but were now, for want of it, entirely disbanded. To all these causes of discontent were yet added the repeated clamours of the populace. The divan, therefore, lent a willing ear to the remonstrances of the ambassadors, and ordered the beys to pay the sum of ten millions of patashes, which they were well able to do, if they had been so inclined. But they thought so light of this order as even to treat it with ridicule; and made themselves merry with the person of the sultan, as a mighty insignificant man, whose commands they scorned to obey. Hereupon the kapudan pasha now received the commission to bring them to reason.

JOURNAL OF THE WAR.

WHEN the news came to Cairo, that this admiral had already sailed from Constantinople, for the purpose of chastising them, they turned it into a subject of derision. But as soon as they learnt that he had entered the port Alexandria, they immediately altered their tone. They began with attempting to move him

by intreaties, and to make a merit of their services. They promised faithfully to pay all demands, and never for the future to transgress their duty.

They deputed to him the chiefs of their religion, together with two superior officers of the sultan's militia, who had been of some consideration; but the kapudan pasha peremptorily refused to admit them to a hearing.

All Cairo was in great commotion. An insurrection was apprehended, and the Franks, well-nigh certain that they should fall the first victims to it, kept themselves under arms, night and day, for almost a month.

Carlo Rosetti took upon him to procure clemency for the beys. They furnished him with 1000 patashes for the expences of his journey. He went to Alexandria, and attached himself to the russian consul, a man of great respectability. But the kapudan pasha would not admit them to his presence.

The beys now seeing that all their attempts were fruitless, took up the resolution of making a stout resistance. It was not long, however, before they laid it down again.

The 15th. of July, 1785. they sent two beys into the district of Alexandria, with orders to prevent the junction of the Arabs with the kapudan pasha.

On the 17th. the kapudan pasha reached Rossetto. The report had got thither before him, that he led with him an army of 20,000 men. In fact, however, he had no more than 300 Albaneses, 240 Greeks of the class of the Idriotici, with their Schiambechini, or Galengici, as they are otherwise called; of which latter he
had

had twelve; 500 other Galeangi, or Leventi, 500 Alexandrians, and about 100 men that belonged to his retinue. All together amounting scarcely to 1640 men.

Here he remained till the pasha of the fortrefs had given him information of the state of Cairo.

On the 21st. Amurath bey, with ten others, who together headed a corps of 6000 men, drew up to meet the kapudan pasha.

The 24th. he encamped at the distance of a four-hour's march from Rossitto; where he received orders from Ibraim bey, the schabelletti, or commander in chief of Cairo, not to attack the kapudan pasha, but rather endeavour to effect a reconciliation.

The 25th. he joined himself to the other two beys, who were stationed in the district of Alexandria, and

In the afternoon exercised his troops in warlike sports.

About three o'clock the kapudan pasha appeared, with two gallengici, in front of his vanguard; and

Now the beys left-off their sports, and put themselves in the best posture for observing his motions.

The gallengici fired a few pieces of cannon. The beys mounted their horses, and left the shore, to go to meet him. Immediately their people took to flight, and left a part of their baggage behind them, a prey to the soldiers of the kapudan pasha; the whole of which they brought to Rossitto that evening.

The 26th. the kapudan pasha set forward his march, and it was not yet noon, when he came up to the beys, who had encamped on the sand-hills, and looking at him from under their tents, laughed at him with all their might.

The kapudan pascha fired on them several times with his artillery; which Amurath bey answered with three cannons and several discharges of musquetry, in the design of keeping the pascha in breath, and at the same time, of giving his own people time to strike the tents.

When the beys had retreated, the kapudan pascha ordered a number of his men to disembark; who fought several hours with the Arabs that composed the rear of the army, but without any effect.

Upon which, he directed his march to Rosetto, having three men wounded; and Amurath bey repaired to Cairo.

The 27th. the pascha of the fortrefs, found means, by secret stratagem, to bring over the soldiery to his side, and made himself master of the whole citadel.

The siccabeletti determined not to make use of his force. He chose rather to apply to the fort-pascha with the request, that he would act as mediator for regaining him the favour of the beys. But he entrenched himself with great dexterity in the fort, and provided for his own security. On the 28th. the pascha was complete master of the citadel.

The same morning the siccabeletti betook himself, with all his people, to Cascerlain, an hour's march from Cairo; leaving behind him, in his place, three of his beys, namely Ibraim bey, the less, and the two Aju beys, as well the greater as the less, that is, the chiaia of Amurath bey.

The fort-pascha now erected the sacred banner, to which, whenever it waves in the sultan's cause, all faithful mussulmans must repair in haste, as an act of religion,

religion, to his assistance. Upon which, the ogiachi collected themselves together from all quarters, with their people, on the great square called Caramaidan, near the fortrefs facing the town, which square belongs to the fortrefs, and is surrounded by a wall.

Of these ogiachis the fultan's militia consists; but they were now come together of themselves, as the beys had omitted to send them their pay.

Excepting their generals, they are entirely made up of shopkeepers; on which account, notwithstanding they received no pay, they were still all together present in the country.

On the 29th. the beys, whom the ficcabeletti had left behind, made an offer of their service, together with their troops, to the pasha; but he, fearing treachery, would admit none but the beys into the fort to him.

The 30th they made a fresh attempt to come into the fort with their troops; but the pasha, more cunning than they, received them as he had done the day before.

The beys felt themselves hurt by this distrust, and went away from Cairo, to their army, about two in the afternoon.

The 31st. the admiral bey, the whole day long, stood off Embaba, a village near Polaco, beyond the river; and passed the evening in Ghisa, a place, in respect of old Cairo, lying likewise beyond the river.

The 1st. of August, all the beys came together to the same place.

The 2d. they proceeded towards Polaco, to a spot lying about six miles northwards from Cairo; and, by

the advice of the little beys, set about putting their great guns in order, for opposing the kapudan pasha.

The great beys were of opinion, that the best course they could take would be to move the pasha by renewed intreaties to procure for them a reinstatement in the graces of the sultan; that a place in the city should be left where he and his people might take up their quarters. To this end they would give up every thing else, and surrender in all respects to his will. In case he would not allow himself to be moved, then they should flee as far as they could; and when they could flee no farther, to turn about and give him battle, let the consequence be what it might.

They remained six days in Polaco. During these six days, the mammeluks made several attacks on the shops at this place, but with little effect.

The 3d. of August, the pasha of the fort nominated the officers of the government; namely: the aga of the janizaries, a sort of popular chief, but who exercises an unlimited power of life and death; the subassi, a kind of captain-sergeant, who has an equal authority over the people, by night, with the aga of the janizaries; and the muftapip, who has the inspection over the provisions, and at the same time the right of causing malefactors to be whipped to death.

On the 4th. the forementioned officers entered Cairo, and assured the people, on the part of the ficcabeletti, that no one had need to be afraid on account of whatever had passed, nor should be molested by any person; which assurance was likewise punctually observed.

The same day the persons newly appointed by the pasha took themselves away again.

On

On the 6th. about 4 in the afternoon, the kapudan pascha, with two galenghici, appeared before Polaco. About 5, they were joined by ten more, and from 48 to 50 flat-bottom barks properly manned.

The little beys were for instantly attacking them; but the great ones persuaded them to be quiet. Whereupon, two hours after sun-set, they all went back to Cascerlain, there to pass the night.

The 7th. on receiving the news of the flight of the beys, the kapudan pascha came on shore, and took his quarters in the house of Ibraim bey the great; whither all the officers of the sultan, who then were dwelling in Cairo, immediately repaired, to attend upon him, and to receive his orders.

Towards evening he mounted on horseback, with all his suite; and, accompanied by a seraskier, rode about the adjacent country.

On the 8th. he gave orders to the galenghici to pursue the beys. They were so fortunate, in executing their commission, as to seize 18 barks belonging to the beys loaded with provisions and warlike stores.

On the 9th. the beys left Cascerlain, and went to Siuf, in Upper Ægypt; where they pitched their tents.

The pascha of the fort was of opinion, that the kapudan pascha should pursue the beys; as the whole body of the people were dissatisfied with their tyranny, confidently expected at his hands the restoration of their welfare, and would therefore give him the mastery over the beys; accordingly, it actually happened, that many, both of the towns and villages, without waiting for orders, were set out in pursuit of the beys; who, being
already

already panic-struck, would entirely lose their courage at sight of the innumerable host of their pursuers, and might with ease be totally defeated. The kapudan pasha followed the contrary advice of the kiaia of Kiaussia; whom, on account of his merit, he had raised to be testedar bey; and took possession,

On the 10th. of all the valuables which the beys had left behind them in their houses. Six nights successively he went from house to house and caused an inventory to be made of whatever he found in them. He named to this, on one and on the other side, Camanzaglo his captain, the casnadar aga, the chiodar, and six other beys, whom he took from among the chiafifs and all those who were deposed by the fugitive beys, because they did not belong to their families.

He caused this catalogue to be taken during the night; as he was employed all day long in examinations relating to the christians; to whom he imputed it as a grievous crime, that they rode upon great asses, and not upon little ones; that they did not wear coarse cloths and stuffs, but dressed themselves in a finer sort; that, when they met a Turk in the street, they did not pass by him on the left hand; that their wives, and even the men, did not wear yellow, but black shoes; that the ladies covered their faces with taffety, &c.

On all these points very severe firmans were published. They passed through the hands of a certain Siek-pedat, who carried on a regular trade in them with the merchants and traders, and indeed in a very artful manner; by delivering out a firman in the morning, and revoking it in the evening at the price of several thousand patashes. He sold by auction all the female slaves

slaves he had found in the harems of the beys, and practised a thousand other tricks of the like kind.

It is easy to imagine what sort of an impresson these proceedings must have made upon the people. They saw that the kapudan pasha, instead of pursuing the enemies, was only intent upon plundering the public, and studying to oppress them by every method he could devise; and found that they were infinitely worse situated under their pretended deliverer, than while they were subject to the beys. They now began to confess the truth of the proverb, that we rarely know how to prize a benefit, till we have lost it. In one moment there arose a general revolution in the sentiments of the inhabitants of Cairo. They lamented the fate of the beys, and wished to see them returned; and the farewell they gave them in their hearts, roused them against the kapudan pasha. They cursed both him and those that had sent him. Weary of his extorsions, they longed for the hour of his departure and the return of the beys, that they might drive out the commander appointed by him, who treated them with incomparably more cruelty than the former. All which in fact did happen afterwards.

On the 11th. the Franks waited on the kapudan pasha, and were tolerably well received.

The Franks and the venetian mercantile house Pini, offered him two handsome presents.

On the 12th. the kapudan pasha demanded of the French 50,000 pataches, and of Pini 6000, as a loan; for which he would give them security: this however they refused to accept. In fact, he reimbursed them the whole sum within twenty days.

The

The 20th. the kapudan pascha got a defluxion in his ear, from which he was not freed for 14 days.

The 12th. of September the paschas from Syria arrived at Cairo; namely, the pascha Deltrio, of two tails, and Abdul pascha, of three; the former with 3000, and the latter with 4000 men.

The 26th. the troops of the kapudan pascha disbanded themselves of their own accord, for reasons that need not be mentioned, in order to return home; but about three o'clock in the morning, on receiving account of it, he hastened to them with all speed, sabre in hand, to force them to return, when he narrowly escaped being cut to pieces by them; as matters had already proceeded to extremes. However, he was fortunate enough to appease them by allowing them to march back again to Cairo after three days.

The 29th. the kiaia of the kapudan pascha set himself in motion, with 11,200 men, in the Galengici, as did the abovementioned paschas by land.

The 8th of October they arrived close by the camp of the beys.

The 9th. they came to an attack; and it was given out that the beys were beaten; but exactly the reverse was true. The kapudan pascha dispatched ten turkish surgeons, with a pompous train, and all the apparatus necessary to their methods of cure. He represented the matter as though he had taken this step from motives of precaution for any cases that might occur to require their assistance; whereas, in fact, he sent them on account of what had already happened.

The 12th. the sumptuous furs were brought to Cairo, which are worn as marks of honour, sent by the sul-

tan to the pashas in reward of their good behaviour. For the kapudan pasha came a particularly fine sabre, with a thousand felicitations and praises. And for the pasha of the fortress, his appointment to that office for the ensuing year, as usual.

The beys sent one of their kiasifs to the kiaia who has the command over the sultan's barks, that he would accompany him to the kapudan pasha, for whom they had given him several letters. But, as the patrols of the beys had beat several of the galeangi to death who were reconnoitring about the villages, the kiaia sent him in irons to the kapudan pasha. As this unfortunate messenger was afraid of meeting with some accident on the road, he thought he might trust to the kiaus, who commanded the barks that brought the 12,000 venetian ducats to Cairo.

Now, for getting this money to himself, he informed the kiaus to the kapudan pasha, whom he had brought from the kiasif, that the latter, besides the letters that were addressed to him, had moreover a secret commission to negotiate with certain of the rebels. Upon this, the kapudan pasha caused his head to be struck off without any farther ceremony; and, as he had likewise come to the knowledge of the 12,000 chequins by other means, he appropriated them all to himself. Of the contents of the letters nothing was ever known.

The 18th. the kapudan pasha sent 350 purses and 6 barks with provisions to the army.

The 19th. the troops, which the kapudan pasha had sent as a reinforcement, came into camp; but the beys, six hours before, had retired into Upper Ægypt. Previous to their retreat, they had burned whatever they

they could not immediately use, for the sake of lighting their baggage; and had rendered the three great cannons, of which their artillery consisted, unserviceable to the enemy, by spiking them up, and ramming large balls into their mouths. They pitched their camp in a situation that was advantageous to them in several ways; not only, as they were accustomed to the climate, but as they here could always supply themselves with whatever they wanted, knew the wells of potable water, which may easily be mistaken on account of its bad taste, and knew how to render innocuous such as was unwholesome, by infusing a decoction of certain plants.

The people of the kapudan pasha, on the contrary, ignorant in all these matters, not inured to the air, as even the hottest days are always succeeded by cold nights, obscured by clouds of insects and thick fogs, without any supply of necessaries, obliged to take their drink from the bogs, or from wells that, though from appearance the water was good, yet in five or six days after drinking it, caused fevers and leprosy, found themselves in a very bad condition.

The kapudan pasha was sensible of this. Wherefore, finding it impossible to gain a victory over the beys; and, knowing withal that many things were laid to his charge for which he must be answerable to the divan, he resolved on returning back to Constantinople: when one of the beys, for the sake of gaining his friendship, sent him two others, who were devoted to the sultan, but banished by the beys, and now were come back on this day, to conspire their destruction and resume their former posts; for one of them, name-

ly

ly Ismael bey, had been sickabeletti. They not only gave the kapudan pasha important information on many particulars, but likewise promised him support from their adherents.

The 16th. again two pashas arrived from Syria, one with 1000, the other with 800 men. These confirmed the kapudan pasha in the opinion that he ought to endeavour at renewing the attack.

Accordingly, on the 20th. he dispatched two barks, with six beys newly appointed by him, and 600 men; who joined themselves to the army that remained behind, and was stationed in Upper Ægypt.

The 26th. this army marched, to make an attack upon the hostile beys: but they had already received intelligence of their design, and broke up their camp that very night, to give him the rencontre.

The 27th. before day-light, they were exactly facing each other in the midst of a thick fog. But, as the people of the kapudan pasha had the wind against them, the clouds of dust they raised in marching, drove so right in their front, that they had not the least sight of the enemy till they were close upon them.

As soon as they were apprised of the nearness of the beys, they gave fire on their troops, as well from their great ordnance, as from the musquets; but without any regularity. The beys had no artillery, but a vanguard of 1600 armed horse; each of whom was provided with two large fire-arms and four pistols. These now rode in full gallop, up to the troops of the kapudan pasha, and gave them no time to recharge their musquets. Immediately the Osmali, otherwise their bravest warriors, took their flight, and after them the pashas,

paschas, and at last the beys, all in full speed; on which they were pursued by the enemy, for six hours successively, with guns, sabres, and pistols. When they had reached their forts, the kiaia, who had the guard, ordered the artillery to play upon the beys; and thus prevented their total defeat; which, had it not been for this lucky thought, his people must inevitably have suffered. In this action, the beys lost no more than ten horses, which were shot dead by the first firing of the great guns; whereas, of the 12,000 horses the kapudan pascha had before the onset, there remained not more than a thousand; and they had been very ill-treated.

In this attack Ismael bey had his lower-jaw fractured by a shot, on which account he returned to Cairo, on the 30th.

The 5th. of November the remains of the routed army returned by shipping to Cairo. From these it was learnt; that their overthrow was owing more to surprize and fear than to the bravery of the beys; as, in the flight, they pressed with so much haste into the barks, horses and all, that they presently overloaded them; insomuch that they every one sunk, and all were drowned; that the beys had made slaves of many of the gassali, but afterwards set them free again, namely, those of the retinue of the kapudan pascha; that these however were killed by the Arabs who met them in the desert with the design to plunder them, so that scarcely twenty men came back; that they (the beys) had caused all the galeangis to be beheaded, while they lay in Siuf, had violated their women, and sold them to the highest bidders, &c.

These

These accounts threw the kapudan pasha into great consternation, and the Franks into dismay. The Arabs, however, were ardently desirous to see the beys return. Had the latter but known how to have improved their victory; had they only continued the pursuit quite to Cairo, they would have remained masters of the place, and have compelled the kapudan pasha to sue to them for peace on whatever terms they chose. But fortune would have it otherwise.

The kapudan pasha, seeing that the beys had retreated, gave immediate orders to make a new levy of recruits, which was accordingly done to the amount of about 12,000 men. They consisted of 1500 mamluks, brought on by the beys of his appointment; 1500 galeangi which had been picked up in Cairo, where they carried on their trades, and of 9000 jordaffi.

The 6th. of November the inimical beys seized on all the provisions they could find in the villages between their camp and Cairo.

The 7th. the kapudan pasha, by orders received from the Porte, as was generally believed, deposed the pasha of the fort, and constituted Abdul pasha in his room.

The 10th. he commanded his new army to encamp at Sexit, three hours from Cairo, and to throw up a battery for 12 cannon, to stop the progress of the beys if they should attempt to come on; and a little farther down he posted 7 galeangici under the orders of their seraskier.

An old jordaffi, who had been in the army of the kapudan pasha, and in the action of the 27th. had gone

over to the beys, arrived at Cairo with dispatches from them; he was therefore put in irons.

The 14th. the kapudan pasha sent a deputy to the beys; who was received with very particular marks of honour. Amurath bey presented him with 1000 venetian zequins; Ibrahim bey with a pelice that was valued at 5000 piasters, and a horse completely caparisoned worth 4000 piasters, and others with very ample provision for their journey back.

The kapudan pasha admonished the beys, in his letter, no longer to resist the will of the sultan; and that they would return to Cairo; he assured them of his protection, and of his mediation whereby he could promise them the pardon of the sultan for all that was past, and to procure horse-tails for each of them, as likewise posts for the little beys.

On the 19th. the beys sent him for answer, that they had never fallen off from their obedience to the sultan; that they were ready to give him an account of whatever he required; that, if he would procure them the favour of being permitted to remain in a part of Ægypt, they would grant him all he demanded; and assured him in writing, that in conformity with their laws, they would not be unmindful of their promises.

Abdul pasha, commandant of Caserlain, that lies but about nine miles from Cairo, sent a deputy with a numerous cohort of slaves, to the kapudan pasha, to request the favour of being admitted to his presence. The latter hereupon held a long conference with the ambassador, of which but little ever transpired. What did get abroad consisted in this, that Abdul pasha intreated the kapudan pasha to effect his reinstatement

in the good graces of the sultan, and that he would readily pay all that was exacted of him. Farther, that the kapudan pasha would bring about his reconciliation with the two beys who were come out of Upper Ægypt; or, at least, that he would not any more send the troops under his command to slaughter against the said beys. That the kapudan pasha should confine his residence to Cairo, where he was considered as the common father; and that it gave him great concern to find that he was exposed to any thing disagreeable. Wished him only to bring those of Cairo into the war.

The kapudan pasha dismissed the deputy, after he had presented him with a pelice of 300 piasters in value, and ordered him to be attended by a guard to the gates of the city, without allowing him to stop for a moment. He told him verbally, that, if the beys did not perform all that he had said to him, then he would be guiltless of whatever might be the consequence.

The 20th. the kapudan pasha returned the answer.

The 21st. he went to Aberbernibi, 12 miles distant from the fortification.

The 22d. two of the hostile beys were seen reconnoitring from Ghisa to Ambala.

The kapudan pasha ordered the bombardier-bark and four galeangici, to cast anchor, at the distance of cannot-shot from each other, before Ghisa, beyond the mouth of the canal formed by the island and the main.

The 26th. the kapudan pasha ascended an eminence on the superior part of the shore of the Nile, in front of the bombardiers at Ghisa, where he erected a

fort, among some ruined walls; on which he mounted 23 cannons, and placed 400 galeangi and two beys therein.

The 28th. two inimical beys killed 3 galeangi and took two mammeluks prisoners, who had strayed at some distance from the fort. The others removed their camp on this side the pyramids of Sacore, at the distance of 25 miles from Ghisa.

Several mammeluks of the troops belonging to the deceased beys who were incapable of service, came to obtain pardon of the kapudan pasha.

The 5th. of December the adverse beys marched towards Ghisa, and drew up in order of battle. On receiving intelligence of this, he strengthened the fort with 3 beys more. But, on the approach of Lascin bey, with 100 mammeluks, and the kiasif with 1000 Arabs, the people of the kapudan pasha began, from fear, to fire with their artillery, before they were within reach of the shot, and continued so doing for more than two hours. The enemy, accordingly, made a halt, still beyond the reach of their cannon; and, on seeing them thus waste their strength and ammunition without effect, they dismounted from their horses, and let them graze at large.

A Russian mammeluk on horseback advanced three times greatly within pistol-shot of the battery; but they contented themselves with firing at him from the wall.

The kapudan pasha and his beys were looking at all that passed, through a telescope.

The hostile beys, on seeing that none would come out into the open field, towards noon advanced in easy steps,

steps, their tobacco-pipes in their mouths, close up to the rampart. After they were gone, the kapudan pasha went down to see what had happened. The beys forsook Sacore, and encamped farther down; as their provision was expended, and they felt a great want of bread, though they abounded in money.

The 9th. the pasha sent the bombarde and the galeangici to face the enemy's camp.

Amurath bey, who led the van of the beys, made himself master of the caravan from Aleppo, full of gold-dust and very precious commodities, and was attended by 62 ships loaded with corn, together with black slaves of both sexes.

Hereupon the beys pitched their camp on the spot where they were encamped on the 27th. that memorable day when the kapudan pasha underwent his signal defeat. They were in number 30,000 men, namely 4500 of the people belonging to the beys, 10,000 Arabs, a robust and warlike race, and 15,500 vassals, with 20,000 horses, mules and asses.

The 20th. the kapudan pasha dismissed the jordassi.

The 25th. he made presents to each of his beys of 1000 patashes, to his ficcabeletti 2000, to the colonels of the ogiachi and the galeangi each two zechini mabuchi.

The 26th. an army went on the other side of the Nile.

The 30th. he marched against the beys with an army of 18,000 men. Namely 1700 galeangici in the galeangici and cannonier barks, under the orders of the commander of the fleet; the 900 men that remained after the first battle, led by the kiaia Celepi Sadet;

600 collected in Cairo of the people of the dervise pasha; 400 Tunifians and Algerines, or what are called Magurtini; 500 ogiachi, under their own generals; 4000 mammaluks and magralini, under the command of Ismael bey and other beys. To these were added the great number of vassals, who all acted as soldiers, and about 12,000 horses and other beasts of burden. They altogether amounted to 30,000 heads, who, from the sterility and other defects of the country, were certainly very badly provided.

The 22d of January, 1786. came three beys, with 51 of their relations and allies, whom the enemy had turned out of their camp as invalids, to the kapudan pasha, to implore the aman, that is, his pardon.

They had been a long time deposed, but still continued in the camp from motives of policy; though they were always looked upon as suspected persons. In the first engagement, they had been set to watch the provisions and warlike stores, under the inspection of two other beys.

Others likewise came in at various times, to the number of about 4000 men; namely, from Cyprus, Candia and Syria.

A dyffentery raged in the army.

The 15th. of February, the vanguard of the beys, consisting of 4000 men, partly mammeluks, partly Arabs, headed by Laffia bey, Sercavi bey and Aliaga bey, men of great sagacity and valour, encamped early in the morning in a valley.

On the other side of the valley the beys posted themselves on a spacious plain.

On this side of the valley, at the distance of about 11 miles from it, was the army of the kapudan pasha, under the orders of Osmanli.

The 16th. the vanguard of the beys put themselves in motion to attack the camp of the kapudan pasha.

Ali bey, the testerdar, the seraskier, on receiving account of this, resolved to fall upon them. Osmanli kept himself in reserve, that his corps might co-operate to the defeat of the enemy by rushing into the battle with agility when they were wanted. However, they unexpectedly met as they were marching, and thus the onset ended very much to the disadvantage of the troops of the kapudan pasha. That is, the cavalry of the beys and the Osmanli came quite unexpectedly on one another. They fought on both sides with great bravery; till the rear guard of the little beys suddenly entered, and Ismael, who was hastening up, was killed. Upon this, the troops of the kapudan pasha took to flight. The enemy pursued them to their very ramparts, and made a dreadful slaughter among them. Where the galeangi, having posted themselves behind the grave stones, after the manner of the Albanese; and being, besides, covered by a chevaux de frize and two batteries of 15 cannons, at the distance of a cannon shot from each other, fired upon the beys, and thereby compelled their vanguard to halt. The cavalry still pursued them; when, all at once, finding themselves drawn under their cannon, they attempted an attack upon the very batteries, and rode up to them full speed. Here, however, they met so strong a resistance, that they thought fit to retreat.

The infantry, who had rested themselves a little, fought to reinforce the van, by making a junction with the cavalry. Which done, they attacked the batteries with united force.

After a fight of 6 hours, the little beys retired to their camp; where the great ones were waiting the issue of the combat. The beys had only 58 killed and 12 wounded, since they were all, as I said above, completely armed.

The kapudan pasha, on the other hand, counted 6000 dead, and more than 1000 wounded.

The first accounts received in Cairo stated, that the beys were entirely routed; and therefore the beys who were with the kapudan pasha, were extravagant in their shouts of joy: but four days afterwards, on being informed of the truth of the matter, they kept a profound silence.

The 4th. of March, the 58 heads of those that were slain in the army of the beys, were brought to Cairo.

The 11th. a Mograbess and a country-woman were put in prison by the janizary-aga, for having brought letters to the house of Ibrahim bey, which they had received from one of his servants who carried them into the city. They were put in prison; and, as the kapudan pasha was made to believe that the wives of this bey had yet a great many other letters, before they had sent away the answer and various other matters, the kapudan pasha dispatched the janizary-aga and two officers to these sultanas, to cause them to deliver up the said letters; with orders to carry off all the slaves and eunuchs, and to force them to a confession; yet by all this, nothing could be drawn out of them.

On

On the 12th. they gave the woman 500 bastinadoes on the soles of her feet, in order to make her confess from whom she received the letter. She confessed all, as well from whom she received the letter, as from whom she expected the answer. And now the kapudan pasha sent the janizary-aga and an officer with him, to the place where the servant lived, and took him prisoner. Fear made him immediately confess the whole of the affair. Whereupon his head was struck off, as well as the poor country-woman's.

In this village a quantity of cloaths were found which the wives of the beys had prepared for their husbands. The kapudan pasha commanded these to be taken away by force, as they would not voluntarily surrender them to the governour, or ficcabeletti, of the village.

The 25th. Memeth, the leader of the galeangi, returned from the camp with the remains of his people. They were still scarcely 400 men, and were sent to Alexandria, that they might not be sold in Cairo.

The 5th of April, returned also the kiaia of the kapudan pasha, under whose command the barks were, with those that still remained of the galeangi. They were reduced to 50.

The 18th. it was discovered, that the before-mentioned Camanzoglo had embezzled considerable sums of the property of the beys, whereof the kapudan pasha had caused an inventory to be taken. For which both he and his accomplices were put to the torture.

The 28th. Abdul pasha entered Cairo with his whole corps, which did not amount to 200 men.

The

The corps of the ogiachis came back 300 strong; as did Ismael bey, with the remainder of his people, about 100.

Lastly, Ali bey, with 20.

Affan bey Gedavi, and the other beys adhering to the kapudan pasha, remained in Upper Ægypt, in the intrenchments, to check the progress of the beys to Cairo.

The 1st. of May the news were brought that Amurath bey was on his march direct to Cairo, with 20,000 Arabs.

The astonishment this intelligence caused the kapudan pasha may be imagined, as he had but a short time ago written to Constantinople, that he had entirely defeated the chiefs, and that he would send their heads thither the next day; that he designed to make a dreadful havoc at Cairo, and to execute all their adherents — and farther that Affan bey, with the remains of his army, had submitted to Amurath bey.

On the 20th. Amurath bey encamped at Siuf, having brought together all the corn, rice, and beans he could find in the neighbouring villages. In a letter to the kapudan pasha, he begged him to desist from the pursuit, which was only sending men to be slaughtered; that the beys were not pleased with seeing the defeat of their brethren and the faithful servants of the exalted prophet; that they would rather readily obey their sovereign, and they would willingly submit to any terms he might propose. Instead of sending any answer to this letter, he ordered fresh troops to be raised; to this end gave out 300 purses, and several times said, that he would head them himself. Afterwards however

ever he thought fit to give the command of the new-raised recruits to Ali bey, ordered him to form a junction with Affan bey, and promised him, that as soon as the 30,000 men arrived as he expected, that he would go and join them. Amurath bey, who was aware of his intentions, wrote him back word: that if he were to take the field with 30,000 men, they would all be obliged to fly, as this would be an evident sign, that he was determined not only to harrafs the beys, but to subdue all Ægypt. On the receipt of this letter, the kapudan pasha altered his resolution. He took back again the 300 purses which he had issued, and wrote to Ibrahim bey: if they would come to terms at Cairo, and go with him to Constantinople, he gave them his word that he would establish them as pashas elsewhere. This letter he sent him by the same kiasif, by whom he had transmitted the former. But he now took with him more splendid presents than before; the kapudan pasha, however, took care to let nothing of this transpire, as it was his earnest wish to make the public believe that he had reduced the beys to the last extremity; he likewise kept the answer he had received a perfect secret; yet, notwithstanding all his precautions, thus much was very well known: “they assured him, that they would no longer prosecute the war; that it went against their consciences to be the death of their orthodox brethren and the subjects of their sultan; that, if he were determined to send soldiers against them, they would then flee before them; were these weary of pursuing and beginning to retire? then would they also stop and turn back; and this flight and return would they so long repeat, as till he should think

think proper to leave them in repose. That they did not go to war, because they found pleasure in taking up arms, but because their people were hurt by the injurious language his troops had thrown out against their's, and that the world might not be led to believe that they fled from him out of fear."

On the return of the kiasif, the kapudan pasha dispatched two dignitaries of the religion, attended by an officer and two of the learned in the law of the prophet, to conclude an accommodation with them; who, on the fourth day from the receipt of the answer, namely, the 29th of May, departed on their way to the beys. This day the goods of Camanzoglo were sold by auction, and produced 25 purses; without reckoning the sums of money found in his possession, and a casket of jewels, taken from the toilettes of the women of beys, which was valued at a very high amount.

The 12th. of June 9 galeangi came in great wrath to the kapudan pasha, demanding of him an allowance for the Ramazan; as they pretended that they could not keep it properly with the 8 ounces of butter, 20 ounces of rice, and 2 medini, which he allowed them daily. The kapudan pasha had foreseen this mutiny. He had therefore very seasonably gone from home, and returned at the very moment the rioters were entering his palace. Those of his retinue were persuading them to take themselves away before he should come home; as that they would do better to lay their complaints before him himself, since they, his servants, could give them no relief.

The kapudan pasha told them, that at present he had no money, but that he would do all that lay in
his

his power to give them satisfaction. They went away, and proceeded to Polaco, to take a bark there, and run off.

The kapudan pasha having got intelligence hereof, sent his seldar to acquaint the ringleaders (as if he did it of himself) that they should return immediately; for that the kapudan pasha, if he met them, would have them cut in pieces with sabres. Terrified by these menaces, they all returned. Presently after, the kapudan pasha appeared quite unexpectedly, with a body of armed followers. But, finding none of their chiefs along with them, he made them give up their banner, and took it with him. Afterwards, on their desiring it again, he demanded money of them for it; which they paid, as the bearing of this banner is a post of honour; and in this country the banner-bearer is regarded as an illustrious person, of tried fidelity to the prophet and attachment to the sultan, and at the same time has the command of the whole village. And thus ended this business; by which, instead of obtaining money from the kapudan pasha, they were obliged to give him a good sum of their own.

On the 25th. of June came Affan bey to the kapudan pasha; to deliver an account of his command. He informed him, that the beys were arrived in Minica, and therefore very close to Cairo.

The 28th. 4 deputies arrived with 3 beys as hostages. The beys were Aju bey, jordaifi of the great bey, another jordaifi of Amurath bey, and one of Ibraim bey.

The kapudan pasha was not satisfied with them.

Therefore, on the 1st. of July, he ordered it to be signified to the beys, by two deputies, that he required,

quired, in their place, Osman bey Afcâr, Ibraim bey the little, and Soliman aga, and that, if these however had been appointed by them, and they chose to remain, they might do so.

The 15th. the deputies returned, with the positive answer, that they would send no other hostages; and that they begged him to put an end to the affair as soon as possible, to send them a firman with the imperial seal, and another with his own; and with this they would be contented.

The 20th. the kapudan pascha sent them the firmans as desired; with two pellices of marten skins of great value.

These firmans imported that the sultan would place them in two provinces in Upper Ægypt, where they might take up their abode in peace; under the condition, that they should pay the tribute to the sultan which was usual from those provinces.

The beys then sent him another hostage, namely one of the little beys, the greatest scoundrel in the world; with twenty sumptuous horses and six camels as a present.

On the 5th. of October the kapudan pascha fixed his departure for Constantinople, and declared that he would take the hostages with him. They asked him his reason for this; to which he replied, that they might not raise any disturbance after he was gone, and put themselves at the head of the insurgents. Therefore, he caused them to be brought in chains to his galeangici, excepting Aju bey alone, for whom the ficcabeletti Ismael bey had obtained this exemption, as he was not capable of fomenting an insurrection; and
he

he himself would be voucher for him to the sultan. And accordingly he remained in Cairo.

The kapudan pasha then took in custody the kiaja of Amurath bey, the kiasif who came with the two hostages as negociator of the peace, another kiasif of Ibrahim bey the great, a son of a kiaia of Ibrahim bey, whom however he presently set free by the interposition of a present of some thousand patashes, on account whereof it is highly probable that he had been put in prison.

At length, on the 8th. the kapudan pasha began his journey; with the reputation, that, if sultan Selim had not been in a condition to make himself master of the city of Cairo, he alone was able to perform that enterprise.

Thus much, however, is true, that he left Cairo with a sum of ten millions of patashes, after having sacrificed above 30,000 men and laid all Ægypt waste. Cairo he left in the hands of two rapacious tyrants; namely, the pasha of the fortress, and the siccabeletti Ibrahim bey, who immediately began to extort large sums of money from the merchants in a collective capacity, that they might complete their plunderings as speedily as possible; knowing that the fugitive beys would not omit to come, and quickly put a stop to their proceedings: as it really happened.

It will be imagined that the sum of ten millions is exaggerated, and be pronounced impossible, that so much treasure could be amassed in so short a space of time. But it must be considered, that the plunderings and extortions lasted 16 months; a period more than sufficient to this purpose; that Ægypt is one of the
most

most opulent countries in the world, and that there are numbers who make it their ambition to possess large earthen vessels (called in their language zare) full of imperial dollars; that when the revenue arising from the parcels of ground and taxes, was estimated, in the time of sultan Selim, throughout all Ægypt, of the parcels of ground 5, 15 and 20 medini were paid for each parcel, and 2 asperi for a field, according to the standard of their nature and quality and in proportion to the taxes, they collected such a number of purses annually, that from the exactest calculation of those who executed this commission, it all together brought in two millions of patashes per annum; that at present every chief pays yearly in proportion to his income, 500 to 600 medini; that since sultan Selim's time, 324 new villages have been built; that the kapudan pasha collected the revenue for two years, and ordered all the landholders of the villages to bring him their title-deeds, which he kept on the pretext that they were illegal, and made them buy new ones of him at a hundred patashes hard money for each; that he did not sell the villages of the beys and the fugitive Arabs for less than their full value; that the produce of the taxes rose so much the higher, as he caused them to pay him the money two years in advance; that he confiscated and turned into money whatever belonged to such as had fled, even the furniture and utensils of their houses, their tapestries and carpets not excepted; that he got by the sale of their jewels 320, and of their cloaths and pellices 210 purses. Still there remains to be taken into the account all the presents that were made him by the turkish and christian merchants, the beys and

and kiasifs; and that he issued a proclamation, as he passed through Rosetto, in a kind of triumph, that the imperial dollar should pass current for 100 medini; and after he had bought up a great quantity of rice and linen with dollars, he issued a firman enacting that they should now pass for no more than 80 medini.

If you take all these circumstances together, you will comprehend, that the above stated sum is certainly not exaggerated; or that at least he took away with him an enormous treasure.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES OF WHAT IS TERMED
THE DEVOTION TO THE HEART OF JESUS *.

WRITTEN TO MR. WIELAND.

WHAT Rastignas, archbishop of Tours, says of the Jesuits, that “the purport of their institution was nothing else than to introduce a religion in direct opposition to the gospel,” is true beyond all manner of doubt. In the general assembly in which they chose that shallow-pated brother Diego Lainez to be their general and first successor of their founder Loyola, it was decreed: To teach a theology suitable to the times; that is, to chuse, not the gospel, but the political and moral revolutions that arise among mankind from sensuality and self-interest, for the rule of religion. No maxim of christianity is so sacred, but they sacrifice it to this system. Molina, Lessius, and Montemajor immediately laid the axe to the main root of

* See the trial of the late queen of France, where several allusions are made to this devotion.

religion; and the first efforts of their zeal were employed in overturning the system of grace. Hardouin and Berruyer undermined revelation itself, and forged arms for the service of deism. By their doctrine of probabilism, not only the evangelical, but even natural morality, was, as much as in them lay, pushed out of the world; for what horror can be imagined that may not be purified and ennobled by being drawn through this source? With the power they had in their hands, they derided both the inquisition and reason.

However, the jesuits did not, till the year 1674. proceed so far as to lead the catholic world into a formal idolatry, by teaching them to pay divine honours to a muscle which, in the human body, admits and propells the blood. I speak of the generally-received devotion to the heart of Jesus. The question here is not about the adoration of Christ under a symbolical image, but the heart itself, as a particular part of his body. The adoration we are now speaking of has not the person of Jesus, but this part, for its object. For, though the more moderate of the heart-worshippers pretend, that the adoration is directed to the heart, as a symbolical image and the seat of the divine love; yet they will not thus evade the charge of idolatry, since any corporeal image of the divine attributes, or the heart alone, how many divine attributes soever it may be supposed to hold, is no proper object of adoration.

If we consider the analogy subsisting between the immediate object of this devotion, and the convulsive feelings of sentimental hearts, it is truly a great wonder how it happened that the inventive spirit of the jesuits themselves did not fall upon this glorious means for gaining souls. That they made no scruple to adopt

it from a heretic, proceeded from its extreme importance as an article for their holy trade.

The inventor of it was Thomas Goodwin, president of Magdalen College, Oxford *, an Arminian, who excited great attention in England, in the middle of the last century, by his ascetical and theological writings. His book, *Cor Christi in cœlis erga peccatores in terris*, printed in the year 1649. comprises the whole system of this devotion; and was intended to promote the spread of it in England.

The jesuit La Colombiere, who was sent to London as confessor and preacher to the dutchess of York, afterwards queen, found there a numerous sect of people, who, after Goodwin's example, adored the fleshly heart of Jesus, as the symbolical image of divine love. He was astonished at the novelty of so ravishing a devotion, which had so long escaped the fertile invention of his brotherhood; and carried it in a kind of triumph, as formerly cæsar Caligula did his *spolia oceani*, back with him to France: there to plant it in a more happy soil, where under the influence of heavenly visions and miracles, it struck deep root, and by a legion of apostles was propagated through the four quarters of the world.

At Paray le monial, in the province of Burgogne, in the convent of the visitation, there lived at that time a nun of the name of Marie à la Coque, who, in her heavenly visions, had frequently the happiness of conversing familiarly with Christ. The fame of her

* Under Cromwell, with whom this fanatic was in high favour Under Charles II. he was turned out of that place.

sanctity was spread throughout all France. Even the renowned defender of the bull *Unigenitus*, John Joseph Languet, afterwards archbishop of Sens, who even vouchsafed to favour the celebrated Bossuet with his esteem, was an ardent admirer of this holy fanatic, and published a very circumstantial account of her life in quarto in the year 1729. a printed translation whereof into Italian made its appearance at Venice and Rome. It is surprising how any sensible man could put together and write down such a parcel of silly, ridiculous stuff, even for his contemporaries, I will not say for posterity. But he was a great stickler for the jesuits, who made use of the pious mummeries of this nun for serving their own purposes. In a vision, the son of God demanded her heart. She offered it to him: he took it visibly out of her breast, inclosed it in his own, and then gave it her back as a pledge of his love, with these words: Henceforth shalt thou be the beloved of my heart. In another vision, Christ shewed her the souls in purgatory; among whom she saw some who had no other token of predestination upon them, than that in all their lives they had never hated God. With such farces, wherein the jesuits often peep from behind the scenes, the book of the visions of this nun is filled.

The jesuits made choice of this excellent instrument for tending the glorious scions which father La Colombiere, for the salvation of the world, had brought with him out of England. In the year 1674. she mounted the stage with this sacred farce. Her divine bridegroom appeared to her, shewed her his fond affectionate heart, and told her, that he was determined,
in

in these last days, to pour out all the treasures and abundance of his love on those faithful souls, who would devote themselves to a particular adoration of his heart; and commanded her to tell father La Colom-biere, his servant, that he should institute a yearly festival to his heart, propagate this devotion with all his might, and announce to all such as should dedicate themselves to it, the assurance of their predestination to eternal life.

The jesuits disposed themselves with all zeal to obey the celestial mandate. There appeared at once, in all quarters of the world, and in all languages, an innumerable quantity of publications, manuals, copper plates, and medals, with hearts which were decorated with crowns of thorns, with lambent flames, with transpiercing swords, or other symbolical impresses. They distributed scapularies, to be worn day and night upon the breast, and tickets to be swallowed for driving out fevers. In all Spain there was not a nun who had not a present, from the jesuits, of a heart cut out of red cloth, to be worn next the skin. In every catholic city and town in all parts of the world, fraternities were erected, passion-masses and nine-day devotions were instituted to the honour of the heart of Jesus, and panegyrical sermons delivered to exhort the faithful to augment their zeal. The profelytes must vow, before the holy sacrament of the altar, an eternal fidelity to the heart of Jesus; and every soul was made responsible for the increase and growth of this new devotion; nay, the shewing of a burning zeal for making profelytes, was regarded as the peculiar characteristic of the true worshiper of the heart. This

devotion was represented, in their sermons and writings, as a necessary means to the enjoyment of a blissful hereafter. — Accordingly, it was no wonder, that the partizans of this devotion, were in a short time become as numerous, in all catholic christendom, as the sands of the sea.

The bishops approved and confirmed the brotherhoods, and consecrated churches, altars and chapels erected to the promotion of this enthusiasm. Kings and queens brought petitions to the papal throne, that a proper office might be appointed in the breviary and choir, and a peculiar mass for the solemnization of the anniversary; and even at Rome fraternities arose and flourished that devoted themselves to the worship of the heart of Jesus.

In recommendation of this new species of worship, the jesuits were not wanting either in prophecies or miracles. To one of their noviciates, Cælestine by name, who lay mortally ill in convulsions, at Rome, St. Aloysius Gonzaga announced his recovery, because he was in the design of particularly devoting himself to the apostolate of the heart of Jesus*. The nun A la Coque foretold that the society would arrive at the pinnacle of wealth and power. — In the year 1722. the city of Marseilles was said to be freed from the plague by this devotion. — The corpse of a great heart-worshiper, by name Girolami, at Naples, emitted a celestial fragrance †. — At Amberg, in the upper pa-

* He died three years after, of the same distemper, at Frascati.

† As the archbishop Spinelli was examining into the matter, the odours proceeded from the cushion under the head.

lamine, a hardened sinner was suddenly converted, as he was carrying to the place of execution, at the sight of a copper-plate engraving of the Saviour pointing to his heart, and inviting the sinner to mutual love.

The jesuits had artfully obtained the toleration or connivance of the bishops and sensible persons towards this devotion, under the specious pretext, that it was not to be understood of the fleshly and bodily, but of the symbolical heart of Jesus, by which the divine love itself was typified. As soon, however, as it became manifest to all men, by the writings and publications of the jesuits Gallifet, Croisset, Darouville, and numberless others, that the adoration was directed immediately to the material heart, as a particular part of the man in union with the deity, there arose great numbers in opposition to it, especially in Italy and France. Yet they had so deeply struck their root in the minds of both princes and people, and the bishops were so much under the yoke of the jesuits, that they still maintained their credit every where.

From the year 1697. the jesuits were busily employed in obtaining of the sovereign pontiff a proper office and a peculiar mass for the anniversary of this devotion; their ardent wishes, however, were not fulfilled by the pope till the year 1765. when, in the abundance of his clemency, he overturned their order. They did not fail to trumpet abroad this consent as a papal confirmation of their superstitious rites; but he that will take the pains to read the rescript, will at least perceive, that this devotion is not to be directed to the corporeal, but to the figurative heart. To cut off all subterfuge for idolatry, indeed, the pope would

have acted better if he had pointed the adoration to the divine person directly. Doubtless he intended to leave open to his favourites a loop to creep in at, and to throw dust in the eyes of their adversaries by the ambiguous expression, which gives a gloss to this new species of worship.

This deceitful varnish, which imposed from the very first, on the rulers of the church, when they connived at the reception of the idolatrous service, continues to mislead at this very day, the generality of them to put no stop to its progress. The example of the Tuscan bishops, particularly the celebrated Scipione Ricci, has found but few followers; though there are many church-governours whose influence and authority sets them far above the severe persecutions to which he was exposed.

These very persecutions shew as clear as the day how much the Loyolites still have it at heart, even after the dissolution of their society, to keep up the spirit of this devotion. On the raising of Ricci to the episcopal chair of Pistoia, they strove to beguile him into a tacit confirmation of it, by as artful a stratagem as could well be devised. He was requested to consecrate a steeple-bell, on which were engraved the words: In honorem SS. Cordis Jesu. On his asking, to whom it was to be hallowed? a paper was presented to him containing the words, In honorem Domini nostri Jesu Christi, accompanied with an assurance that this was the inscription on the bell. But, on his causing the flowers and foliage with which the inscription was covered to be taken away, he found that the bell was hallowed to the heart of Jesus. He had the words
erased,

erased, and issued a pastoral letter in the year 1781. in which he abolished the devotion to the heart of Jesus in his sees of Pistoia and Prato. This pastoral letter is composed with so much solidity and unction, that it was not only reprinted in many cities of Italy, but likewise at Paris and Utrecht in French, at Vienna in German, and is translated by John Agemi into Syriac, for the use of the catholic Druses. The Loyolites felt themselves so much affronted by this procedure, that they moved heaven and hell against the worthy bishop. They excited the populace to a dangerous insurrection, they publicly decried him as a heretic, stuck up a paper on the great door of the cathedral, with the words: *Orate pro episcopo nostro heterodoxo*, and blackened him with the grand duke as a wicked steward of the episcopal goods. Numbers of his friends forsook him, and with a hundred other princes, not accustomed to see with their own eyes, his fall had been certain.

From the first rise of this devotion, very weighty writings, have at all times appeared against it, which have as often been enervated and suppressed by the prevalence of the authority of the disciples of Loyola. But it was never so solidly and liberally opposed as since the abolition of the society, in our own times, and particularly in Italy. What the bishop Scipione Ricci, in his pastoral letter, what the abbot Marcello del Mare, in his book printed at Pistoia in 1781. under the title of, *Pregiudizi legittimi contro la nuova devozione al cuor carneo di Gesù*, what the advocate Blasi, in his *Differtatio commonitoria suimet interprete vindex*, what Giorgi, the general procurator of the

Augustine

Augustine order, and the anonymous author of the *Riflessioni sopra l'origine, la natura, ed il fine della divozione al cuor di Gesu*, Napoli, 1780. have urged in late years against it, exceed every thing, and have been productive of much good among the people in general. The author of the piece *Saggi Teologici*, Lugano, 1773. asserts, that the book of the advocate Blasi alone has already drawn away one half of these heart-devotees from their altars.

The more solidly, however, the cause has been opposed on all sides, the more frequently this devotion paid to the heart of Jesus, as a particular part of the body of Christ has been shewn to be a glaring idolatry, so much the more zealously have the scattered disciples of Loyola, continued to defend it, even in the grossest signification, as addressed to the corporeal heart, by every plausible and sophistical distinction they have been able to invent. Not many years ago, there was even a bishop of Lodeve in France, of the name of John Felix Henry de Fumel, who wrote a book in vindication of it, under the title of, *Le culte de l'amour de Dieu; ou la dévotion du sacré cœur de Jésus Christ*.

This book is in one sense very remarkable. The bishop, who appears to be initiated in the mysteries of the Jesuits, openly declared, that the heart of Jesus is at this very day the central point of the reunion of the dispersed members of the abrogated society; by it they unite in spirit, at certain hours of the day, with all their trusty brethren, however remote from each other, and of whatever rank and nation they may be. — Under the name of the heart of Jesus, houses are built
and

and fellowships founded. These are spreading and multiplying themselves from day to day, and furnish the sanctuary with priests and levites, and the towns and villages with missionaries and apostles.

This is confirmed by a small publication which came out in France, in the year 1778. under the title of: *Explication d'une embleme symbolique de la societé.* The mystical engraving accompanies the book, and is explained in the following manner: I. The first striking object is two hearts in union surrounded with rays of glory; they are the hearts of Jesus and Maria, from whence flames of fire arise. They occupy the principal place in the picture, and all the rest of the figures have relation thereto. II. The three divine persons over the hearts, who are pointing to them, and seem to take great interest in the fortunes of the surrounding Jesuits. III. God's mother Mary, with the founder and other chiefs of the society, who presents them to God the father. Her extremely sorrowful visage seems to express lamentation at their unhappy lot. IV. A multitude of Jesuits on either side, in act of adoration to the two hearts, and appear who to have built all their hopes of re-establishment on the success of their prayers. V. A ship in the back-ground of the picture, violently agitated by foaming billows, significative of the tossed and shattered society, with the epigraph; *Eritis odio omnibus propter nomen meum*, to comfort them, as a prophecy of our Saviour, whose name they bear. As an additional consolation, they are certified of their restoration by another inscription, *Qui autem perseveraverit usque ad finem, hic salvus erit.* To this also relate two other sentences which stand

stand over the Jesuits, *Filii mei sunt*; and, *Nomen meum ibi cunctis diebus*. VI. A young lad conducted by an angel, who wants forcibly to throw him into the ship so much tossed about by the storm, the angel at the same time pointing his attention to the two hearts, as to the polar star and central point of their reunion; by which is signified their secret and sometimes open endeavours to recruit the society. All the Jesuits, who are standing about the main object, betray various emotions of mind, but all are alike employed in devout prostration before the pair of hearts. This they hold to be the sign of their inseparable reunion, for the token that God is in the midst of them, and for an impenetrable shield, against which all the darts of persecution shot at them by their enemies must rebound upon themselves. And therefore another motto on the picture is: *Dabo eis scutum cordis*. The like images and pictures have been very lately introduced by them into the churches and chapels granted them in White-Russia and in Petersburg.

The end proposed by the devotion to the heart of Jesus is now manifest to the whole world. Might not that end be obtained by more reputable means? As the sons of Loyola may have learnt from experience, that their spiritual harlequinades no longer suit the present times, they ought, instead of striving any more to impose upon mankind by gloomy and shocking mysticisms, to make the illumination of the intellect and the improvement of the heart the central-point of their united efforts. What country would not think itself happy in possessing an order entirely devoted to the instruction of youth, and that taught nothing but truth and unsophisticated virtue?

A WORD OR TWO IN BEHALF OF THE JESUITS.

AS AN APPENDIX TO THE FOREGOING.

FROM MR. WIELAND.

HOW much soever the above rubric may lower me in the esteem of some of my friends, the word is gone forth; and I, whom probably the jesuits themselves would never have suspected of such an act, here publicly appear; not indeed to write a formal apology for them — an enterprize, which to execute (if I were ever so much inclined to it) would require such miraculous gifts as only a miraculous faith can pretend to lay claim to — but merely for satisfying my conscience, (too tender perhaps) by speaking a word or two in their behalf; as it seems at least probable to me, that my learned friend, the author of the communication on the devotion to the heart of Jesus, may have dealt a little too severely with them.

I sometimes indeed see very honest and intelligent persons, to whom it seems a settled truth, that a man cannot easily bear too hard on the common foes of illumination and improvement; but in such matters every one has his own way of seeing; I dispute with no man about his, and therefore ask nothing in favour of mine — but toleration.

The institution of the jesuits may have an evil tendency in itself. That order, by its boundless arrogance its methodical ambition, its lust of drawing every thing within its vortex, and by the obliquities to which pride and covetousness sometimes lead, may have made
itself

itself so hated as to induce men to think they may forget its shining advantages and eminent merits—this however is not now the point in hand. I only maintain, that the jesuits ought not to have injustice done them; even though they had (*absit blasphemia!*) the great Lucifer himself at their head—and on this article I hope to have all the long robe on my side.

To me, who feel myself so nearly related to every thing called man, that I cannot see any wrong done to the most insignificant mortal, though he lived three thousand years ago, in Cappadocia, Pontus, or Asia, without a rumbling in my entrails—to me then it may the sooner be forgiven, if I am not stout enough, on seeing injustice done to a whole society of men, whether they be jews, turks, heathens—or jesuits, to resist the temptation of taking their part.

Indeed I had reasons enough for holding myself dispensed on the present occasion, from complying with this quixotical propensity of running to the relief of the distressed. For, first, the jesuits stood in no need of my feeble defence.—Secondly, I have never, to my knowledge, had one friend among them; and, excepting with one single exceedingly harmless old man, who, notwithstanding his mild and gentle disposition, was very near playing a capital part in the order, have never had the smallest connexion with one of them.—Thirdly, I had nothing either to fear or to hope from them—nay more, I think I know the spirit of their institution; and frankly confess, that it makes somewhat of an ambiguous figure in my dæmonology—not to say any thing more uncivil. But, for these very reasons, I can have no other motive, than a thoroughly

roughly unsuspecting one, in maintaining: That we should not lay more harm to their account than they actually have done, not misconstrue what is capable of a good construction, not charge them in particular with what they have in common with so many other sects, orders, and societies, and — as this lies the heaviest at my heart — we ought not to expose them to scorn, unless we are able to paint them somewhat more truly and accurately than is commonly done in comedies and satires, and which I have sometimes witnessed not without perturbation of spirit.

My design at present is not by any means to enter into a critical discussion of their merits. But I only say, that on these occasions the case with me is nearly the same with that of the honest citizen of Paris, at the representation of Pradon's *Judith*, the tears excepted;

Je pleure, hélas ! ce *pauvre Holoferne*

Si méchamment mis à mort par *Judith*.

But I beg my reader's pardon, for having unburdened my heart a little by this short digression; as the matter properly before us is not concerning fictitious jesuits, but solely relates to some reproaches cast on the real jesuits in the entrance of the piece above referred to, and wherein, according to my poor apprehension, they have been too liberally bestowed. It is so plain a proposition, that persons alike well-disposed and equally the friends of truth, think variously on subjects that have more than one side, and may be seen in more than one light, that I have no need to make any apology to the learned author, to whom my friendship and
esteem

esteem can in no wise be problematical. Therefore, without farther preface, I proceed to the matter in question.

The maxim established in the general chapter of the jesuits, wherein father Lainetz was elected the first successor of saint Ignatius Loyola, “to inculcate a theology adapted to the times,” is, as I conceive, a maxim perfectly innocent in itself, and even laudable. Inasmuch, indeed, as it is very indeterminate, it may be liable to the private interpretation, which the author of the animadversions, somewhat categorically, attributes to it; though it is by no means of like import with the other proposition, viz. “to chuse the political and moral revolutions that arise among mankind from sensuality and self-interest, for the rule of religion.” Whether or not the jesuits have done so, is another question, to the sifting whereof I feel no inward vocation: suffice, that the maxim before us, neither enjoins nor justifies it. And is it not, after all, the very same that the most learned and enlightened of the protestant divines have adopted and pursued in later times? Theology is a species of doctrine, wherein very much, at least, depends on method and mode of representation. Both of these change with the times. Enlightened times, more cultivated men, other institutions, relations, situations, and wants, render it even absolutely necessary to teach a theology adapted to the times; if moreover the teachers make it a point with them, (and the jesuits made it a very material point,) to effect any good by it. I think then that, on account of this resolution, which does honour to their understanding and their knowledge of the world, they are
more

more deserving of praise than blame. Did not St. Paul, long before them, become all things to all men? and, at Athens, at Ephesus, and every where else, did he not dextrously adapt both himself and his discourses to the time, and the circumstances of the place?

Have the jesuits overturned St. Augustine's system of grace? — Have they forged weapons for deism? — I wash my hands of the affair; all I can say upon it is: that I will be neither the first, nor the second, nor the third, to cast a stone at them on that account. They may, for aught I know, have a little smatch of semi-pelagianism within: but I, who have enough to do to keep myself from being a whole pelagian (if I be not somewhat of it already without my knowledge) ought not to clap a process on their backs for that matter.

That the evangelical morality is to be shoved out of the world by probabilism, is likewise a hard saying. The poor jansenists have already been advancing the same thing for more than a hundred years past, and have written more books upon the subject than I would chuse to read — for the only one that will bear reading, Pascal's *Provinciales*, I have read with pleasure more than once, without, however, being converted by it to any of the graces of the worthy saint Augustine. — Therefore, sufficiently have they said and proved it: but have the jesuits been deficient, on their part, in counter-sayings and counter-proofs? — I know but one morality with which the evangelical neither can stand in any opposition nor needs to do so. But, though this sole morality has very plain and firm universal fundamental principles and axioms; yet they cannot hinder that, in the application of it to

particular and single cases, it should very often touch upon probabilism, and that, without this, we cannot get through life. It was so before Epictetus and Socrates, and will assuredly so remain as long as mankind is not made up of deities. — Have the jesuits, one or other of them, often very grossly misused their probabilism — as, alas, all the children of men, more or less, have done before them, and still are wont to do, — then, in so doing they have done wrong: but, notwithstanding this, I trust, if it were necessary, that I could make it highly probable, that, setting aside the misuse, there is much truth in their probabilism; and it ought not to be turned to their reproach, that they have seen deeper into the human heart and into the nature of things, than others.

As to what relates to the devotion to the heart of Jesus, till I have stronger proofs, I cannot chuse but find somewhat doubtful in the assertion, that the theosophical, but nevertheless the sound protestant Doctor Goodwin was the prime author of this pietism. From the title of his book not much can be concluded in favour of it; and there have long been (even to my knowledge) protestant divines enough, particularly since the times of this pietism, who have addressed themselves to sinners, concerning the heart of Jesus, in terms that would furnish a fine ground-plot to visions and pietasteries in the taste of the gentle Marie à la Coque.

Secondly, the charge of idolatry so directly brought against the society of Jesus, on account of this devotion to his heart, appears to me somewhat severe; and, if I may venture to say so, a little intolerant. In our times, we ought never to forget that a poor fellow who prostrates himself before a bundle of rags does it al-

ways

ways in the sentiment and design of serving his God as far his apprehension of him extends; and that, accordingly, it is not altogether reasonable to disturb him in his devotion, however silly it may appear to us; and still more unreasonable to bestow upon him a title for it, which he considers as an insulting epithet, and by which he, in his opinion, suffers a gross injury.

Thirdly, I doubt very much, that, not only the society of Jesus, in corpore, but that even the warmest and hottest among their fanatics, ever thought of making an object of devotion of the heart of Jesus, considered as a muscle that admits and propels the blood. But how mystical or how sensible soever (according to the frame and receptivity of the subject) the so zealously propagated devotion to the heart of Jesus, might have been, or still is, yet I think,

Fourthly, The case is just the same with them as with their fellow-believers of the remotest times, who were to the full as zealous in behalf of the devotion to crucifixes, miraculous images, holy particles of the true cross, and things of like nature. The reason of my not agitating the question, however convincing the arguments, by which this species of devotion is wont to be vindicated, is so apparent that I need not mention it. But this I may surely be allowed to say, without offence to any believing or unbelieving soul: if Pascal and Arnaud and Nicole, and all the other holy eremites of Port-Royal, with their brothers and sisters in Jansenius, may adore a sacred and wonder-working thorn from the thorny crown of Jesus; if the Neapolitans may adore the holy blood of their Monsignore Santo Gennaro, (who yet in comparison of the god-man, was only a poor worm), and even would take it

amiss, if, not only the lord bishop Scipione Ricci, but all the twelve apostles and seventy disciples, should come in person to the Neapolitan people, and let fall but one word of the idolatry of this practice: why is such a rout to be made just because of these single sprouts on the much thicker branches and boughs of a tree so luxuriant as catholic-christianity? Why should the heart of Jesus have less claim to genuflexions and devout adorations, than a thorn from his crown, a splinter of his cross, or a clout from his cradle? Or, to speak in point, why, in a church that in all ages has been swarming with visions, miracles, and the delusive objects of a mystico-sensitive devotion, should it be imputed to the jesuits as so heinous a crime, for having their Marie à la Coque, and their devotion to the heart of Jesus? Why should not Christ have as much right to marry himself with Marie à la Coque, as with saint Catharine of Siena or saint Mary of Genoa? Why should not the jesuits, as well as so many other orders in similar cases, institute a devotion *in majorem Dei gloriam* on the visions of an amiable nun (and therefore grounded on a kind of matter of fact, which, at least, in the catholic church are not always proved by the principles of Hume and Diderot), and propagate it with all their might for the greater edification of the faithful? The jesuits have the advantage of many of their antagonists, in being consistent. It is, if not their aim, yet certainly one of the principal means to their final object, to promote sensitive devotion as much as possible; as it is the most lively and efficient. But is not the whole worship of the church of which they have so long been the main supports, framed and directed

directed to the quickening and nourishing of sensitive and figurative devotion as much as possible? Or, has not all christendom, ever since that glorious day, when Jupiter Olympius and Capitolinus was deposed, by the majora of the Roman senate, from his deity and pro hac vice possession from time immemorial, been always accustomed to worship that unsearchable, inconceivable, and unnameable, being, under bodily forms, symbols and hieroglyphics of all kinds, for placing it à portée of poor sensible men? I, for my part, find that my cosmopolitical way of thinking can very well bear with every species of *latrises* and *dulies* of my brethren and sisters on the face of the earth, (excepting only human sacrifices and dominican auto da fés): and that it seems to me far more easy to forgive the jesuits their devotion to the heart of Jesus, than — the gunpowder plot: though indeed this may be vindicated upon the glorious maxim, “ Coge eos intrare, compel them to come in,” of which, however, the jesuits were not the inventors.

THE GERMAN PLAY AT VENICE.

AN ANECDOTE*.

ALEXANDER, hereditary prince of W. took the fancy, as many other German princes do, to make the tour of Italy; whether from the desire of looking about

* On communicating this little piece of history my readers must indulge me with the liberty of giving a few words by way

about him, or of being looked at himself; whether for the sake of scattering abroad his father's treasures, or for gathering fresh stores of knowledge, is beyond my knowledge. Suffice, he travelled; and the only instance in which he is distinguishable from his fore-runners was that he was in company of one of the most ingenious and learned men of all Germany, the chamberlain de E—l.

It is easy to imagine that Venice was not left unvisited on this journey; and this magnificent, this in many respects peculiar city, pleased the prince so much, that he resolved to make a longer stay than was settled in his plan. His liberality and gentleness gained him universal admiration, and during this little prolongation of his residence there he found himself in a social

of preliminary. — I am so far from being the inventor of it, that I am much in doubt whether it may not be somewhere or other in print. The source from whence I have it affords me no certainty upon the matter. However, the simplicity of the narration, the surprisingness of the conclusion, the singularity of the revenge itself moved me to draw it up in an idle hour, and then to make diligent inquiry whether it were not already in some or other of the numberless collections of histories and anecdotes. — I can find it no where, and none of my friends are acquainted with it. At the same time, the adverb *numberless*, with so much justice used above, evinces how fallacious such research may be. At least, what I am answerable for, is the style of the narrative, ten or twelve omissions, and about as many trifling alterations; that, on the other hand, I do not approve of it as a national satire, but only as a witty conceit; and that I as little vouch for the justness of the third german invention will be readily supposed by every reader.

circle with the principal families, which rendered it very agreeable.

One thing however hurt him much. As often as he was invited to any one of the chief nobility's houses, a little italian play brought up the rear of the entertainment; and in these, almost without exception, some german custom or other was represented in a ridiculous light. — The prince, who could not exert the authority he possessed in his own country, took it amiss, but had discretion enough to keep it to himself; and his example was followed by all his attendants, the chamberlain alone excepted.

This gentleman having too nice a sense of his own dignity, and the dignity of his nation, to brook this affront, frequently assured his acquaintance, that he was meditating revenge; and that it was merely the knowledge of the crafty malice of the natives that restrained him from speaking his mind in the presence of strangers.

Mean time the moment of departure approached; and the prince, on the evening before his setting out, invited all the persons by whom he had been entertained, to return them thanks for their civilities. —

The company was brilliant and numerous, the whole day was spent in mirth and festivity. Supper being over, the gentry were proceeding to place themselves at the card-tables, when the chamberlain de E—l politely addressed the company to the following effect:

They had, he said, frequently charmed the eye and the ear of the prince his master by theatrical performances, which could not but be good, since they were italian. It was indeed impossible for him to repay them in the same standard coin; yet he flattered himself, if they

for a few moments would vouchsafe him their attention, to represent to them a german piece as good as it was possible to make one there.

All were astonished, and the prince no less than the others. The latter indeed guessed at something of what was to follow; however, he went like the rest, full of curiosity, after his chamberlain, who led the company to a great hall below.

In the very extreme corner of it, a miserable kind of stage was composed of a few boards rudely put together, before which chairs were set in rows. The company seated themselves, and laid their heads together in disdainful smiles. The curtain drew up. The sneering whispers went about; for the theatre, such as it was, represented a tolerably wretched street, in which a few scattered lamps seemed rather to apologize for their insufficiency than to enlighten the night.

At length appeared a german traveller, simply but well dressed, having round his waist a leathern belt, in which were stuck two pistols; he stared about him with that curiosity which is natural to a man on finding himself in some place quite strange to him; and a short soliloquy soon shewed it more.

He was come, he said, deep in the night, to Siena; and was altogether uncertain whether or not he should find a lodging. Weary with his long journey, his body indeed required repose, but for this time he believed it would not fall to his lot. Well, it would be better to be sure, if it were to be had; however a small misfortune may be easily borne, especially if a man be a German. For indeed what seems formidable to that people? — Ha! no, I am mistaken. — It is true,

true, we can bear a pretty deal. Hunger and thirst; heat and cold; dangers of war and of travelling; there is one thing, which, though it forms the delight of some effeminate nations, is what we cannot endure; — a life without employment. — Though the night were as long again; though sleep never so forcibly weighs down my eyelids; let me but have something to do, and I willingly keep awake. — But how shall I find employment now? Is not here light? Have I not a book about me? In good truth, the place is not the most commodious; yet of what consequence is that?

On pronouncing these last words he drew a book out of his pocket, placed himself under the nearest lantern, and began to read. — Scarcely had he read a few lines, when another being, from one of the cross streets, drew upon him the attention of the spectators. It was a long, white, as it were airy human figure, who carefully surveyed the German on all sides, but still more carefully avoided being seen by him; and, at length, on seeing him so intensely employed in his reading, came up to him, from behind, so close as to look over his shoulder into the book, and shewed his astonishment by miens and gestures.

The German on his part, soon found that reading was an employment not easily prosecuted under the open sky, in so sultry a night, and after the hardships of a long journey; his eyes were constantly growing more heavy, and he reluctantly put up his book in his pocket.

Is it then so very late? May I not hope to find some
body

body up? he at length exclaimed, pulled out his repeater, made it strike, and it struck twelve.

At every successive stroke of the repeater the astonishment increased of the creature that stood behind, and the eagerness of curiosity was visible in his countenance.

No later than twelve! resumed the German: that is not so very late, especially in a country where they are known to turn the day into night and the night into day. Perhaps I may somewhere be able to awaken either a compassionate or a self-interested soul. — He knocked at all the doors, but in vain.

Well then, he said, disgusted, if knocking will not awake you, perhaps you may be roused at this. So saying, he drew out one of his pistols, and fired it off. The deadly silence of the night increased the loudness of the report; the poor white thing started back with terror, and his horrid shriek caused the traveller to look round him.

At the first glance it was manifest that a figure like this was not an every day sight; however, he instantly collected himself, nodded to him, and asked, who he was?

Let that alone at present, returned the apparition as it advanced: thou shalt soon be informed; be satisfied, that I will not hurt thee.

And who cared about that? replied the German, smiling. Thy fearful exclamation sufficiently marked thy cowardice; I hold thee a wager thou art not here far from home.

Thou wouldst win if thou mean formerly, but lose if thou speak of the present time! But if thou wouldst
talk

talk with me farther, and learn who I am, thou must likewise answer me some questions.

Why not? Say on.

Thou wert reading just now in a packet, full of such crooked and extraordinary figures as I never saw before; and yet it cannot have been written?

No; that it was not; thou wilt know it to be printed?

Printed? Printed? No; the idea is altogether foreign to me. Tell me then, in what consists the difference between this and writing?

In this; that 150 men could not write in a day the half of what one single man can print within that space of time; that it is fairer, more uniform and more lasting than the other method; and that the price of it, does not amount to one sixth part of the former.

Important advantage! indeed very important! exclaimed the inquisitive thing, while he gently laid the forefinger of the left hand on his aquiline nose. — An invention by which literature and the communication of arts and sciences must have been great gainers!

No doubt!

And the inventor of this useful art? I have all possible veneration for him. Who was he?

A countryman of mine; a German.

He does thee honour, friend. He must have had a good head-piece. I would have given a great deal for such an one. — But my curiosity is not yet satisfied. Thou hast there another contrivance that gave the hour with astonishing exactitude; what might that be?

What but a repeating watch.

A watch? Hum! in my time we only knew of water-

ter-

ter-clocks, sand-veffels, and fun-dials; but not to mention their bulky fize, their inconvenience and expenfiveness, they were extremely defective and uncertain. — I fhould think, I fhould think, that a thing fo eafily carried about in the pocket, and that is fo exact in its notices, muft be an excellent companion on long journies, muft be of equal utility both to the traveller and the merchant.

I am glad to fee that thou art fo quick at gueffing the utility of things, which to my great furprize thou feem'ft ftill unacquainted with. — Who art thou then? Of what epocha doft thou pretend to be?

Aye, what epocha! Why art thou fo curious? Tell me firft, who invented this?

Likewife a German.

A noble race! It deferves my praife. A german! — Who would have thought it of thofe blue-eyed barbarians? — But let it be! — Now that I have once begun to question thee, my old motto comes into my mind: Never turn about at half-way. — Thou haft yet another thing, that imitated thunder and lightning in miniature; and, heaven knows how, even ftruck into that door, though at fo great a diftance. What name doft thou give it?

A piftol.

And the nature of it? The manner whereby it produces this effect?

The German, who was now once entered into converfation, took out the other piftol, fhewed him all, explained to him its conftruction, the quality of the powder, its force in great and little; and, in fhort, gave

gave him as good an idea of it as could be done in few words.

The wonder of the curious inquirer now rose to its highest pitch. How useful must this be in war! exclaimed he. How serviceable in taking strong places! How quickly decisive in battle! Oh, I pray thee, tell me: Who invented it?

Who else but a German!

The spirit — for why should we any longer conceal, that it was a spirit? — here started three steps backwards.

Always German, and again a German! — Whence in all the world, did you come by so much wisdom? — Know, that as sure as I stand here before thee, I was once, to mention it without vanity, the spirit of Cicero, the wisest man of his times, the father of his country, the conqueror in peace, the — but who does not know me? Rather let me preserve the same modesty, as a spirit, which was my ornament in life. But in my times, to speak honestly, thy countrymen were the stupidest set of people that ever the sun shone upon: rude and even savage, destitute of agriculture and arts, totally ignorant of all sciences, for ever hunting, perpetually at war, wrapped up in the skins of beasts, and they themselves no better than brutes. — Yet to all appearance you must have undergone a great alteration since. — When I now reflect on my ancient fellow-citizens, according to the vast progress they had made beyond you; great both in peace and war; orators, poets, historians, lords of half the world, and the first nation under the sun. — Oh, for certain, they must by this time border on divine per-

perfection! — That I could but see them! Yet a few minutes, and the coming on of the first hour compels me back to the world below, from whence perhaps in the next 1800 years I may not be able to depart; and must only mutter by myself in some vast desert, because it seems to the growling fellow Minos as if I had formerly above been too loquacious at times.

The German smiled. Such as I am, said he, are all my countrymen, or at least they may be such. — Does then the appearance we make in thy eyes please thee?

Very much.

And thou longest to see how thy countrymen, or at least the greatest part them, appear to us?

Oh from my very heart!

Well, wait but a few moments. — I understand a little of the black art; I will employ it now to give thee satisfaction.

He gave a nod, and there presently appeared a Savoyard on each side of the street.

Kauft Hecheln! Kauft! Raree show, fine raree show against the wall! Fine madame Catarina dance upon the ground! Who sees? who sees the galantee show? refounded from both sides of the stage.

Behold, resumed the German, behold, o Cicero, thus do thy posterity, the antient masters of the world, the foremost among mankind, the nation with the mighty progress beyond us, thus do they mostly appear to us. Do they please thee?

The spirit was petrified with silent amazement. The clock of a neighbouring steeple struck one, and he seemed to vanish away in disgust.

But in much greater did the noble Venetians rise up from their seats; took

with frozen smiles,
and

and would have revenged themselves by assassination, had not the prince and the chamberlain disappeared the next day.

OLYMPIC DIALOGUE.

HECATE, LUNA, DIANA, who meet at a concurrence of three roads.

Hecate.

WELL, this is charming, that chance should have so unexpectedly brought us all three together! We may now once for all, settle a point that has been perplexing my head for a long while.

Luna.] What may that be, Hecate?

Hecate.] Look me full in the face, Luna; consider me from head to foot, from behind and before, and tell me on thy virgin honour, whether thou shouldst have taken me for Diana, if I had met thee alone?

Luna.] I hardly think it. Your figure and costume are so different, that it is impossible for me to mistake the one for the other, even in my palest light.

Hecate.] But it must have often happened to thee and Diana that each has thought she saw herself, when you have accidentally come across one another?

Diana.] We! what a curious fancy! I take Luna for myself! She must be turned into a looking-glass for rendering that possible.

Luna, smiling ironically.] If the difference between Diana and me were even less than I have always flattered

tered myself it is, yet I know myself too well for being capable of such a singular mistake.

Hecate.] You seem then not to know, that we three, though under various attributes and names, are only one and the same goddess!

Luna.] How! *Thou* art — *I*?

Diana.] Thou — *Diana*?

Hecate.] That is what I will not assert; but *thou* art *Hecate*, and *thou* art *Hecate*, and ye both are *Hecate*, without myself being less *Hecate* than ye.

Diana.] Excellent! And who is it that affirms such absurdities?

Hecate.] Oh, the people that ought to know say so; the *mythologists* say so.

Diana.] The mythologists may say what they please! Yet I think myself should best know what I am; and, as long as I am not, like the daughters of Proteus, attacked by the nymphomania, nobody shall persuade me that I am *Luna* or *Hecate*, much less both at once.

Luna, laughing.] Be not angry, *Diana*. Who knows but the mythologists may know us better than we know ourselves? They would not sure maintain it so positively, if there were not some truth in it.

Diana.] Hear me, *Luna*, I have no notion of joking on this matter. I have all due esteem for thee: but I should by no means take it well of any that should confound me with thee. I grant thee, with all my heart, thy *Endymion*, and the fifty daughters of whom thou art said to have made him father on *Latmos*, only allow me the honour of being their mother.

Luna.] *Diana*, *Diana*! do not force me to speak! or I will bring to thy recollection something, at which,

if I were Diana, I should blush more than at the honour of being the mother of fifty fine girls. Actæon —

Diana.] Thou wouldst not upbraid me with Actæon; who was punished I hope with sufficient severity by me, for having the misfortune, without any fault of his, to see me bathing.

Luna.] The fauns, to be sure, have very babbling tongues! and the mortals, who always judge of us by themselves, cannot possibly imagine, that a goddess, who had no personal cause for not chusing to be surprised in the bath, should so cruelly punish such a beautiful hunter as Actæon for a momentary and harmless gratification of his sight. They think they do thee far less wrong, by believing the fauns, who are universally known to be great spies, and fond of prying into all that passes in the woods, in their statement of the transformation of poor Actæon as only a consequence of the collision into which the tender concern for thy fame had fallen with the complaisance thou hadst shewn to him.

Hecate.] As I conceive, it is properly only my part to find the honour of composing but *one subject* with Diana and Luna, somewhat doubtful. But, being in my own person, Proserpina, I may well pass it over, if you should have this or that laid to your charge, with the exculpation whereof I have no need to be much concerned. For, the being all three one and the same Hecate, hinders not (if I rightly understood the mythologists), that each individually remains what she is; so that *I* am neither Luna nor Diana, but *Proserpina*, whereas *thou* art neither Proserpina nor Luna, but the virgin-huntress *Diana*; and thou, *Luna*, art neither

Diana nor Proserpina, but the identical *Luna*, who presented the happy Endymion with fifty daughters.

Luna.] Ah now have I found out the solution of the riddle! *Hecate* is merely a name, that suits us all three.

Hecate.] Pardon me! *Hecate* is not merely a name, but the true real bodily *Hecate*, which consists of us all three together, and is therefore named the *triple* and the *triform* deity.

Diana.] We two then are as much *Hecate* as thou?

Hecate.] So say the mythologists.

Diana.] If that be the case, then there are three *Hecates*; this is clear.

Hecate.] Not at all! I see that ye do not yet understand me.

Luna.] If thou didst but first understand thyself, good *Hecate*! How can we be only one; while, as thou seest, here are three of us?

Hecate.] Indeed three, insofar as I am Proserpina, thou art *Luna*, and this is *Diana*; but only *one* *Hecate*, inasmuch as *Luna* and *Diana* are just as much *Hecate* as I myself.

Luna.] Confess, goddess, that thou art disposed to be merry with us, with thy mythological subtilities! We are, and are not; I am thou, and thou art not I; we are three, and are one, and what neither of us singly is, that we are all three—what a hodge-podge! I will consent not to be *Luna* if I understand one word of it.

Hecate.] It fares no better with myself, my dear. I was in hopes the matter would have been cleared up by our meeting all together: but I must own that I am quite

quite giddy with endeavouring to make that comprehensible to you which I do not understand myself. If we had but a mythologist here now!

Luna.] That would so completely perplex us, that all the hellebore in the universe would never settle our heads again.

Diana.] Do you know what, goddesses? The best way will be not to think any more of the matter. Let the mythologists say of us what they will, they can neither make us more nor less than we are. Let us take each our separate road, and — great Jupiter! what a dreadful noise that is! Hark!

Luna.] I hear a barking as if it proceeded from a thousand dogs, and a hissing as of ten thousand snakes. —

Hecate.] Lightning darts upon the ground; the tempest howls through the forest; I hear the crashing of the oaks torn up by their roots —

Diana.] The earth trembles under my feet; it cleaves asunder; thick flames of sulphur arise from its entrails, — what form is that which ascends from the abyss? Have ye ever seen any thing so horrible in your lives?

Hecate.] A woman comes up who is at least three hundred ells in height; the flashes of lightning from her eyes are as thick as my arm, and instead of hair, brown and blue spotted snakes twine in horrid folds about her head, or hiss in rolling curls down her tawny shoulders. Instead of feet for walking, she writhes herself along on two monstrous dragons, holding a flaming pine-tree in her left hand, and brandishing a dagger of forty ells in her right. —

Luna.] It is not good to tarry here — let us fly from hence!

[*They run all three into the forest, and rush upon a troop of nymphs and fauns, who, budding together, cry out: It is Hecate! let us fly! Hecate comes!*]

Diana, to Hecate.] Hearest thou what the nymphs say? This Hecate will certainly prove to be the true one.

Luna.] Better and better! But I hope at least I may be sure that I am not *this* Hecate.

Hecate.] Heaven be praised! that another frees me from the disagreeable honour of being Hecate. What she is, and whether she be triple or quadruple, let her settle that with the mythologists; I, for my part, am very well content to represent in future nothing more than the simple Proserpina. Good night, goddesses! I go back to my gloomy consort,

Diana.] I to my dryads and greyhounds,

Luna.] And I [*softly*] to my Endymion.

THE TRUE CAUSE OF COLBERT'S GOOD FORTUNE.

SULLY and Colbert, to whom the glorious æras of Henry IV. and Louis XIV. owed so much of their splendor, having frequently of late been mentioned, on occasion of the talents of Necker, and the downfall of the french monarchy, it may not be unwelcome to our readers to be made acquainted with the real cause of Colbert's success.

Jean

Jean Batisfe Colbert, born at Rheims in 1619. came very young to Paris to learn the business of a counting-house. From thence he went to Lyons, but disagreeing with his employer, returned to Paris, became secretary to a rector and procurator, and then commis to M. Sabathier, tresorier des parties casuelles.

Another J. B. Colbert, seigneur de St. Pouange, our Colbert's uncle on the mother's side, got him in 1648. into the service of Le Tellier, secretary of state, whose sister he had married. The young man soon distinguished himself in this situation for his diligence and punctuality.

Le Tellier once dispatched him to cardinal Mazarin, who then lived at Sedan, to deliver him a letter from the queen-mother; strictly enjoining him at the same time, to bring the letter back with him. Colbert, on arriving at Sedan, delivered to the cardinal the queen's letter, together with the note with which Le Tellier had accompanied it. Going the next morning to fetch the answer, the cardinal put into his hands a sealed packet. But, as he did not give him the letter from the queen, Colbert asked him for it, and was answered by the minister that it was put up in the packet; and that he had nothing to do but to take his departure. Colbert immediately broke open the seal, to convince himself of the truth. The minister, astonished at this piece of assurance, called him an impudent fellow; and snatched the packet out of his hand. Colbert, without being abashed, told him, that, supposing the packet to have been made up by one of his eminence's secretaries, he thought it possible, that, in the hurry of business, the letter of the queen-mother might have been forgot:
that

that he was thus cautious, as M. Le Tellier, his master, had expressly ordered him not to come back without the letter.

The cardinal now pretended very urgent affairs, and appointed Colbert to wait on him again the next morning. At length, after various subterfuges and evasions, seeing that Colbert would not go away without the letter, he gave it to him, and Colbert examined it carefully on all sides to see whether it was the same. The minister asked him whether he thought him capable of imposing a false one upon him? Colbert remained an answer in his debt; and set out on his journey.

Some time afterwards, the cardinal made his appearance again at court; and requested of Le Tellier to procure him a clever person to write his agenda under him. Le Tellier recommended Colbert to him. The minister thought he knew his face, and asked him where he had seen him? and on what occasion?

Colbert, as may be easily imagined, was all in a tremor, on telling him that he had been at Sedan; for he was afraid lest the minister might resent the earnest manner in which he extorted from him the restoration of the letter. But, this recollection was so far from hurting him with his eminence, that he took him into his service, on the express condition, that he should serve him with the same zeal and fidelity he had shewn to his former master.

Colbert was so devoted to him, and gave him so many proofs of his prudence and sagacity; that, on the death of Joubert, he was appointed intendant to
his

his eminence. And this was the beginning of the prodigious success of this prudent young man.

Colbert died the 6th of September, 1683. in the 64th year of his age; and, to the disgrace of humanity, so great was the hatred of the populace of Paris against this truly great man, that it was found expedient to bury him at midnight, and the corpse was only attended by the night-watch of the city.

Voltaire, in touching on the injustice of the public towards this minister, concludes with the following lines:

Cet homme unique, & l'auteur & l'appui
D'une grandeur d'ame ou nous n'osions prétendre,
Vit tout l'état murmurer contre lui,
Et le François osa troubler la cendre
Du bienfaiteur qu'il révere aujourd'hui.

A MADAGASCAR SONG*.

A Mother was dragging her only daughter to the beach, in order to sell her to the white men.

O mother, thy bosom bore me; I was the first fruit of thy love; what crime have I committed to deserve a life of slavery? I alleviate the sorrows of thy age. For thee I labour the ground; for thee I gather flowers; for thee I ensnare the fish of the flood. I have de-

* This is not feigned, but perfectly genuine. The chevalier de Farny, who resided a long time at Madagascar, translated it, with others, into french, and from that translation the present is made.

fended thee from the cold ; I have borne thee, when it was hot, into the shades of fragrant trees ; I watched thee while thou slumberedst, and drove away from thy face the stings of the mosquitoes. O mother, what will become of thee, when thou hast me no longer ? The money thou receivest will not give thee another daughter ; thou wilt die in misery, and my bitterest grief will be, that I cannot assist thee. O mother, sell not thy only daughter !

In vain did she implore ! She was sold, was loaded with chains, conducted to the ship ; and conveyed from her dear parent and country for ever.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

